THE
SECRETS of the INVISIBLE WORLD laid open,
OR AN
UNIVERSAL HISTORY
OF
APPARITIONS,
SACRED and PROPHANE,
WHETHER
Angelical, Diabolical, or departed Souls.

SHEWING

I. Their various Returns to this World; with ſure Rules to know if they are Good or Evil.

II. An Enquiry into the Scriptural Doctrine of Spirits.

III. The different Species of Apparitions, with their real Exiſtence.

IV. The Nature of ſeeing Ghoſts before, and after Death.

V. The Effects of Fancy, Vapours, Dreams, Hyppo, and the difference between real, or imaginary Appearances.

VI. A Collection of the moſt Authentic Relations of Apparitions, particularly that ſurprizing One atteſted by the learned Dr. Scott. Likewiſe Mrs. Veal's appearance to Mrs. Bargrave. Sir George Villers, to the Duke of Buckingham. &c. &c.

Alſo the notions of the heathens concerning apparitions.

Being the moſt Entertaining, and in Quantity, the Cheapeſt Book of the Kind.

Adorned with Curious COPPER-PLATES.

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THE

THE PREFACE.

IT cannot be expected that a work of this extraordinary nature ſhould be uſhered into the world without ſome kind of preface; conſidering what univerſal aſtoniſhment Spectres and Apparitions have in former ages created.

Our ſuperſtitious Anceſtors may be ſuppoſed to have been full as ridiculous with regard to the belief of ghoſts in general, as the preſent free thinking age may be thought incredulous in endeavouring wholly to diſcredit and explode them: But as men of underſtanding

underſtanding certainly have lived in all ages, I ſee no good reaſon to condemn the former for their credulity, than I do the latter for their incredulity.

I would willingly ſteer between the two extremes: That there *have* been apparitions is without all doubt, when we conſider that ſuch are recorded in wholly writ. I could wiſh my readers, however, to diſtinguiſh properly between *idle deluſions*, (the creatures of a diſordered imagination) and real apparitions; and recommend it to them by no means to credit every idle tale of this nature, but advert, (if poſſible) to the real fact, before they publickly relate what otherwiſe might render them the laughing ſtock of ſociety.

To reconcile matters between the two extremes, I fear will be ſomewhat difficult; but in order thereto, it is my intention in the following ſheets to relate nothing but upon the beſt foundation.

Many

Many perſons have been, and ſtill are very much affrighted at the bare mention of a ſpirit or apparition; and in conſequence, would not venture a ſtep in the dark, or acroſs a church-yard at midnight, for fear of meeting ſome dreadful ghoſt or ſpectre.

This can be accounted for no otherwiſe than from the prejudice of education: For our infant ideas of this kind grow up to maturity with our ſtature, and fix ſo ſtrong an impreſſion in our minds, as to drive reaſon from her throne.

But I would not have my readers preſume from hence to ſuppoſe that there have been no incorporeal apparitions; but on the contrary, that ſuch have been choſen by Providence, and ſent as miniſtering ſpirits to anſwer ſome fit decree of his divine wiſdom.

There is one ſtrange miſtake attending the notion of ſpirits, for ſome will either not admit of any apparition at all,

or elſe will have every apparition to be diabolical; as if none of the inhabitants of the celeſtial regions were permitted to ſhew themſelves here occaſionally for ſome fit purpoſe.

To make us in ſome degree acquainted with this undetermined thing called an apparition, I have endeavoured to account for it in as narrow a compaſs as the nature of the ſubject will admit, ſo as to ſet it in a true and conſpicuous light.

I have firſt of all given you ſeveral inſtances of *real* apparitions, ſo well atteſted, as the truth of them cannot in the leaſt be controverted. In the next place, where the fact is not quite ſo clear, though it may be equally true, I have mentioned my authority, and ſtrictly adhered to the moral only, leaving it to the reader's judgment to decide concerning its reality. To conclude,

I have alſo given you ſome ſpecimens of thoſe deluſions which have been palmed upon

upon the world as real apparitions; whether political, whimſical, or imaginary, ſo that neither men, women, nor children of common underſtanding, can be impoſed upon, provided they ſuffer diſcretion to be their guide and reaſon their aſſiſtant in the inveſtigation.

THE

Hiſtory and Reality

OF

APPARITIONS.

CHAP. I.

Of Apparitions in general: The certainty and nature of them as recorded in Scripture.

OF all the *Arcana* of the inviſible world, I know no one thing about which more has been ſaid, and leſs underſtood, than this of Apparition: It is divided ſo much between the appearance of good and the apparition of bad ſpirits, that our thoughts are ſtrangely confuſed about it, and almoſt leave us in doubt whether to believe or diſbelieve the theme. Some

 are

are for reducing it to fancy, whims, and vapours, and becauſe they never ſaw any thing themſelves, are for excluding the opinion, and turning a deaf ear to truths though ever ſo apparent.

To theſe kind of people I would willingly explain the word Spirit or Apparition, which I conceive to be an unreſtrained or unlimited being, which at preſent we know little of, other than this, that we believe, and indeed ſee reaſon for it, that it can, and, I boldly dare ſay, has acted in an inviſible and imperceptible manner; it moves without being preſcribed or limited by ſpace; it can come and not be ſeen, go and not be perceived: in a word, it is unconfined by all thoſe methods which we confine our actions by, or by which we underſtand ourſelves to be limited and preſcribed.

Yet, notwithſtanding all this, it converſes here, is with us and among us; correſponds tho' unembodied, with our ſpirits which are embodied; and this converſing is by not only an inviſible, but to us an inconceivable way; it is neither tied down to ſpeech or viſion, but, moving in a ſuperior orb, conveys its meaning to our underſtanding, and its meaſures to our conceptions; it deals with the imagination, and works it up to receive ſuch impreſſions as ſerve its purpoſe; and yet, at the ſame time, we are perfectly paſſive, and have no agency in, or knowledge of the matter.

In this definition of the word Spirit or Apparition, I humbly conceive may be derived thoſe internal intelligencers which give us kind warnings when we are about to act contrary to that which may appear wholly for our good, for Angels are ſaid to be *miniſtering ſpirits*, and we know they have been made uſe of on many occaſions by the ſuperior appointment of him that created them; why then may it not be thought fit, by the ſame power, to make or ſubſtitute a miniſtration of theſe unembodied ſpirits to the ſervice of the embodied ſouls of men?

Nothing

Nothing can be a ſtronger teſtimony of the reality of apparitions having appeared (if we believe in divine revelation) than thoſe handed down to us from ſacred writ. If the ſcriptures are in any manner to be believed, they ſay, that God himſelf was pleaſed, in the infancy of things, to appear viſibly, and in form, to ſeveral perſons, and on ſeveral occaſions, upon earth; aſſuming or taking up his creature man, when he thought fit to converſe with him, that he might not be a terror to him.

Thus Adam, for inſtance, was often viſited in Eden, and we have no room to doubt but it was in a viſible form, becauſe Adam alſo heard God ſpeak, for as the text ſays, *They heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day*, Gen. iii. 8. Alſo Cain, tho' wicked, talked with God, and God with him, when he was charged with the murder of his brother Abel; and the text is expreſs, *Gen.* iv. 6. that after it, *Cain went out from the preſence of the Lord.* So that God not only ſpoke to him by a voice, but was viſible and preſent to him. Abraham, as another example, has held frequent converſe with his Maker, which is illuſtrated in ſeveral parts of the ſcripture, ſometimes its ſaid, *The Lord ſaid unto Abraham*; *And the word of the Lord came unto Abraham in a viſion*, &c. &c.

It is alſo very clear that Angels (if not the immediate divine being) appeared unto Lot, in human ſhape, and another unto Jacob, with ſeveral other inſtances; but theſe I think ſufficient to prove the authority of my argument, that miniſtration has been ſent.

One queſtion yet remaining, may be, how comes it to paſs that angels have left off coming amongſt us, and, if apparitions do appear, why are we to be terrified by them? This queſtion might be anſwered many ways, but the ſhorteſt is, that ſince the preaching of the goſpel, and the revelation of God by a written word, we have no more need of what the text calls *a miniſtration of Angels*, but

but those that now appear in these latter days are to be considered as unembodied spirits to answer some secret purpose of the divine will, who acts by causes unknown to us weak and unintelligible mortals.

CHAP. II.

The difference between good and bad spirits, with the nature of their errand, from the invisible world, illustrated by several examples.

THE possibility, however, of apparitions, and the certainty of a world of spirits, as I can by no means doubt, so I shall not take up my reader's time in answering objections and cavils, but come to the point, because I think the evidence, if it may be believed, will amount to a demonstration of facts, and demonstration puts an end to argument. Since good angels then have appeared, why not bad ones; this admits of a proof when I come to name the devil, but still, nevertheless, this is clear, that in Paradise he assum'd a shape to tempt our mother Eve, and, as a spirit took upon him that of a serpent. The first time we meet with the devil's personal appearance upon earth, I mean after the flood, is in the story of Job, where it says, that *The sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them.* Tho' this may appear remote from my subject, it still is to the purpose, for it shews that the devil was no stranger among the people. He had walked up and down in disguise, so as to know them all, and their circumstances; he had been dressed up like one of the rest in human shape, so that he could not be known from the very best of men, no not from the sons of God.

Now

Now as it is difficult to determine whether the ſpirits that appear are good or evil, or both; the only concluſion upon that point, is to be made from the errand they come about, and I think it is a very juſt concluſion; for if a ſpirit or apparation comes to, or haunts us only to terrify or affright, to fill the mind with horror, and the houſe with diſorder, we cannot reaſonably ſuppoſe that to be a good ſpirit; and, on the other hand, if it comes to direct to any good or to forwarn and preſerve from any approaching evil, it cannot then be reaſonably ſuppoſed to be an evil ſpirit.

The ſtory of an apparition diſturbing a young gentleman at Cambridge, is remarkable to my preſent purpoſe. He ſet up, it ſeems, for a kind of Atheiſt, and was a deſpiſer of revealed religion; but hearing a voice, ſuppoſed it was the devil, ſpoke to him, and yet owned that the voice aſſured him that there was a God, and bad him repent. It was a moſt incongruous ſuggeſtion that the devil ſhould come volunteer to an atheiſt, and bid him repent; or that the devil ſhould, with the like freedom, aſſert the being of a GOD.

If then it was a real apparition of, or a voice from an inviſible ſpirit; it muſt be from a good ſpirit, or from an evil ſpirit over-ruled by a ſuperior and beneficent power; and if that were to be ſuppoſed, it will juſtify our taking farther notice of thoſe things called voices and apparitions.

Julius Cæſar had ſeveral hints given him of his approaching fate; one particular ſouth ſayer pointed out the very day to him, namely, *the Ides of March*, but he had no power to avoid his fate. The kind ſpirit that forboded, and gave hints to him that he was in danger, as if contented with having done his part, left him to be murder'd. No aſſiſtance given him to rouſe up his ſpirits to take the alarm: He was not led by the hand, and told *go not into the Senate Houſe*, as was done for *Lot*; *eſcape for thy life.* The kind monitor does not name the

trators and assassinators to him, and say *Brutus*, and *Cassius*, *Casca*, and others, wait there to kill you; as the angel to *Joseph*, *Herod will seek the young child to destroy him.*

And, on the other side, *Cæsar*, bold and unalarm'd, indolent, and having things not sufficiently explain'd to him; (and the good spirit as may be suppos'd able to do no more for him) goes on, enters the senate-house, mocks the soothsayer, and tells him the *Ides of March are come*, who sharply return'd, *But they are not past.* In a word, neglecting his own safety, and wanting a complete information, he goes into the senate and is murder'd.

Julian, the apostate, is another example: he had a thousand ill omens, as they called them, which attended him at and before his undertaking the *Persian* war; such as the dying of the consul *Julianus* of his own name, the burning of the temple of *Apollo*, and several other accidents; and tho' he was the most superstitious of all the heathen emperors that were before him, and sent to all the oracles, to all the augurs and soothsayers he could hear of, insomuch that the citizens of *Antioch* made a jest of him for it, yet he was so blinded by his flatterers, or deluded by the priests, who construed the worst and most portentuous things, to mean the best events; or, which is beyond all, by the superior decree of an appointed vengeance, that he went on and was kill'd in the very beginning of the war; the first battle with the *Persians* carried him off.

I might multiply examples of the like kind, even on both sides, and especially on the last; but 'tis sufficient; our own experience will confirm it: secret notices are daily given us of capital dangers attending, and yet how do the most vigilant observers of those signals, and the most eminent omen-hunters, even after those notices, sit still, and grow indolent? or else, amaz'd and bewilder'd, they say, I know there's something a coming to me,

some

ſome miſchief attends me, I have plain notice of it, but I don't know what it is, I can't tell what to do, I can do nothing to avoid or prevent it. And thus they fall into the pit, as we may ſay, with their eyes open, and in ſpite of the kind ſpirit's beneficient warning.

CHAP. III.

Of the appearance of departed unembodied ſouls.

I NOW come to the main and moſt diſputed part of ſhadowy appearance, viz. the apparition of unembodied ſouls.

It is a material difficulty here, and ought to be conſider'd with the utmoſt plainneſs, viz. what we mean by *unembodied ſouls*; whether we underſtand ſouls which have been encas'd in fleſh, but being unhous'd, are now moving about, in what ſtate we know not, and are to be ſpoken of as in their ſeperate capacity; or whether there is any ſuch thing as a maſs of ſoul, as a learned but pretty much inconſiſtent writer calls it, which waits to be embodied, as the ſuperior diſpoſer of that affair may think proper to direct.

The ſoul, we are told, and I concur in the opinion, has ſometimes made a tour back into this world; whether earth, or the atmoſphere of the earth, call it what you will, and expreſs it how you will, it matters not much: whence it comes, how far the journey, how, and why it came hither, and, above all, how it goes back again, and what thoſe various apparitions are which counterfeit theſe ſpirits, will be hereafter diſcuſſed.

That the unembodied ſouls of men dead, as we ſay departed, have appeared, we have had affirm'd to us, by the authority of the ſcripture; which I muſt allow to be an authentic document, whatever the reader may pleaſe

to do, till a history more authentic, and of better authority, may be produc'd in the room of it.

There certainly then must be a world of spirits, or of spirit, from whence we receive the frequent visits in public, and the frequent notices in private, which are so perceptible to us, and which we are so uneasy about: if they are neither good spirits nor bad, if they have neither power to do us good nor hurt, as I see a great deal of reason to believe, then we have not so much reason to be terrified about them as we generally are: But as it cannot be expected I should describe what these spirits are, and in what condition, it is sufficient that I only say such there may be, and that they may be such as a divine being thinks good to place in what space he may think proper.

The inhabitants, which I suggest are created for the regions of the invisible world, are spirits, invisible substances, bodies without body, such as are proper for the expanse in which they live, and eligible for us to conceive of; and tho'we cannot grasp a spirit with our hands, feel it and see it, yet we can in some manner conceive of it.

The possibility being thus settled, and it being granted that spirits, or detach'd angels, do converse with mankind visibly as well as invisibly, and have access to us, to our souls as well as bodies, as well by secret communication, as by open and public apparition; it remains to inquire into the manner how this conversation is carried on.

But to leave arguing upon inscrutables, let us come to narration of facts.

I have an account received from a particular acquaintance in a neighbouring nation, and I could name persons and places in a more exact manner to these accounts; but some important reason forbids us now to enter into circumstances of families. For where matters of apparition and witchcraft are the substance of the history,

it

it has never been found reaſonable to name houſes and families; and as this apology will he allow'd to be juſt, I expect it will be accepted by the reader in all the examples, which for his amuſement, I ſhall give of this kind, (except when we enter upon the ſtory of Mrs. Veal's appearance to Mrs. Bargrave, which few of my readers but will allow the authenticity of.) But to go on.

A certain perſon of quality, being with his family at his country-ſeat in the ſummer ſeaſon, according to his ordinary cuſtom, was oblig'd, upon a particular occaſion of health, to leave his ſeat, and go to *Aix la Chappelle*, to uſe the baths there: This was, it ſeems, in the month of Auguſt, being two months ſooner than the uſual time of his returning to court for the winter.

Upon his removing ſooner than ordinary, he did not then unfurniſh the houſe, as was the ordinary uſage of the family, or carry away his plate and other valuable goods, but left his ſteward and three ſervants to look after the houſe, and the *Padre* or *pariſh prieſt*, was deſired to keep his eye upon them too, and to ſuccour them from the village adjoining, if there was occaſion.

The ſteward had no publick notice of any harm approaching; but for three or four days ſucceſſively he had ſecret ſtrange impulſes of dread and terror upon his mind that the houſe was beſet, and was to be aſſaulted by a troop of banditti, or, as we call them here, houſe-breakers, who would murder them all, and after they had robb'd the houſe, would ſet it on fire; and this follow'd him ſo faſt, and made ſuch impreſſion upon his mind, that he could think of nothing elſe.

Upon this, the third day, he went to the *padre* or *pariſh prieſt*, and made his complaint; upon which the prieſt and the ſteward had the following diſcourſe, the ſteward beginning thus:

Father, ſaid he, you know what a charge I have in my cuſtody, and how my Lord has intruſted me with the whole houſe, and all the rich furniture is ſtanding;

I am in great perplexity about it, and come to you for your advice.

Pa. Why, what's the matter? you have not heard of any mischief threatened, have you?

St. No, I have heard of nothing; but I have such apprehensions, and it has made such impressions upon me for these three days, that*—

* Here he told him the particulars of the uneasiness he had been in, and added, besides what is said above, that one of the servants had the same, and had told him of it, tho' he had not communicated his own suggestions to that servant in the least.

Pa. It may be, you dream'd of these things?

St. No, indeed, *Padre*, I am sure I could not dream of them, for I could never sleep.

Pa. What can I do for you? What would you have me do?

St. I would first of all have you tell me what you think of these things, and whether there is any notice to be taken of them*—

* Here the *Padre* examin'd him more strictly about the particulars, and sent for the servant and examin'd him apart; and being a very judicious honest man, he answer'd him thus:

Pa. Look you, Mr. Steward, I do not lay a very great stress upon such things, but yet I don't think they are to be wholly slighted, and therefore I would have you be upon your guard, and if you have the least alarm, let me know.

St. That is poor satisfaction to me to be upon my guard, if I am overpower'd. I suppose, if any villains have a design to attack me, they know my strength.

Pa. Shall I reinforce your garrison?

St. I wish you would.

Pa. Well, I'll send you some men with fire-arms, to lie there this night.

Ac-

Accordingly the prieſt ſent him five ſtout fellows with fuſees, and a dozen of hand-granadoes with them, and while they continu'd in the houſe nothing appear'd; but the *Padre* finding nothing come of it, and being loth to put his patron to ſo continued a charge, ſent for the ſteward, and, in a chiding angry tone, told him his mind.

Pa. I know not how you will anſwer it to my Lord, but you have put him to a prodigious expence here, in keeping a garriſon in the houſe all this while?

St. I am ſorry for it, *Padre*; but what can I do?

Pa. Do! Why, compoſe your mind, and keep up your heart, and don't let my Lord ſpend two or three hundred livres here, to cure you of the vapours.

St. Why, you ſaid yourſelf, *Padre*, that it was not wholly to be ſlighted?

Pa. That's true; but I ſaid alſo, I would not lay too great ſtreſs upon it.

St. What muſt I do then?

Pa. Do! Why, diſmiſs the men again, and take what care you can; and if you have any notice of miſchief that may be depended upon, let me have notice too, and I'll aſſiſt you.

St. Well then, the good angel muſt protect my Lord's houſe, I ſee no body elſe will.

Amen, ſays the *Padre*, I truſt the good ſpirits will keep you all: So he bleſs'd the ſteward, (in his way) and the ſteward went away grumbling very much that he took away his garriſon, and left him to the good ſpirits.

It ſeems, for all this, that the ſteward's notices, however ſecret, and from he knew not who, were not of ſo light an import as the *Padre* thought they were; for as he had this impulſe upon his mind that ſuch miſchief

was

was brewing, so it really was, as you will see presently.

A set of robbers, who had intelligence that the nobleman with his family was gone to *Aix la Chappelle*, but that the house was left furnish'd, and all the plate and the things of value left in it, had form'd a design to plunder the house, and afterwards to burn it, just as the steward had said.

They were two and twenty strong in the whole, and thoroughly arm'd for mischief; yet, while the additional force, which the *Padre* had plac'd to reinforce the steward, were in the house, of whom, including the other four, three sat up every night, they did not dare to attempt it.

But, as soon as they heard that the guard was dismiss'd, they form'd their design anew, and, to make the story short, attack'd the house about midnight; having, I suppose, proper instruments about them, they soon broke open a window, and twelve of them got into the house, the rest standing centinel at such places as they thought proper, to prevent any succours from the town.

The poor steward and his three men were in great distress; they were indeed above stairs, and had barricaded the stair-cases as well as they could, hearing the fellows were breaking in; but when they found that they had got in, they expected nothing but to be kept above stairs till the house was plunder'd, and then to be burnt alive.

But it seems the good spirit the priest spoke of, or some body else, made better provision for them, as you will see hereafter.

When the first of the fellows had got into the house, and open'd the door, and let in as many of their gang as they thought fit, which (as above) were twelve in number, they shut the door again, and shut themselves

ſelves in; leaving two with the door, who had a watch-word, to go and call more help if they wanted it.

The twelve ranging over the great hall, found little there to gratify their greedy hopes; but breaking next into a fine well-furniſh'd parlour, where the family uſually ſat; behold! in a great eaſy chair, ſat a grave ancient man, with a long full bottom'd black wig, a rich brocaded gown, and a lawyer's lac'd band, but looking as if in great ſurpriſe, ſeem'd to make ſigns to them for mercy, but ſaid not a word, nor they much to him, except that one of them ſtaring, cry'd, Ha! *who's here?*

Immediately the rogues fell to pulling down the fine damaſk curtains in the windows, and other rich things; but one ſaid to another with an oath, make the old dog tell us where the plate is hid; and another ſaid, *if he won't tell you, cut his throat immediately.*

The ancient gentleman, with ſigns of intreaty, as if begging his life, and in a great fright, points to a door; which being open'd would let them into another parlour, which was the gaming-room, and ſerv'd as a drawing-room to the firſt parlour; and by another door open'd into the great *Salon*, which look'd into the gardens. They were ſome time forcing their way into that room; but when they came in, they were ſurpris'd to ſee the ſame old man, in the ſame dreſs, and the ſame chair, ſitting at the upper end of the room, making the ſame geſtures, and ſilent intreaties, as before.

They were not much concern'd at firſt, but thought he had come in by another door, and began to ſwear at him, for putting them to the trouble of breaking open the door, when there was another way into the room. But one, wickeder than the firſt, ſaid, with a heavy curſe, *the old dog has got in by another door*, on purpoſe to convey away the plate and money, and cried knock his brains out. Upon which the firſt ſwore at him, that if

he did not immediately ſhow them where it was, he was a dead dog that moment.

Upon this furious uſuage, he points to the doors which led into the *Salon*, which being a thin pair of folding doors open'd preſently, and in they ran into the great *Salon*; when looking at the farther end of the room, there ſat the ancient man again, in the ſame dreſs and poſture as before.

Upon this ſight, thoſe that were foremoſt among them cry'd out aloud, Why this old fellow deals with the *devil* ſure, he's here before us again.

But the caſe differ'd a little now; for when they came out of the firſt parlour, being eager for the plate and money, and willing to find it all, the whole body of them ran out into the ſecond parlour; but now the ancient man pointing to the third room, they did not all immediately ruſh into the *Salon*, but four of them were left behind in the parlour or gaming-room mention'd juſt now, not deſign, but accidentally.

By this means they fell into the following confuſion; for while ſome of them called out from the *Salon* that the *old rogue was there before them again*; others anſwer'd out of the parlour, how the *devil* can that be? why, he is here ſtill in his chair, and his rubbiſh: with that two of them ran back into the parlour, and there they ſaw him again ſitting as before. Notwithſtanding all this, far from gueſſing what the occaſion ſhould be, they fancied they were mocked, or ſuggeſted that they were impoſed on, and that there were three ſeveral old men all dreſs'd up in the ſame habits for the very ſame occaſion, and to inſult them, as if to let them know that the men above in the houſe were not afraid of them.

Well, *ſays one of the gang*, I'll diſpatch one of the old rogues, I'll teach one of them how to make game at us: upon which, raiſing his fuſee as high as his arm would let him, he ſtruck at the ancient man, as he thought, with all his force; but behold! there was nothing in the

the chair, and his fuſee flew into a thouſand pieces, wounding his hand moſt grievouſly, and a piece of the barrel ſtriking him on the head, cut his face, and knock'd him down backwards.

At the ſame time, one of thoſe in the *Salon* running at the ancient man that ſat there, ſwore he would tear his fine brocaded gown off, and then he would cut his throat: but when he went to take hold of him, there was nothing in the chair.

This happening in both rooms, they were all in a moſt horrible confuſion, and cry'd out in both rooms at the ſame moment, in a terrible manner.

As they were in the utmoſt amazement at the thing, ſo after the firſt clamour they ſtood looking upon one another for ſome time, without ſpeaking a word more; but at length one ſaid, let's go back into the firſt parlour and ſee if that's gone too; and inſtantly, two or three that were on that ſide, ran into the room, and there ſat the ancient figure as at firſt; upon which they all called to the company, and told them, they believed they were all bewitch'd, and 'twas certain they only fancied they ſaw a man in the other rooms, for there was the real old man ſitting where he was at firſt.

Upon this they all ran thither, ſaying they would ſee whether it was the devil or no; and one of them ſaid, let me come; I'll ſpeak to him; 'tis not the firſt time I have talk'd with the devil.

Nay, ſays another, ſo will I; and then added with an oath, gentlemen that were upon ſuch buſineſs as they were, ought not to be afraid to ſpeak to the devil.

A third (for now their courage began to riſe again) call aloud, let it be the devil, or the devil's grandmother, I'll parley with it, I am reſolved I'll know what it is: and with that he runs before the reſt, and croſſing himſelf, ſays to the ancient man in the chair, *in the name of St.* Francis, *and St.* —— (and ſo reckon'd up two or

three ſaints names that he thought were enough to fright the devil) *What art thou?*

The figure never mov'd or ſpoke; but looking at its face, they preſently found, that inſtead of his pitiful looks, and ſeeming to beg for his life, as he did before, he was chang'd into the moſt horrible monſter that ever was ſeen, and ſuch as I cannot deſcribe; and that inſtead of his hands held up to them to cry for mercy, there were two large fiery daggers, not flaming, but red hot and pointed with a livid bluiſh flame, and in a word, the devil or ſomething elſe in the moſt frightful ſhape that can be imagin'd. And it was my opinion, when I firſt read the ſtory, the rogues were ſo frighted, that their imagination afterwards form'd a thing in their thoughts more terrible than the devil himſelf could appear in.

But be that as it will, his figure was ſuch, that when they came up to him, not a man of them had courage to look in his face, much leſs to talk to him; and he that was ſo bold, and thus came arm'd with half a regiment of ſaints in his mouth, fell down flat on the ground, and fainted away with the fright.

The ſteward and his three men were all this while above ſtairs, in the utmoſt concern at the danger they were in, and expecting every moment the rogues would ſtrive to force their way up, and cut their throats: They heard the confus'd noiſe that the fellows made below, but could not imagine what it was, and much leſs the meaning of it: But while it laſted, it came into the mind of one of the ſervants, that as it was certain the fellows were all in the parlour, and very buſy there, whatever they were about, he might go up to the top of the houſe and throw one of their hand-granadoes down the chimney, and perhaps it might do ſome execution among them.

The ſteward approved of this deſign, only with this addition; if we throw down into one parlour only, they will run into the gaming-room, and ſo it will do no execution;

tion; but, says he, take three, and put down one into each chimney, for the funnels go up all together, and then they will not know which way to run.

With these orders two of the men, who very well knew the place, went up, and firing the fusees of the granadoes, they put one shell into each of the funnels, and down they went roaring in the chimney with a terrible noise, and (which was more than all the rest) they came down into the parlour where almost all the rogues were, just at the moment that the fellow that spoke to the spectre was frightened into a swooning fit, and fallen on the floor.

The whole gang was alarmed beyond expression; some ran back into the gaming parlour whence they came, and some ran to the other door which they came in at from the hall; but all, at the same instant, heard the devil, as they thought, coming down the chimney.

Had it been possible that the fusees of the granadoes could have continued burning in the funnel of the chimnies, where the sound was a thousand times doubled by the hollow of the place, and where the soot burning, fell down in flakes of fire, the rogues had been frightned out of their understandings; imagining, that as they had one dreadful devil just among them in the chair, so there were ten thousand more coming down the chimney to destroy them all; and perhaps carry them all away.

But that could not be; for after they had been sufficiently scared with the noise, down came the shells into the rooms, all three together. It happen'd as luckily as if it had been contriv'd on purpose, that the shell which came down into the parlour where they all were, burst as soon as it came to the bottom, so that it did not give them time so much as to think what it might be, much less to know that it was really a hand-granadoe; but as it did great execution among them, so they as certainly be-

believ'd it was the devil, as they believed the ſpectre in the chair was the devil.

The noiſe of the burſting of the ſhell was ſo ſudden and ſo unexpected, that it confounded them, and the miſchief was alſo terrible; the man that fainted, and who lay on the ground, was killed out right, and two more that ſtood juſt before the chimney; five of them were ſhockingly wounded, whereof one had both his legs broke, and was ſo deſperate, that when the people from the country came in, he ſhot himſelf thro' the head with his own piſtol, to prevent his being taken alive.

Had the reſt of them fled out of the parlour into the two other rooms, 'tis probable they had been wounded by the other ſhells; but as they heard the noiſe in both the outer rooms, and were under the ſurpriſe of not knowing it was a hand-granadoe, but the devil, they had no power to ſtir; nor, if they had, could they know which way to go to be ſafe: ſo they ſtood ſtill 'till both the ſhells in the other rooms burſt alſo; at which being confounded, as well with the noiſe as with the ſmoke, and expecting more devils down the chimney where they ſtood, they all ran out that way, and made to the door, helping their wounded men along as well as they could; whereof one died in the fields after they were got away.

It muſt be obſerved, when they were thus alarmed with they knew not what, coming down the chimney, they cried out, that the devil in the chair had ſent for more devils to deſtroy them; and it was ſuppoſed that had the ſhells never come down, they would all have ran away. But certain it was, that the artificial devil joining ſo critically as to time with the viſionary devils, or whatever they were, compleated their diſorder, and forced them to fly. When they came to the door to the two men, they made ſignals for their comrades, who were poſted in the avenues to the houſe, to come to their relief; who accordingly came up, and aſſiſted to carry

carry off their wounded men: but after hearing the relation of thoſe that had been in the houſe, and calling a ſhort council a little way from the door, (which, tho' dark as it was, the ſteward and his men could perceive from the window) they all reſolved to make off.

There was another concurring accident, which tho' it does not relate to my ſubject, I muſt ſet down to compleat the ſtory, viz. that two of theſe granadoes by the fire of their fuſees ſet the chimnies on fire; the third being in a funnel that had no ſoot in it, the room having not been ſo much uſed, did not. This fire flaming out at the top, as is uſual, was ſeen by ſome body in the village, who ran immediately and alarmed the prieſt or Padre, and he again raiſed the whole town, believing there was ſome miſchief fallen out, and that the houſe was ſet on fire.

Had not the reſt of the gang reſolved to make off, as is ſaid above, they had certainly fallen into the hands of the townſmen, who ran immediately with what arms came next to hand, to the houſe. But the rogues were fled, leaving, as above, three of there company dead in the houſe, and one in the field.

I muſt confeſs, I cannot draw many inferences to my purpoſe from the particulars of this ſtory, which however I have told for your diverſion; but from the general I may; obſerve, This apparition was certainly not in favour of the robbery; and if all the particulars are true, as in fact related, we can hardly with juſtice place them to ſatan's account. Take him as a deſtroyer and a father of miſchief, he could not be ſuppos'd to have appear'd to prevent the robbing the houſe, or to aſſiſt the ſteward in the houſe, in defence of his maſters goods: what good ſpirit this muſt be, and from whence, is then a remaining queſtion. How reaſonable then is it to ſuppoſe from this ſtory, that there are ſome other ſpirits which we yet know nothing, or but very little of, who do ſo far concern themſelves for the good of mankind,

as

as thatthey frequently appear to us to warn us of danger, to alarm us at the approach of impending miſchief; adviſing and cautioning us from evil courſes, and evil actions, and point out what is deſtructive to our preſent as well as future felicity.

If it be objected, that ſome have owned themſelves to be the ſouls of departed perſons, as of near relations, wives, husbands, friends, &c. and have appeared in their likeneſs, and even in their clothes; it is anſwered, That is no argument againſt the thing at all; becauſe as ſpirits are allowed, in our preſent diſcourſe, to aſſume any ſhape, ſo it is not doubted but they may take up the ſhape of the dead, as well as of the living, and may aſſume the very clothes, countenances, and even voices of dead perſons; and it muſt be ſo, or elſe we muſt fall into all the abſurdities of ſouls remaining in a wandering unappointed, unſettled ſtate after life; which if it ſhould be granted, we muſt in many things contradict ſcripture, and the received opinions of all the reform'd churches, and almoſt of all good men even in all ages.

The well known ſtory of Mrs. Bargrave's appearance to Mrs. Veal, which I am now going to relate, will juſtify the argument I have before aſſerted, that unembodied ſpirits are allowed by a ſupernatural power, to aſſume to themſelves the ſhape, air, dreſs, &c. of a departed friend, and cannot be a real ſoul, which is either too happy to re-viſit us, or too miſerable to be permitted to return. In this inſtance, the appearance could be no other, than ſome benign ſpirit, ſent to comfort Mrs. Veal under her affictions. But to proceed,

Mrs. Margaret Veal, and Mrs. Mary Bargrave (before her marriage called Lodowick) had contracted a great intimacy in their younger years, at which time the father of the one was cuſtomer, and that of the other miniſter of Dover.

This friendſhip, as it ſerved the true ends, was of uſe to Mrs. Veal in one particular, for when her father by

his

his extravagance had reduced his family, ſhe found a ſeaſonable relief from it in her neceſſity.

Beſides this, Mrs. Bargrave was inſtrumental to her better fortune, for by her intereſt with a gentleman, one Mr. Boyce, her relation, Mrs. Veal's brother was recommended to Archbiſhop Tillotſon, by whom he was introduced to Queen Mary; and her Majeſty for his relation by the mother to the Hyde family, gave him the poſt of Comptroller of the cuſtoms at Dover, which he enjoyed to his death.

This is a part into which Mrs. Bargrave is loth to enter, being reduced to it by the treatment ſhe has met with from Mr. Veal, who, to invalidate the ſtory of his ſiſter's appearance, would make the world believe ſhe had little, or nothing of her acquaintance.

Time and alteration of circumſtances on either ſide had interrupted their friendſhip for ſome years, and Mrs. Bargrave, by being half a year in London, and afterwards ſettling at Canterbury, had neither ſeen nor heard from her for a year and a half.

Mrs. Veal ſometime before her death had the addreſſes of a gentleman of the army, Major General Sibourg (a natural ſon of the Duke of Schomberg) ſince killed in the battle of Mons, and was engaged ſo far, that her brother's not conſenting to it, is believed to have brought on thoſe fits, which were the cauſe of her death. She died at Dover, on Friday in the month of September, 1705.

On Saturday, a little before twelve in the morning, Mrs. Bargrave being by herſelf in her own houſe in Canterbury, at which time ſhe had been reflecting on her misfortunes, and comforting herſelf with better hopes, as ſhe was taking her work in her hand, heard ſomebody knock at the door; and going out, to her aſtoniſhment, found it to be her old friend Mrs. Veal.

After expreſſing her ſurpriſe to ſee ſo great a ſtranger, ſhe offered to ſalute her, which the other declined, as it were,

were, by hanging down her head, and ſaying ſhe was not well; on which Mrs. Bargrave deſired her to walk in and ſit down, which ſhe did.

She was dreſſed in a ſilk dove coloured riding-gown, with French night-cloaths; ſhe appeared expreſsly the ſame without alteration, and Mrs. Bargrave remembers to have heard her ſteps diſtinctly as ſhe walked in.

Mrs. Bargrave began by aſking, where ſhe was going in that dreſs? ſhe anſwered ſhe was going her journey, which the other took to be to Tunbridge, where ſhe went every year for the benefit of her health, and ſaid, You are going to the old place.

Mrs. Veal being never truſted abroad without attendance, upon account of her fits, ſhe aſked how ſhe came alone from her uncle's? (meaning one Capt. Watſon in Canterbury, with whom ſhe always lodged.) She replied, ſhe had given them the ſlip to ſee her. She then aſked how ſhe came to find her out in ſuch a houſe, being reduced by her huſband's extravagance to take up with a much ſmaller one than ſhe had been wont to have done? to which the other made anſwer, ſhe ſhould find her out any where.

Mrs. Bargrave's huſband was a barriſter at law, a man who ſpent all in exceſſes, and as he was the worſt of huſbands, his wife had gone through a long courſe of ill-uſage, which was in a great meaſure unknown to the world. The uſe of this is to ſhew one end of Mrs. Veal's viſit, which ſeems to be to give her the relief they had often communicated to each other in the courſe of their friendſhip.

Mrs. Veal then began with Mrs. Bargrave, by aſking her what was the matter with her, ſhe looked ſo ill? She replied, ſhe had been thinking on her misfortunes. I muſt now act the part you did to me under my misfortunes, (ſays Mrs. Veal) I muſt comfort you as you uſed to do me. I would have you by no means think that God Almighty is diſpleaſed with you; but that his

his intention is only to try and perfect you; for God does not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men: Besides, one moment's happiness of the other world, will be more than a reward for all your sufferings, when as upon a hill you shall be above all the storms and dangers of a troublesome world. We are now in the dark as to a great many of God's dispensations; but we shall then see a perfect harmony in them all. She went on a great way in this manner with unusual vehemence, and striking her hand often on her knees, she cried, You must believe it.

Mrs. Bargrave being so earnestly pressed, asked if she did not think she believed it? To which she replied, No doubt but you do; but you must believe it thoroughly.

Mrs. Bargrave, moved with the discourse, chanced by a turn of her chair, to throw down from a shelf, Drelincourt's treatise of the christian defence against the fears of death, which gave the first hint to tell her, there was Drelincourt they had so often read together. I see, says Mrs. Veal, you keep on your old way of reading, which if you continue to do, will not fail to bring you to the happy condition he speaks of: The other mentioning Dr. Sherlock, and some others on that subject, she said, Drelincourt had the cleerest notions of death, and that Dr. Sherlock, nor any other on that subject, were comparable to him (as she express'd it) to her understanding. Dear Mrs. Bargrave, says she, if the eyes of our faith were but as open as the eyes of our bodily senses, we should see *innumerable angels about us for our guard*; but our notions of Heaven are nothing like what it is, as Drelincourt says: Believe me, my dear friend, one moment of future happiness will be more than amends for all your sufferings; nor yet can I believe that God will suffer you to spend all your days in this afflicted condition, but be assured that your sufferings will leave you, or you them in a short time; therefore be com-

comforted

comforted under them, and be assured, that God Almighty has a particular regard for you, that they are marks of his favour, and when they have done the business they were sent for, will be removed. Mrs. Bargrave, speaking how dark such a condition as her's was, that had no allay at present; she said, at the worst these storms would be recompensed by the reception she would meet with in her father's house, and from the 57th of *Isaiah*, that *God would not contend for ever, nor be always wroth, for the spirit should fail before him, and the souls which he had made.* Mrs. Bargrave's husband dying about two years after that event, has made her reflect on this part of her discourse, as pointing to her deliverance.

In the course of conversation, Mrs. Veal entered upon the subject of friendship, and saying there was now little friendship in the world; the other replied, she hoped she herself had no reason to complain, every one being a friend to the rich? but, says Mrs. Veal, such a friendship as you and I had to improve one another in what is useful. Mrs. Bargrave mentioning Dr. Horneck's treatise, where he treats of the lives of the primitive christians, Mrs. Veal went on to recommend their example, saying, that their conversation was different from that of the present age, which is made up of nothing but vain frothy discourse; their's was to edification, to build up one another in faith; their's was a hearty friendship; but where is it now to be found? It is hard indeed, says Mrs. Bargrave, to find a friend in these days. What did you think of my friendship, says Mrs. Veal, which I am sure has not at all answered what I owe you? If you can forgive me, you are the best natured creature in the world: Says Mrs. Bargrave, do not mention such a thing; I have not had an uneasy thought about it; I can easily forgive you. But what did you think of me, says Mrs. Veal? I thought of you, says Mrs. Bargrave, that like the rest of the world, prosperity had altered you.

I have

I have been, ſays Mrs. Veal, the moſt ungrateful wretch in the world; and then recounted many of the kindneſſes ſhe had received from her in her adverſity, ſaying, ſhe wiſhed her brother knew how ſhe was troubled about it: Being aſked why ſhe did not acquaint her brother of it, if it was ſuch a trouble to her? She ſaid, ſhe did not think of it till her coming away.

To divert the diſcourſe, Mrs. Bargrave aſked her if ſhe had ſeen a copy of verſes of Mr. Norris's, on friendſhip, in a dialogue between Damon and Pithias: ſhe ſaid, ſhe had ſeen other parts of his works, but not that; ſays Mrs. Bargrave, I have them of my own writing; and the other deſiring to ſee them, ſhe went up ſtairs and brought them to her to read; but Mrs. Veal ſaid, it is your own ſcrawl, pray read it yourſelf; holding down my head will make it ache; ſo Mrs. Bargrave read them. There was a paſſage that friendſhip ſurvives after death, which the other deſired to have repeated, and ſaid, Mrs. Bargrave, theſe poets call Heaven by a ſtrange name, that is, Elyſium; and added, with a particular emphaſis, that their friendſhip ſhould have no end in a future world. There are ſome, ſays ſhe, who are apt to deny women to have any ſouls, and make it a thing indifferent whether they are of any religion or no; but we ſhall be found to have ſouls as well as the men, and are not a little obliged to a certain divine, who is of opinion that they ſhall make the greater number of the happy.

Some diſcourſes they had upon charity, with reſpect to our differences in religion; as to which ſhe ſaid, people had but little religion while they talked ſo much about it, and were ſo little influenced by it in their temper and practice; and when they were all going to Heaven, were to blame to fall out by the way. This ſhe ſaid had given her a laſting impreſſion. This part of their diſcourſe laſted near an hour and half, which at this diſtance of time is not to be expected that it ſhould be intire and perfect.

As the converſation was upon the uſual ſubjects, ſo it was in the uſual manner, part in French and part in Engliſh; all which time Mrs. Bargrave obſerved nothing particular of her but the vehemence of her diſcourſe; when ſhe looked earneſtly at her, ſhe rubbed her eyes, and aſked if her fits had not quite altered her ſenſes; to which Mrs. Bargrave replied, that ſhe thought ſhe never ſaw her look better in her life.

Mrs. Veal then aſked her what was become of her huſband? and being told he was abroad, ſaid, ſhe wiſhed he might not come home while ſhe was there, for though he had always treated her with reſpect, yet ſhe ſometimes had been frighted with his frolicks. Mrs. Bargrave then asking if ſhe would drink tea? I will warrant you ſays ſhe, this madman hath broke all your trinkets; but the other ſaying ſhe would get ſomething to drink in for all that; I will, ſays ſhe, if I want it.

At laſt ſhe ſaid, that ſhe had great apprehenſions of her fits, and that in caſe ſhe ſhould die of them, deſired Mrs. Bargrave to write to her brother, and tell him ſhe would have him do ſuch and ſuch things, viz. give her beſt clothes to her uncle Watſon's daughter, as alſo two ſmall pieces of gold laid up in a cabinet in a purſe; ſo many pieces to another perſon; two rings to Mr Breton, commiſſioner of the cuſtoms; a ring to Major General Sibourg, of which Mrs. Bargrave ſent him a letter; and further deſired to charge her brother not to take intereſt of ſuch a perſon ſhe had a kindneſs for, whoſe plate ſhe had in ſecurity.

As ſhe often preſſed this meſſage, the other as often declined it, ſaying, it would be diſagreeable to trouble ſuch a young gentleman as her brother was, with their converſation; that he would wonder at her impertinence, and that ſhe had better do it herſelf: To which ſhe replied, that though it might ſeem impertinent now, ſhe would ſee the reaſon of it hereafter; that her brother, though a ſober man, and free from other vices,

vices, was yet vain, which ſhe deſired her to tell him, as alſo of all their diſcourſe; and to give her credit, told her ſome ſecret of conſequence between him and herſelf. Seeing her ſo importunate, Mrs. Bargrave fetched pen and ink, upon which the other ſaid, let it alone till I am gone, but be ſure that you do it.

This kind of diſcourſe gave Mrs. Bargrave apprehenſions of her fits, ſo that ſhe drew her chair cloſe to her to prevent her from falling, during which ſhe ſeveral times took hold of the ſleeve of her gown, which Mrs. Veal told her was ſcoured the ſecond time; and Mrs. Bargrave commending it for a pretty ſilk, Mrs. Veal ſaid, ſhe had beſt take it for herſelf; the other anſwered, you are going a journey, how will you do without it yourſelf? She ſaid, as well as you, who have often taken your gown from your back for me.

Towards the latter end of their diſcourſe, ſhe told Mrs. Bargrave, that ſhe had received a penſion of ten pounds a year from Mr. Breton, commiſſioner of the cuſtoms, who ſhe ſaid had been her great friend and benefactor.

She aſked Mrs. Bargrave if ſhe knew her half ſiſter, Mrs. Haſlewood, who, ſhe ſaid, was coming to ſee her as ſhe was taking her journey? The other aſked again, how ſhe came to order matters ſo ſtrangely? She ſaid, the houſe was ready for them; and it proved that Mrs. Haſlewood and her huſband came to her houſe juſt as ſhe was dying.

By this time ſhe began to look diſordered, and forgetful of what ſhe had ſaid, as if the fits were coming upon her, which looked like the acting a part to take away the ſuſpicion of death. As this viſit ſeems in a great meaſure deſigned out of gratitude to a friend, without giving any apprehenſions, ſo the ſeveral parts of her diſcourſe, that relating to Mr Breton's penſion---her ſiſter Haſlewood---the ſcouring her gown---the quantity of gold in the purſe---the rings, and the plate

in pawn, are designed as credentials to her brother and the world.

At last she asked Mrs. Bargrave, where is Molly, meaning her daughter? She replied, she is at school; but if you have a mind to see her I will send for her: To which the other agreeing, she went to a neighbour's house to send for her, and at her return found Mrs. Veal without the door of the house, in readiness to be gone.

Mrs. Veal asked if she would not go with her? which the other took to be to Capt. Watson's in Canterbury, and said, you know it is as much as my life is worth; but I will see you to-morrow in the afternoon, after sermon. But why are you in such haste? Mrs. Veal then said, in case you should not come, or should not see me, you will remember what I have said to you. She saw her walk off till she came to the turning of a corner, and then lost sight of her. It was market day, and immediately after the clock struck two.

Mrs. Bargrave at that instant told a neighbour of Mrs. Veal's visit, and the matter of their conversation; and a neighbour's servant from a yard near her window, heard some of their discourse, and being asked by her mistress, if Mr. Bargrave was talking with his wife, made answer, that he never talked of any thing so good.

At night her husband came home in a frolicksome humour, and taking her by the hand, said, Molly, you are hot, you want to be cooled; and so opening the parlour door to the garden, put her out there, where she continued all night, at which time she thinks it a mercy she had no apprehensions about Mrs. Veal's apparition, which if she had, it might probably have cost her her life.

All Sunday she kept her bed in a downright fever, and on Monday morning sent to Mr. Watson's to enquire after Mrs. Veal, and as she could have no satisfaction, went herself, and had as little. They were surprised at her enquiring for Mrs. Veal, and said, they were

were ſure by their not ſeeing her, that ſhe could not have been in Canterbury; but when Mrs. Bargrave perſiſted that ſhe was, and deſcribed her dreſs, ſaying, that ſhe had on a ſcoured ſilk of ſuch a colour, Mr. Watſon's daughter ſaid, that ſhe had indeed ſeen her, for none knew of the gown's being ſcoured but themſelves, and that her mother had helped to make it up. In the mean time Capt. Watſon came in, and told them of preparations making in town for the funeral of ſome perſon of note in Dover. This quickly raiſed apprehenſions in Mrs. Bargrave, who went away directly to the undertakers, and was no ſooner informed it was for Mrs. Veal, but ſhe fainted away in the ſtreet.

For a long time ſhe was hurried with crowds of all kinds of people, who came far and near to gratify their curioſity, the moſt ſceptical on the one hand, and the moſt ſuperſtitious on the other; and during her huſband's life-time, ſhe was moſt unmercifully expoſed to his raillery.

Mr. Veal, either to ſave the legacies, or out of an imaginary regard to his ſiſter's character, would have bantered off the matter, by ſaying, that Mrs. Bargrave had but little of his ſiſter's acquaintance, and that the gold ſaid to be in his ſiſter's cabinet, was in another place. This obliged Mrs. Bargrave to ſend him a letter by a gentleman ſhe could truſt, to be delivered before witneſſes, and with the exactneſs to write in what manner it was ſealed. In this, among other things, was communicated the ſecret delivered by Mrs. Veal, which though at preſent it put him into a great paſſion, yet obliged him to pay the legacies. From that time, whether from a fright he had one night (as ſhe was informed by his ſervants) or however elſe, he would not lie without ſervants in his room, and though he had declared before againſt marrying, yet married in ſix weeks.

His evaſions were ſo frivolous to Dr. Stanhope, Dean of Canterbury, that when he endeavoured to make the Doctor diſbelieve the ſtory, and the Doctor preſſed him how ſhe ſhould come to know ſuch of her ſecret affairs? To divert the argument of her appearing after her death, he owned his ſiſter could conceal nothing from her, intimating ſhe might have told her in her life-time. He was ſo piqued with the Doctor, that when he came to Canterbury to be married by him, that he was married by another; nor was he ever able to encounter Mrs. Bargrave, but induſtriouſly avoided her.

Mrs. Bargrave is a perſon who has had the education of a gentlewoman, of a great ſhare of modeſty and good ſenſe, and a temper ſo little given to fancies, that none can have more contempt for the common weakneſſes of this kind. She ſays, ſhe ſhould have lain this to imagination, if it had not been by day, attended with ſo long and particular a converſation, at a time when ſhe knew no other but that the perſon was living, and was under no ſort of apprehenſions; but as it is, ſhe cannot give up her reaſon and her ſenſes in compliance with ſuch as would have it ſhe was in a dream.

Such as have known her many years, and can be truſted as to their character, ſay, She is a perſon who has all the reality of religion, with the eaſineſs that becomes it, of which ſhe has given ſubſtantial proofs in her life; ſo that her fidelity will take off any ſuſpicion of her inventing ſuch a ſtory, whatever end or advantage might be propoſed by it, when, as the caſe is, there can be none.

It is true, things of this kind are beſet with difficulties of a very hard ſolution; but if we conſider how many things there are abroad in nature, and even in ourſelves, the manner of which is no leſs hard to be explained, and yet no one is ſo ſceptical to deny their being; upon the evidence of a fact ſo fairly atteſted, a man may be induced to believe it without any riſque of his

his underſtanding; nor is any conſequence to be raiſed againſt things of this nature from the numberleſs weak and fanciful ſtories of apparitions. It may be ſafely ſaid, that the one is no more affected by the other, than true miracles are by what the holy ſcriptures, call lying wonders, i. e. ſorcery, or ledgerdemain, the ſight of magic, or the impoſtures of Rome.

One thing has much contributed to ſink the credit of the ſtory with many who have known it no otherwiſe, and that is, its being publiſhed in a new edition of Drelincourt's Treatiſe of the Chriſtian's Defence againſt the Fears of Death, by the accident mentioned of that book's falling into the ſubject of converſation, and being preferred by Mrs. Veal. The bookſeller, to promote the ſale of his book, printed it with ſuch an account of the ſtory as he had picked up, which is not only very wretchedly confuſed and imperfect, but fails in moſt particulars, and this makes the thing itſelf in a great meaſure paſs for a trading ſtory.

Mrs. Bargrave, who was not forward to propagate a thing by which ſhe never got any thing but trouble, was ſo offended at the bookſeller's publiſhing it as he did, that ſhe could not forbear rallying him on that ſubject; but the thing has a better authority than that of the bookſeller, by whom, as it never received, ſo it can never looſe credit with ſuch as have a better information.

Nor does the matter ſo altogether reſt on Mrs. Bargrave's teſtimony, but it may ſpeak for itſelf; for beſides that the ſtory was communicated while Mrs. Veal was ſuppoſed to be living, it is impoſſible that ſuch an invention could be made ſo conſiſtent with itſelf, and the circumſtances attending it, as not to be detected in time, either through ſome ſlip of the contriver, or the appearance of inconſiſtency in facts; whereas Mrs. Bargrave never deviated from her account, nor has time, and the general curioſity which ſtories of ſuch conſe-

quence

quence muſt raiſe, ever produced any thing to diſcredit it; only Mr. Veal would have it, that the gold ſaid to be in his ſiſter's cabinet, was in another place; but as his ill-humour had ſo much the better of him in another inſtance, it may be juſtly liable to ſuſpicion in this caſe.

CHAP. IV.

Of the many ſtrange inconveniences and ill conſequences which would attend us in this world, if the ſouls of men and women, unembodied and departed, were at liberty to viſit the earth, and concern themſelves about human affairs.

I BELIEVE there are few ſpeculative deluſions more univerſally receiv'd than this, that thoſe things we call ſpectres, ghoſts, and apparitions, are *really* the departed ſouls of thoſe perſons whom they are ſaid to repreſent.

We ſee, or pretend to ſee, our very friends and relations actually cloath'd with their old bodies, tho' we know theſe bodies to be embowelled, ſeperated, and rotting in the grave; as certainly as the head and quarters of a man executed for treaſon are drying in the ſun upon the gates of the city: we ſee them dreſs'd up in the very clothes which we have cut to pieces and given away, ſome to one body, ſome to another, or applied to this or that uſe; ſo that we can give an account of every rag of them: we hear them ſpeaking with the ſame voice and ſound, tho' the organ which form'd their former ſpeech we are ſure is periſh'd and gone.

Theſe ſimilitudes of things fix it upon our thoughts, that it muſt be the ſame; that the ſouls of our late friends are actually come to reviſit us; which is to me, I confeſs,

I confeſs, the moſt incongruous and unlikelieſt thing in the world, I mean, that it ſhould be the *real* departed ſoul.

Firſt, Thoſe who think after that manner, muſt have a very mean opinion of the future ſtate, and the exalted condition of the bleſſed, that they can imagine they are to be interrupted in their joy; and even *diſquieted*, as *Samuel* ſaid to *Saul*, by the importunities of this world's affairs: *Why haſt thou diſquieted me, to bring me up?* as if it was in the power of a deſpicable witch to bring him up, for it intimates a force, whether he would or not; which does not all correſpond with the high thoughts we are directed to entertain of the perfect felicity of that ſtate, of which eye hath not ſeen, nor ear heard, or heart conceiv'd.

Secondly, They muſt have likewiſe very mean thoughts of the ſtate of everlaſting miſery, who can think that the ſpirits in priſon can get looſe from thoſe determin'd chains, to come hither and attend upon the trifles of life; nor do I know whether it would be worth their ſhifting hell, and coming back to this world in ſuch a wandering condition thoſe things call'd ghoſts are underſtood to be; or indeed to reſume a body, without making life a ſtate of farther probation. For what would life be here for a few years ſubjected to human infirmity, want, diſtreſs, and caſuality, and no alteration poſſible of the future ſtate, no hope, no room for changing the ſentence? They know little of that hell call'd deſpair, that can think it more ſupportable in this world, than the eternal ſtate, which it is a proſpect of, is in that to come.

But this is too grave abundance for the times, and therefore I ſay no more of that part; but I muſt bring the caſe nearer to our preſent taſte, as well as to our capacity.

Let us next inquire into the neceſſity of diſturbing or diſquieting our departed friends, with or about the con-

concerns of their families: If their coming is by permiſſion of providence, then I demand what occaſion is there for it? and of what ſervice is it? ſeeing the ſame providence is able to employ other ſervants of the ſame errand, and do the ſame buſineſs, and who will not only do it as well, but to be ſure much better. It is anſwer'd, the ſovereignty of providence is not to be diſputed. He may do what he pleaſes, and employ whom he pleaſes: But then the wiſdom of providence too is not known to act inconſiſtent with itſelf; and, which is a ſufficient anſwer to all the reſt, we are allowed to judge of all theſe things by our reaſoning powers, nor have we any other rules to judge by; and it can be no crime to reaſon with calmneſs, and due reſpect to ſuperior power, upon the ordinary adminiſtration even of Heaven itſelf.

I'll ſuppoſe that no apparitions were allowed to ſhew themſelves on earth, but on occaſions of ſome unuſual conſequence, and that then they might always be expected; and there are many affirm it to be ſo; (tho' I openly ſay I do not) but ſuppoſe it, I ſay; and that whenever theſe things have appeared, it was in eſpecial caſes, ſuch as of manifeſtly injured right, oppreſſion of widows and orphans, wrong done to perſons unable to do themſelves juſtice, depreſs'd poverty, and many ſuch caſes which ſouls are ſaid to be anxious about, even after death; I ſay, if it were ſo, the world is at this time (and perhaps has always been) ſo full of violence, injuſtice, fraud and oppreſſion, that the ſouls of our departed friends would hardly ever be at reſt.

Again, ſhould departed ſouls get leave to come back to this world, to ſee juſtice done to their families and and relations, how comes it to paſs that they have not done it on ſuch frequent occaſion as are daily given them in the world? And why do any people enjoy peaceably the eſtates which they got wrongfully? The works of heaven are all perfect. Would he, do you think, have ſent

angels

angels or ſpirits to procure juſtice to be done only in part, and not in the whole? And how much arrears is the wicked part of the world then in, to the better part? And which way is it poſſible right ſhould be done?

Beſides, to go back to public things; what rage, what violences, rapines, ruins, not of perſons, but of nations, have we ſeen and heard of in the world? and yet we ſee death puts an end to all grievance, or complaints of grievance whatſoever; the departed ſouls reſt undiſturbed about it, reſentment all dies with them; and whatever the apparitions, which we call ſouls, have pretended, or we have pretended for them, the ſouls themſelves are perfectly unconcern'd at it all.

What apparitions have been, have certainly been of thoſe bleſſed angelic ſpirits, who may ſo far have concern'd themſelves in ſome caſes of violence, oppreſſion, manifeſt and atrocious frauds, to alarm the offenders, and thereby bring them to do right, as well for their own good, as for the relief of the oppreſs'd ſufferers, who, perhaps, have invok'd the divine juſtice againſt them.

Conſcience, indeed, is a frightful apparation itſelf, and I make no queſtion but it oftentimes haunts an oppreſſing criminal into reſtitution, and is a ghoſt to him ſleeping or waking: nor is it the leaſt teſtimony of an inviſible world that there is ſuch a drummer as that in the ſoul, that can beat an alarm when he pleaſes, and ſo loud, as no other noiſe can drown it, no muſick quiet, or make it huſh, no power ſilence it, no mirth allay it, no bribe corrupt it.

Conſcience raiſes many a Devil, that all the magic in the world can't lay; it ſhows us many an apparition that no other eyes can ſee, and ſets ſpectres before us with which the Devil has no acquaintance; conſcience makes ghoſts walk, and departed ſouls appear, when the ſouls themſelves know nothing of it.

This

This thing called conſcience is a ſtrange bold diſturber, it works upon the imagination with an invincible force; like faith, it makes a man view things that are not, as if it were; feel things that are not to be felt, ſee things that are not to be ſeen, and hear things that are not to be heard; it commands the ſenſes, nay even the tongue itſelf, which is ſo little under command, ſubmits to this ſovereign mandate; and tho' I do not ſee that conſcience always overrules it to ſilence, yet it often makes it ſpeak, even whether it would or no, and that to its own ruin and deſtruction; making the guilty man accuſe himſelf, and confeſs what his policy, had before ſo effectually conceal'd, that no eye had ſeen it, no evidence could prove it.

A murderer ſees the murder'd innocent as plainly before his eyes, as if he was actually ſent back from his place to charge him; nay, he ſees him without eyes, he is preſent with him ſleeping and waking; he ſees him when he is not to be ſeen, and teſtifies to his own guilt, with no need of any other witneſs.

I have heard a ſtory which I believe to be true, of a certain man who was brought to the bar of juſtice on ſuſpicion of murder, which however he knew it was not in the power of human knowledge to detect. When he came to hold up his hand at the bar, he pleaded, *Not guilty*; and the court began to be at a loſs for a proof, nothing but ſuſpicion and circumſtances appearing; however ſuch witneſſes as they had, they examin'd as uſual; the witneſs ſtanding up, as is cuſtomary upon a little ſtep, to be viſible to the court.

When the court thought they had no more witneſſes to examine, and the man in a few moments would have been acquitted; but recovering his courage a little, he ſtretches out his arm towards the place where the witneſſes uſually ſtood to give evidence upon trials, and pointing with his hand, my lord, ſays he, (aloud) that is not fair, 'tis not according to law, he's not a legal witneſs.

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The court was ſurpris'd and could not underſtand what the man meant; but the judge a man of more penetration, took the hint, and checking ſome of the court that offer'd to ſpeak, and which would have perhaps brought the man back again to himſelf; hold, *ſays the judge*, the man ſees ſomething more than we do, I begin to underſtand him; and then ſpeaking to the priſoner,

Why, *ſays he*, is not he a legal witneſs? I believe the court will allow his evidence to be good when he comes to ſpeak.

No, my lord, it cannot be juſt, it can't be allowed, *ſays the priſoner*, (with a confuſed eagerneſs in his countenance, that ſhewed he had a bold heart but a guilty conſcience.)

Why not, friend, what reaſon do you give for it? *ſays the judge.*

My Lord, *ſays he*, no man can be allowed to be witneſs in his own caſe; he is a party, my lord, he can't be a witneſs.

But you miſtake, *ſays the Judge*, for you are indicted at the ſuit of the king, and the man may be a witneſs for the king, as in caſe of robbery on the highway we always allow that the perſon robbed is a good witneſs; and without this the highway-man could not be convicted; but we ſhall hear what he ſays, when he is examined.

This the judge ſpoke with ſo much gravity, and ſo eaſy and natural, that the criminal at the bar anſwered, nay, if you will allow him to be a good witneſs, then I am a dead man: the laſt words he ſaid with a lower voice than the reſt, but withal called for a chair to ſit down.

The court ordered him a chair, which if he had not had, 'twas thought he would have ſunk down at the bar; as he ſat down he was obſerved to be in a great

conſternation, and lifted up his hands ſeveral times, repeating the words, a dead man, a dead man, ſeveral times over.

The judge, however, was at ſome loſs how to act, and the whole court appear'd to be in a ſtrange conſternation, tho' no body ſaw any thing but the man at the bar; at length the judge ſaid to him, look you Mr. ——————— calling him by his name, you have but one way left that I know of, and I'll read it to you out of the ſcripture; and ſo calling for a Bible he turns to the book of Joſhua, and reads the text, Joſh. vii. 19. 'And Joſhua ſaid unto Achan, my ſon, give, I pray 'thee, glory to the Lord God of Iſrael, and make con-'feſſion unto him, and tell me now what thou haſt 'done, hide it not from me.'

Here the judge exhorted him to confeſs his crime, for he ſaw, no doubt, an evidence ready to convict him, and to diſcover the whole matter againſt him; and if he did not confeſs, Heaven would, no doubt, ſend witneſs to detect him.

Upon this the ſelf-condemned murderer burſt out into tears and ſad lamentations for his own miſerable condition, and made a full confeſſion of his crime; and when he had done, gave the following account of his caſe, as to the reaſons of his being under ſuch a ſurpriſe, viz. that he ſaw the murdered perſon ſtanding upon the ſtep as a witneſs, ready to be examined againſt him, and ready to ſhew his throat which was cut by the priſoner, and who, as he ſaid, ſtood ſtaring full upon him with a frightful countenance; and this confounded him: (as well it might) and yet there was no real apparation, no ſpectre, no ghoſt or appearance, it was all figured out to him by the power of his own guilt, and the agitations of his ſoul, fired and ſurpriſed by the influence of conſcience.

The ſoul of the murder'd perſon ſeeks no revenge; all that part is ſwallowed up in the wonders of the eternal

ternal ſtate, and vengeance intirely reſign'd to him to whom it belongs; but the ſoul of the murderer is like the ocean in a tempeſt, he is in continual motion, reſtleſs and raging; and the guilt of the fact, like the winds to the ſea, lies on his mind as a conſtant preſſure, and adds to that, (ſtill like the ſeas) 'tis hurryed about by its own weight, rolling to and again, motion increaſing motion, till it becomes a mere maſs of horror and confuſion.

In this diſtracted condition, conſcience like a ſtorm at ſea, ſtill breaks over him; firſt gathers about him in a thick black cloud, threatning the deaths that it comes loaded with; and after hovering about him for a while, at laſt burſts with lightnings and thunder, and the poor ſhatter'd veſſel ſuffers ſhipwreck, ſinks, and is overwhelmed in the middle of it.

If juſtice does not overtake him, if he is not diſcovered and detected, and brought to public ſhame, as the laws of God and man require; how is he tortured with the terrors of his own thoughts, haunted with the ghoſts of his own imagination, and apparitions without apparition? the murdered perſon is always in his ſight, and the cries of blood are ever in his ears; till at laſt leſs able to bear the torture of mind, than the puniſhment of his carcaſe, he even dies for fear of death, murders himſelf, or pines away with horror; or, if Heaven is merciful to him, delivers himſelf up to juſtice, and dies a penitent.

I could give many flagrant inſtances of this, ſufficient to fill a volume, but not having room for it, I take one or two for example only.

A gentleman, and a man in good circumſtances too, committed a murder in or near St. Pancras, Soaper Lane, London, many years ago; the murder was attended with ſome very cruel and barbarous circumſtances, ſuch as he could not expect to be pardoned for;

ſo he fled, and making his eſcape into France, got out of the reach of juſtice.

His perſonal ſafety was for a while ſo much ſatisfaction to him, that he did not make any reflections at all upon the fact; but ſoon after he took ſhipping from France and went to Martinico, where he lived ſeveral years; and even for two or three years he carried it off well enough; but the firſt ſhock given to his ſoul was in a fit of ſickneſs, when being in danger of death, he ſaw, as he was between ſleeping and waking, the ſpectre, as he thought, of the murdered perſon, juſt as in the poſture when he killed him, his wound bleeding, and his countenance ghaſtly; the ſight of which exceedingly terrified him and at length awakened him.

But being awake and finding it was but a dream, and that the murdered perſon did not really appear to him, and, as he called it, haunt him, he was eaſy as to that part; but being in a high fever, and believing he ſhould die, conſcience began to ſtare at him, and to talk to him; he reſiſted a long time, but death approaching, he grew very penſive, tho', as he ſaid, ſtill more afraid of dying, than penitent for his crime.

After he recovered he grew eaſy, and began to forget the affair; came over to Europe again, and being at Roan in Normandy, he dreamed he ſaw the murdered man again, and that he looked frightful and terrible; and with a threatning aſpect, and this threw him into a kind of melancholy, which increaſed exceedingly; the ſpectre, as he called it, coming to him every night.

But this was not all; for now as he dreamed of it all night, ſo he thought of it all day; it was before his eyes continually, his imagination formed figures to him, now of this kind, then of that, always relating to the murdered man; ſo that in ſhort, he could think of nothing elſe: and tho' he was ſatisfied there was no real ghoſt or apparition, yet his own terrified conſcience made the thought be to him one continued apparition, and the murdered man was never out of his ſight.

He was ſo reduced by the conſtant agitation of his ſoul, that he was in a very weak condition, and in a deep conſumption: but in the midſt of theſe tumults of his ſoul, he had a ſtrong impreſſion upon his mind, that he could never die in peace, nor go to Heaven, if he did not go over to England, and either get pardon of the parliament (for it was in thoſe days when there was no king in England) or if he could not obtain a pardon, then he would ſurrender himſelf into the hands of juſtice, and ſatisfy the law with his life, which was the debt he owed to the blood of the man he killed, and could no other way be expiated.

He withſtood this as a wild diſtracted thing, and the fruit of his diſturbed mind: What, ſaid he to himſelf, ſhould I go to England for? to go there is to *go and die*; and theſe word *go and die*, ran daily upon his mind: but tho' theycame firſt into his thoughts, as an anſwer to his other diſtractions, yet they turned upon him ſoon after, and he dreamed that the murdered man ſaid to him, *go and die*; and repeating it ſaid, *go to England and die*; and this followed him night and day, aſleep and awake, ſo that he had it always in his ears, *go to England and die*.

In ſhort, he was ſo continually terrified by the reproaches of his conſcience, and the voice which he thought followed him, that he anſwered it once in his ſleep thus: 'Well, if it muſt be ſo, let me alone, I will '*go and die*.'

It was ſome time however before he did; but at laſt unable to ſupport the torture of his mind, he reſolved to come over to England, and did ſo: he landed at Graveſend, and there took paſſage in the tilt-boat for London.

When he arrived at London, intending to land at Weſtminſter, he took a wherry at Billingſgate to carry him through bridge. It happened that two lighters loaden with coals ran foul of the boat he was in, and

of one another, over againſt Queen Hith; the watermen were ſo hard put to it, that they had much ado to avoid being cruſhed between the lighters, ſo that they were obliged to get into one of the lighters and let the boat ſink.

This occaſioned him, contrary to his deſign, to go on ſhore a little to the eaſtward of Queen-Hith: from thence he walked up on foot towards Cheapſide, intending to take a coach for Weſtminſter.

As he paſſed a ſtreet, which croſſes out of Bread Street into Bow Lane, being almoſt night, and he not well knowing the ſtreets, having been abſent eighteen years, he heard ſomebody cry, ſtop him, ſtop, him! it ſeems a thief had broke into a houſe in ſome place as he paſſed by, and was diſcovered, and ran for it, and the people after him crying ſtop him, ſtop him!

It preſently occur'd to him, that being ſo near the place where the murder was committed, and where he had lived, thought that ſome body knew him, and that it was him they were crying after; upon which he began to run with all his might.

Had the people cryed ſtop thief, he had taken no notice of it, knowing, as he ſaid, that he had ſtolen nothing; but the crowd crying ſtop him, ſtop him, it was as likely to be him as not; and his own guilt concurring, he ran, as above.

As he ran with all his might it was a conſiderable time before the people overtook him; but juſt at the corner of Soaper Lane, near about where now ſtands the Rummer Tavern, his foot ſlipt, and his breath fail-him too, he fell down.

The people not knowing who he was, had loſt their thief, and purſued him; when they came up to him, they found him not the right perſon, and would have left him; but his own guilty conſcience, which at firſt ſet him a running, and which alone was his real purſuer, continued to follow him cloſe, and which at laſt had

thrown

thrown him down too, ſo increaſed his fright, that believing they all knew him, he cried out, It is very true, I am the man, it was I did it.

It ſeems, when he firſt fell, ſome people in a houſe oppoſite, came to the door upon hearing the noiſe, and ſaid one to another, There he is, that's he, they have catched him; and it was upon that ſaying that he anſwered, It is very true, I am the man, and I did it; for ſtill he imagined they knew him to be the murderer, that killed the man ſo long ago; whereas there was no body there that had any knowledge of the matter, and the very memory of the thing was almoſt forgotten in the place, having been done eighteen years before.

However, when they heard him cry I am the man, and I did it, one of the people that came about him ſaid, what did you do? why, I killed him, ſays he, I killed Mr.——— and then repeated his name; but no body remembered the name.

Why, you are mad, ſays one of the people; and then, added another, the man's a diſtracted, diſordered man. They purſued a little ſhop-lifting thief, and here they have frighted a poor gentleman, that they own is not the perſon, but is an unhappy diſordered man, and imagines they purſue him.

But are you ſure he is not the man?

Sure? ſays another, why, they tell you ſo themſelves. Beſides the man is diſtracted.

Diſtracted! ſays a third, how do you know that.

Nay, ſays the other, he muſt be diſtracted, or in drink, dont you hear how he talks? I did it, I killed him, and I don't know what. Why, here is no body killed, is there? I tell you the poor man is crazed. Thus they talked a-while, and ſome ran forwards towards Cheapſide, to look for the real thief, and were about to let him go, when one grave citizen, wiſer then the reſt, cry'd, nay, hold, let's inquire a little farther; tho' he's not

not the thief, they look for, there may be ſomething in it; let us go before the lord mayor with him: and ſo they did. I think the lord mayor then in being, was Sir William Turner.

When he came before the lord mayor, he confeſſed the fact, and was afterwards executed for it. I had the ſubſtance of this relation from an ear-witneſs of the thing, ſo that I can freely ſay that I give entire credit to it.

It was remarkable alſo, that the place where this man fell down when he ran, believing he was purſued and known, tho' at firſt he really was not, was juſt againſt the very door of the houſe where the perſon liv'd that he had murdered.

Many inferences might be drawn from this ſtory, but that which is particularly to my purpoſe, is to ſhew how men's guilt crouds their imagination with ſudden and ſurpriſing ideas of things; brings ſpectres and apparations into their eyes when there are really no ſuch things; forms ghoſts and phantaſms in their view, when their eyes are ſhut: they ſee ſleeping, and dream waking; the night is all viſion, and the day all apparition, till either by penitence or puniſhment they make ſatisfaction for the wrong they have done, and either juſtice or the injured perſon are appeaſed.

But to bring all this back to our buſineſs: here's no other apparation in all this than what is formed in the imagination; the ghoſts, the ſouls of the moſt injured perſon, whether injuriouſly murdered, or injuriouſly robbed and plundered, ſleeps in peace, knows nothing of the murderer or thief, except only that it gives that part all up to the eternal judge: the murderer has the horror of the fact always upon him, conſcience draws the picture of the crime in apparition juſt before him: nor can he need a worſe tormentor in this life, whether there is a worſe hereafter, or no, I do not pretend to determine. This is certainly 'a worm that never dies;

dies;' it is always gnawing the vitals, not of the body, but of the very ſoul. But I ſay, here was no apparition all this while of any kind, no ſpectre, no ghoſt, no not to detect a murderer.

1. No devil or evil ſpirit; as for Satan, he would rather protect, or at leaſt ſhelter him, that he might commit another murder.

2. No ſoul of the deceaſed, however injured; the man acknowledged he never ſaw any real apparition.

What was it then the man was terrified with? I anſwer, he was haraſſed by the reflection of his own guilt, and the ſluices of the ſoul were ſet open by the angels or ſpirits attending, who by divine appointment are always at hand to execute the vindictive part of juſtice, as well as the more merciful diſpenſations of heaven, when they have them in commiſſion.

Theſe abandoned him to the fury of an enraged conſcience, and poured in a flood of unſufferable grief, letting looſe thoſe wild beaſt called paſſions upon him, ſuch as rage, anguiſh, ſelf-reproach, too late repentance, and final deſperation, all to fall upon him at once; ſo the man runs to death for relief, tho' it be to the gallows, or any where, and that even by the mere conſequence of things.

But if then oppreſſion, injury, robbery, and even murder itſelf will not bring the departed injured ſoul back in ghoſt or apparition; if when it is once uncaſed, diſmiſſed, or unembodied, its ſtate is determined, and that it can receive no ſuch impreſſions as to be diſquieted afterwards, much leſs brought back hither to haunt or perplex the perſons left behind.

How then can we think they ſhould come back for trifles not worth naming? and what are we to call thoſe real apparitions which we have reaſon to believe are, and frequently have been ſeen in the world? what are they, but thoſe angels or ſpirits who inhabit, or have their ſtation in the great void or waſte? who have the

guard

guard, not of our atmoſphere only, nay not of the ſolar ſyſtem only, tho' that is of immenſe and inconceivable extent, and full of diſtant planetary worlds, but even of the whole ſyſtem of the creation, the ſyſtem of empty ſpace.

Theſe may, and no doubt do viſit us every day, whether they are viſible to us or no; their ſtation is fixed, on purpoſe to take cognizance of us, and of things belonging to us, and done by us.

If murder, rapine, and oppreſſion is exerciſed upon any, theſe frequently, if not always, concern themſelves, either to detect it, or to bring the offender to juſtice, or both, eſpecially in caſes of blood: and this is the beſt way we can account for the diſcovery of murder, which is ſo general, that it is our received opinion, that murder very ſeldom goes undiſcovered; that murder will out, that is, will come out to be known and puniſhed.

If inſtead of ſaying, murder very ſeldom goes undiſcovered, had they ſaid, ſeldom goes unpuniſhed, I believe it might have been univerſally true; for ſometimes ſecret murders are never diſcovered to the perſons who knew of the fact, or in the place where it was committed: but how are they purſued by the divine vengeance, under the miniſtry of theſe happy inſtruments, who fail not to purſue the murderer? perhaps it may be the only caſe wherein they are agents of juſtice, without a mixture of mercy.

How many ſecret, and till then undiſcovered murders do theſe happy inſtruments oblige the guilty wretches to diſcover, which no human eye had been witneſs to? Some are diſcovered, as in the example above, and brought to puniſhment: ſome at the gallows, whether the criminal is brought for other crimes; ſome in ſhipwrecks, ſome in battles, ſome one way, ſome another.

Nor can it be denied, that tho' theſe angelic miniſtring ſpirits were to be conſtant meſſengers of juſtice in ſuch caſes, yet it would be much more merciful than

to

to give the ſoul of the injured murdered perſon leave to come back armed with power, and with the terrors of its inviſible ſtate, to do itſelf juſtice, inflamed with the reſentments which it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe it muſt have at the injury received, able to tear the murderer in pieces, and in condition to carry on its own ſuit and execute the divine juſtice, in revenge of its own private quarrel..

1. This would be inconſiſtent with the ſupreme prerogative of providence, by which he has taken all executive juſtice into his own hand, all retribution, all retaliating juſtice; and that on purpoſe to reſtrain the rage and fury of men, who would be unbounded in the vindictive part, and ſet no limits to their vengeance; which for that very reaſon, I ſay, God has declared he takes into his own hand; "Vengeance is mine, I will repay. Rom. xii. 19.

2 If it were not thus, the world would be a field of blood and confuſion, the departed ſoul of a murdered perſon would be always haraſſing, not the murderer only, but all the perſons concerned in the injury; and without mercy would call every one a murderer, that was on the ſide of his enemy, whether guilty or not; in a word, ſuppoſe he died fighting, he would come back to revenge his own death, fired with a double rage, and armed with an irreſiſtible ability to revenge.

But not to confine myſelf to the caſe of a murderer only; if ſouls after death could return to viſit thoſe who they had any concerns with here, let the occaſion be what it would, the world would be all confuſion and diſorder; quarrels and contentions would never ceaſe, feuds of families would not die, but the injured perſon would always come back to right himſelf.

And how do we know that they would, even in that enlightened ſtate of being, be impartially juſt, conſidering they would act in their own cauſes? are we ſure they would not inſiſt upon pretended right, as they did perhaps

perhaps when living? if so, then we must have appeals even from the spirits themselves; for they would be as liable to do injury in their own revenge, as if they were living in the flesh.

Here we might make a rational excursion upon the present state of things: what would be the case, if all the injured souls now in a determined state, were able to come back, and demand justice of the present age? what work would it make among us? how many wealthy landlords would be turned out of possession, and rich tradesmen obliged to refund? how would the strong oppressor be challenged by the weak, the injured poor be the ruin of the rich? how many adulterers would be bound to dislodge from the arms of the fair intruder? how many injured ladies would claim their properties, and turn the usurpers out of bed.

What mercy to mankind has the supreme Lord exhibited, in his wise allotment of things? viz. That the grave buries all the rage of human resentment: the oppressed and the oppressor rest together; the murderer and the murdered; the most inveterate enemies; the conquered in battle, and the slain of the conquering army, make one heap of quiet and peaceable dust blended together, and mouldering into the common element of earth.

Could the souls departed come back to demand redress of grievances, and to put men in mind of the injustice done them, it would invert the good order of eternal justice, for it would make this earth be the place of rewards and punishments, and take the executive power out of the hands of the great governor of the world.

Depend then upon it, the souls of our departed friends, or enemies, are all in their fixed and determined state; whether arrived at a full consummation of felicity or misery, that is not the case, nor is it any part of the question; but they are so removed from all possibility

poſſibility of return hither, or concern with us, that the very ſuggeſtion, however it has for many ages prevailed in the world, is full of abſurdity. The joys of the happy are ſo complete, ſo exalted, ſo ſuperior, that the greateſt affairs of this world are too trifling to take up the leaſt moment, or give the leaſt interruption to their felicity.

On the other hand, the rejected and condemned ſoul, loaded with its own crime, and ſinking under the weight of inexpreſſible horror; ſhall it have any thought about the hated world it came out of! that ſoul which abhors the place where it ſpent a long life of ſuch crimes, as now loads it with inſupportable puniſhment, is it at leiſure, or compoſed for concerning himſelf in life any more, where he has already ſo miſerably ruined both ſoul and body!

If he was to come back hither for any thing, it would probably be to take the heaps of his ill-gotten treaſure from the unjuſt poſſeſſor, his heir, and making reſtitution with it to the poor, whom he had oppreſſed, to the widows he had robbed, and in general to all thoſe he had injured, leave his family in poverty and rags, inſtead of their robes and velvet; and in hoſpitals and alms-houſes, rather than palaces and parks, and with coaches or horſes; proving the proverb untrue, and ſhowing that the ſon may not be always happy, though the father be gone to the devil.

I doubt it would make but ſad work among ſome families, who now poſſeſs large eſtates, if the notion ſome people entertain about ſpirits and haunted houſes ſhould be true; namely, that the ſouls departed could not be at reſt 'till ſatisfaction was made in ſuch and ſuch caſes, where injury had been done to orphans and widows; and 'till ſuch injuſtice was prevented as was farther likely to be done by their means.

As to what reſt the ſouls of thoſe departed would have, I am not to reſolve; but I doubt the ſouls and

bodies too of thoſe that remain, would have ſmall reſt here, if that were true.

The doctrine of diſquieted ſouls returning hither, to do or obtain juſtice, to make or demand reſtitution, and that they could not be at reſt 'till ſuch and ſuch things were ſettled, wills performed, diſpoſſeſſed heirs righted, concealed treaſons diſcovered, hidden treaſures found out, and the like, were it true, would make the world uninhabitable: ghoſts and apparitions would walk the ſtreets at noon-day; and the living might go on one ſide of the ſtreet, and the dead on the other; the latter would be infinitely more numerous.

Nothing can be more prepoſterous than ſuch a notion. It is true, that the examples given, or pretended to be given, of it, are but few, and that very part is againſt them; for if the thing is real, why are they but few? It muſt be acknowledged, as the times go, the caſes of the injured and oppreſſed are not few: on the contrary, as God ſaid of the old world, the whole earth is filled with violence. Whence is it then, if injured ſouls, or the ſouls of injured, oppreſſed, ruined people could return, that there are not millions haunting the doors, nay the cloſets and bed-chambers, of thoſe that enjoy the wealth which was ſo unjuſtly obtained?

If it could be at all, the number would be infinitely more; for why ſhould one guilty ſoul be uneaſy, and not another? All the guilty would come back to make reſtitution as far as they were able, and all the ſufferers would come back to obtain it.

Again, the condition of thoſe that enjoy the ill-gotten wealth of their anceſtors would be deplorable: the ſouls of guilty parents would harraſs their ſons for the eſtate, to make reſtitution; and the ſouls of the oppreſſed ſufferers would haunt them, to get their own reſtored: ſo that they only would be eaſy in the world, who had nothing to reſtore, or who enjoyed nothing but

but what was of their own getting; they only would ſleep at night who had balanced with the day, who had earned what they eat, and had eaten no more than they had earned.

But this we ſee is not the caſe: that the ſouls of the moſt guilty remain where they are, and the ſouls of the moſt oppreſſed do not come hither to complain, ſtrongly implies, and is to me a ſufficient proof, that their ſtate is determined.

It does not conſiſt with the enlightened juſtice of that ſtate which we believe is beyond life, to let one injured ſoul come hither to obtain juſtice againſt the oppreſſor of his family, and not let another have the ſame liberty; or to let one injurious ſoul return to make reſtitution, and make his peace, that he may be at reſt, as they call it; and lock up another from it, who would be willing to do it, and is equally miſerable in the want of it.

That it is not ſo, is a ſufficient teſtimony to me that it cannot be ſo; and the miſerable condition the world would be in here, if it were ſo, makes it clear to me, that the wiſdom of Providence has otherwiſe determined it.

Nor would the advantage be any thing conſiderable, at leaſt not in proportion to the diſorder it would bring along with it; and were we to allow the poſſibility, it would bring in ſo many abſurdities with it in points of religion, that it would deſtroy the eſtabliſhed doctrines of all religion: for example,

Firſt, We believe that the final eſtate of the ſoul is determined with life, and *as the tree falls, ſo it muſt lie*; that this *is the ſtate of trial*, that *the ſtate of retribution*; if ſo then, to what purpoſe ſhould the ſouls of the dead deſire to come back, unleſs they were to have a farther probation, or that there was a poſſibility of retrieving their ſtate, and recovering from the ſentence they were under? and if the divine wiſdom had left

room for that, it would have as well ſpared them in life 'till it had been done.

Secondly, To what purpoſe ſhould the ſoul come back to do juſtice, if doing that juſtice could make no alteration of its future ſtate? If it could make any alteration, then, there muſt be room after death to recover the ſoul from eternal death; and if there was, the eyes may be ſuppoſed to be ſo opened there, that none would omit or neglect it.

Thirdly, If coming hither, or doing juſtice here, can be no help to the ſouls departed, and yet they deſire it, you muſt then ſuppoſe a ſtrong deſire of doing diſintereſted good may poſſeſs the ſouls of thoſe who are in a ſtate of condemnation; which is inconſiſtent with the other circumſtances of hell, which we have juſt reaſon to believe ſhuts out all good deſires, and all good principles, from the ſouls that are there.

Fourthly, The ſuppoſition of ſouls being in a condition after death to return hither, deſtroys all the deſcriptions which the ſcripture gives us of the future condition, either of the good or bad ſouls: but that I hinted before.

Upon the whole, it is a notion, however it may have been received here, perfectly inconſiſtent with either reaſon or revealed religion; and I may venture to ſay, it cannot be, 'tis impoſſible, and that all the pretences of a ghoſt or apparition ſaying it is ſuch a perſon, and that it cannot be at reſt 'till ſo and ſo be done, and that now it ſhall go to God, muſt be a delusion, and muſt be added by the perſons relating the ſtory; for that no ghoſt or ſpirit really happy could ſay ſo, or would impoſe ſo much upon us.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

The Reality of Apparitions farther aſſerted; and what Spirits they are that do really appear.

THE affirming, as in the foregoing chapters, that the real ſouls of men do not appear again, or concern themſelves in the affairs of life; that the good would not if they could, and the bad could not if they would; does not at all deſtroy the reality of the thing called Apparition; or do I pretend to argue from thence, that there is no ſuch thing as any apparition at all: on the contrary, I inſiſt it is reaſonable to believe (notwithſtanding all that has been ſaid) that there are ſuch things as the apparition of ſpirits; and this, I think, I have already proved paſt the power of any ſcruple or cavil, as alſo that there have been ſuch things in all ages of the world.

The doctrine of the exiſtence of ſpirits is eſtabliſhed in nature; where thoſe ſpirits reſide, is difficult to reſolve, and our ſpeculations are various about them; but to argue that there are none, that they exiſt not, that there are no ſuch beings, is abſurd, and contrary to the nature of the thing; we may as well argue againſt the exiſtence of the ſun, when it is clouded and eclipſed, tho' we ſee its light, only becauſe we cannot ſee its beams, or the globe of its body: But let us return to the principle.

Spirit, as it is to be conſidered here, is to be reduced to four general heads.

Firſt, The author of all Spirit, the fountain of all being, the original cauſe of life, and the Creator both of Spirit and of all conſequents of it. This we juſtly adore, as the Infinite Eternal Spirit: God is a Spirit.

Secondly, Angels, or good ſpirits, which are real ſpirits; we have demonſtration of it, and they have

and do appear daily, as the great author of all ſpirit directs, for the ſervice of mankind, for they are miniſtring ſpirits.

Thirdly, Devils, or evil ſpirits; theſe are really ſpirit too, of a ſpirituous nature; 'tis true, they are deprived of their beauty, their original glory, becauſe deprived of their innocence; they are deformed as well as defiled by crimes, but they are not deprived of their nature; they are ſpirits ſtill, though caſt down and caſt out, and are called wicked ſpirits.

Fourthly, Souls of men, whether good or bad; their condition may be as you pleaſe to ſpeak of it, happy or unhappy; the caſe is the ſame, it does no way alter their nature, but ſtill they are ſpirits. The "ſpirits of juſt men made perfect;" there's the happy ſpirits: 'the ſpirits in priſon,' and there's the unhappy: but both are ſpirits, and are to be diſcourſed of as ſuch in this place.

Now let us bring all this down to our preſent purpoſe. I have aſſerted their being; let me inquire into their ſtate, as it reſpects our ſubject; how far they may or may not, can or cannot appear among men, in their preſent circumſtances. How they have viſited this earth at ſeveral times, and on what ocaſions, have been mentioned already, and as much at large as the deſign'd brevity of this work will admit of.

It remains to enquire what we have to expect of them for the future, and in particular, who we may expect to ſee at any time hereafter; which of them may viſit us for the time to come, and which may not, or cannot be reaſonably expected; and this I ſhall do with ſome clearneſs, if poſſible, and in very few words.

Of the four kinds of ſpirit, then, let us conſider the firſt and the laſt.

Firſt, God, the ſoul and life, the being of all Spirit, has appeared, as I have ſaid; but we are to expect him no more: I do not ſay he cannot appear to us,

us, but I believe I may ſay he has determined to bleſs the world with no more ſuch glorious exhibitions, no more perſonal appearances of the eternal face, 'till the moſt glorious appearance ſpoken of in ſcripture, Tit. ii. 13. "Looking for the bleſſed hope and the glorious "appearing of the Great God." ——

Secondly, The diſmiſſed, departed, unembodied ſpirits, which we call ſouls of men, whether happy or miſerable, can by no means appear among us; all apparitions of that kind are fictious and imaginary; never was practicable, except once by miracle, and never can again be practicable, and therefore is not to be expected. We are told indeed, that once, on the extraordinary occaſion of the Reſurrection of Chriſt, and to honour that Reſurrection with a miracle of the moſt ſublime nature, "the graves were opened, and the "bodies of the Saints aroſe and appeared, &c.' The word is, "they Aroſe, and came out of their Graves, af-"ter his Reſurrection." Matt. xxvii. 53.. I might enlarge upon the nature of the apparitions of the Saints which ſlept; the manner of it, and eſpecially the reaſon of it, and ſhew you how it was really miraculous, and done to convince the doubting diſciples of the truth of the Reſurrection, which ſome of them, being perhaps originally Sadducees, might ſtill queſtion; but my buſineſs is with an age not too much delighted in ſerious excurſions; ſo I muſt not make any treſpaſs, however ſeaſonable, or turn grave, however uſeful.

Let it then be ſufficient to the purpoſe, this Apparition of Souls was extraordinary and miraculous, and we are to expect them no more; their ſtate is determined, the happy are too happy, and their happineſs too firmly fixed, to ſuffer any ſuch interruption; the unhappy likewiſe have their confinement too firmly fixed, to break priſon, and get out; in a word, theſe cannot, and the others would not if they could; and we are not to expect to ſee or hear from them any more

more on this earth; 'till the reſtitution of all things, and 'till they ſhall be all ſummoned to that grand appearance, which we are ſure will one day happen, whatever our wicked age may pretend to ſay to the contrary.

All apparition then of theſe two heads or ſpecies being concluded impoſſible in nature, and not to be expected, we muſt look for it then among the angelic ſpirits; and here indeed it is to be found: angels of all the kinds have appeared, may and do appear, and of them alone are all the apparitions which have any reality in them, formed.

This is bringing the matter into a narrow compaſs, and putting an end to cavil and quarrel about it; there is no need to wrangle upon it any more; but when you at any time ſee an apparition, or appearance of ſpirit aſſuming ſhape and voice, and you are ſure it is really an apparition, not a *deceptio viſus*, a cloud, a vapour of the imagination; I ſay, whenever you ſee ſuch an apparition, depend upon it, 'tis an angel, or a devil.

I have only one diſtinction to make here, which, though it be neceſſary, ſhall be very ſhort and clear, viz. that when I ſpeak of angels, I muſt be underſtood as follows:

Firſt, The word Angel is to be underſtood of good angels; for the devils, as I have ſaid, are alſo angels: Satan is called an angel of light; but the evil angels I ſhall always treat with their new ſirname, Devil; ſo that when I ſpeak of angels, I am always to be underſtood of the good angels.

Secondly, But of good angels, theſe I diſtinguiſh alſo into two kinds:

(1.) The angels which are actually in heaven, ſuch as we read of, Gabriel, Michael, and others not diſtinguiſhed by name, theſe have appeared amongſt men upon this earth, as I have alſo ſaid before at large; but

but even theſe, we have reaſon to believe, we ſhall ſee no more; God having pleaſed to diſcover himſelf to his people now in another way, by another miniſtration, namely, by his ſpirit, and by an evangelic, not an angelic miniſtry.

(2.) That rank of angels or ſpirits, call them as you pleaſe, (and whether inferior or not, we are not to determine) who are placed by the direction of God himſelf in a nearer ſituation to us; placed, I ſay, by their maker, under his ſuperior providence, for the direction and conduct of human creatures, and of their affairs, or at leaſt to guard them from the invaſions, threatenings, and helliſh deſigns of the prince of darkneſs and his angels; and theſe, as I ſaid, might well be called guardian angels to the whole earth.

Now, theſe two ſorts of ſpirit, viz. the guardian angels, the good ſpirits detached, as I may and did call it, from heaven, to have the inſpection over, and care of his new creation, as well here as elſewhere; theſe, and the devils that are another ſort of angels, of whom I may have occaſion to ſpeak (more than a great deal) in this work; theſe, I ſay, may, and do appear, and all apparition is really between them; all ſpirit you can ſpeak of, or pretend to ſee the appearance of, muſt be one of theſe two, muſt be Angel or Devil, there is no other, there can be no other; miracle, and ſomething more than miraculous, and things which we have no reaſon to look for, only excepted.

But, on the other hand, as certain as that no other ſpirit does, or can, and as certainly as they do not, or cannot appear; ſo as certain, and paſt diſpute is it, that theſe ſpirits, both good and bad, do appear to us upon all occaſions; I mean, all occaſions which they judge needful, and which happens to them, whether by choice or conſtraint. It is not indeed in us to determine how they are moved to go upon theſe errands, or in what manner; I may perhaps give ſome probable

ble opinions about the manner and cauſes both of their miſſion and permiſſion; for I take thoſe two heads to contain the regulation of their actings; I ſay, Commiſſion and Permiſſion, and without theſe we are ſure never to be viſited in this manner, either by one or by the other.

It is true, that this gives a conſiderable ſanction to the thing called Apparition in general, and makes it appear to be more ſolemn than we are willing to think it; for by this rule, neither devil nor angel appears but upon ſome extraordinary occaſion; and if it be ſo, I do not ſee why we ſhould like it the worſe; for if they were to ſhew themſelves upon every trifling occaſion, they would either terrify mankind ſo as to make the world intolerable to him, or familiarize themſelves ſo as not to be regarded.

Now, as it would be the devil, not the good ſpirits that would thus haunt the world upon trifles, (for the other cannot be ſuppoſed to do it) ſo they would carry on the familiarity too far, and men would be ſo far from being frighted and terrified at him, that in ſhort there would be more danger in the intimacy; and, as we ſay in another caſe, mankind and the devil might be too well acquainted.

But firſt to the fact, that theſe ſpirits, both good and bad, do thus *appear*, and then to the reaſon of it. That they do appear, the hiſtory, experience, and report of all ages confirm it; they always have, and ſtill do. The appearance of ſpirits are confirmed many ways, hiſtory is full of examples; and ſacred hiſtory itſelf, though it does not give relation of particular apparitions, yet confirms the thing, as a reality, and out of queſtion.

Chriſt himſelf, after his reſurrection, ſeeing his diſciples frighted and terrified at his appearance, takes a great deal of pains to convince them that he was not a ſpirit, or an apparition, as they feared; Luke xxiv.

37.

37. "They were terrified and affrighted, and ſuppoſed "that they had ſeen a ſpirit." This would be what it is too diſhonourable to ſay of the ſacred writ, if apparition of ſpirit in the ſhape of body did never come, and that there were no ſuch thing in nature.

See then what our bleſſed Lord ſays to them upon it, ver. 39. "Behold my hands and my feet, that it "is I myſelf: handle me, and ſee; for a ſpirit hath "not fleſh and bones, as ye ſee me have." This is as direct and poſitive as any thing of its kind can be ſuppoſed, or deſired to be. If there were no ſuch things as ſpirits appearing, how could Jeſus Chriſt have expreſſed himſelf in ſuch a manner? The language is plain; You think you ſee a ſpirit, that is, an apparition; and you may have ſome reaſons for your apprehenſion, becauſe I came in thus unſeen, when the door was ſhut: now a ſpirit may indeed aſſume a ſhape, and look like the perſon it appears for; but if you were to come near to it, you would find a ſpirit, an apparition, has only the appearance, "it has not fleſh "and bones, as you ſee me have:" therefore I am not a Spectre, or Apparition, but a real body.

So when he came walking upon the ſea to his diſciples, and they were ſo frighted that they cried out, believing that they had ſeen a ſpirit; it muſt be out of queſtion that there were ſuch things, and that they, the diſciples, had heard of them; nay, perhaps they had ſeen ſuch apparitions themſelves before that; why elſe ſhould they be ſo frighted as to cry out, Matt. xiv. 26. "And when the diſciples ſaw him walking on the "ſea, they were troubled, ſaying it is a ſpirit; and "they cried out for fear." And why, when our Saviour ſpoke to them, did he not reprove them for being frighted at their own imagination, and fancy (like children) that they ſaw a ſpirit, when there were no ſuch things in the world, and no apparitions to be ſeen?

On

On the other hand, he ſpeaks kindly to them, knowing that apparitions are frightful things to people not uſed to ſee them, and bids them "be of good cheer, "it is not a ſpirit, it is I, be not afraid;" 'tis no apparition, but myſelf in reality. So alſo you have the ſtory, Mark vi. 50.

Again, you have a perfect deſcription of an apparition in the very manner we are juſt now diſcourſing about it, Job iv. 15, 16. "Then a ſpirit paſſed before "my face, the hair of my fleſh ſtood up. It ſtood "ſtill, but I could not diſcern the form thereof: an "image was before mine eyes, there was ſilence, and "I heard a voice." Eliphaz was a man of ſenſe, he was not deluded to ſpeak of things not in being; he ſaw an apparition, not a fancy.

Again, Joſhua ſaw an apparition, as I mentioned once before, Joſh. v. 13. "A man with a drawn ſword "in his hand." This was an angel, that is to ſay a ſpirit, and yet it ſpoke to him, and had the ſhape of a man in arms, with a ſword in his hand. Had Joſhua offered to touch it, or been permitted to touch it, he would not have found it had fleſh and bones; we have our Saviour's words for it, "A ſpirit has not fleſh and bones;" an apparition is a ſpirit aſſuming a ſhape of fleſh and blood, but without the reality.

And this anſwers all thoſe fancied people who ſay to us, that they ſaw ſuch or ſuch a perſon: I ſaw him, ſays the ignorant frighted viſioniſt, perfectly! I know him well enough! I am ſure 'twas him! I ſaw him plainly! Hence they conclude it muſt be the ſoul of ſuch a perſon, becauſe, ſay they, it had his very countenance and his clothes on: nay, riding on the ſame horſe he uſed to ride on: when the truth of the caſe is this; the man is dead, his body rotting in the grave, his ſoul carried into the remote regions of eternal felicity or horror unalterable, and that immoveable, as to returning this way: his clothes, that were ſeen, are lying

lying in the cheſt, or the preſs, where they uſually lay, and the poor horſe grazing in the field, or perhaps quiet in the ſtable, and not at all diſturbed. All that is to be ſaid, the good angel, that perhaps had ſome ſecret commiſſion to the relict or remains of the man's family; to give them notice of ſome evil, to warn, to admoniſh, &c. aſſumes the ſhape and appearance of the man himſelf, clothes himſelf in his likeneſs, forms the apparition in air, of his clothes, his countenance, his horſe, as a painter clothes the cloth he paints on with faces, poſtures, habits, garments, all in colours, while the paſſive perſon repreſented is no way affected with, or concerned in the draught repreſenting him.

And why ſhould not this ſpirit, thus commiſſioned to go on ſuch an errand, be able to amuſe us with the appearance of a perſon departed: taking up his ſhape, countenance, clothes, &c. though the ſoul of the perſon is not affected with, or concerned in it? when it is known that we often ſee apparitions of perſons living, whom we ſee, and ſpeak to, and converſe with; know their faces, their voices, their clothes; and yet the perſons themſelves know nothing of the matter.

I have by me a very diverting hiſtory upon this ſubject, which I ſhall abridge for the preſent purpoſe, as follows, viz.

A certain young lady of ———, born in the county of ———, had been long courted by a young gentleman, whoſe father had a very good eſtate in the ſame town: ſhe had kept him company too openly, but had not yielded to his importunities reſpecting a criminal converſation, though her reputation ſuffered as much as if ſhe had; but at length ſhe was ſo far over-perſuaded, that ſhe made an appointment to be at ſuch a time at a farmer's houſe, a tenant of his father's, and who was, it ſeems, let into the wicked ſecret. Accordingly, ſhe dreſſes herſelf up with the beſt of her art, to recommend herſelf (to the devil, I may ſay)

and away ſhe goes to meet him, having her ſervant-maid to attend her, becauſe it was over ſome fields that ſhe was to go.

When ſhe was come near the houſe, ſhe found ſome excuſe or errand to ſend her maid back again to the town; the wench, it ſeems, not being privy to the buſineſs.

As ſhe was about to diſmiſs her maid, the maid offered to go farther, till ſhe was nearer the houſe; but her miſtreſs, ſeeing the miniſter of the town coming along the path, and making that the excuſe; O, ſays ſhe, there's our miniſter, Dr. ——— coming, ſo I ſhall have his company; you may go back, Mary, I ſhall be ſafe enough.

The maid ſeeing the miniſter alſo, immediately returned back as deſired.

As ſoon as the miniſter came up to her, he gave her the uſual compliment, and aſked her how ſhe came to be in the fields alone?

She anſwered, ſhe had not been alone; having ſent back her maid the ſooner on ſeeing him coming; and beſides, ſays ſhe, I am going but to yonder houſe, naming the farmer's name.

O, Madam, ſays the Doctor, are you going thither? then I know your errand.

She was ſurprized, and bluſh'd; but recovering a little, What errand, Sir? ſays ſhe.

Why, Madam, ſays he, it may not be proper for me to name the buſineſs; but you know it well enough.

What d'ye mean, Sir? ſay ſhe. I don't underſtand you.

Why, ſays he, your favourite, the young 'Squire, is there before you.

She was terribly ſurprized then, and could ſcarcely ſpeak to him, being touched with ſhame and indignation; ſuppoſing the young gentleman had boaſted of her favours before he had received them, and had betrayed

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betrayed her: however, ſhe ſtill appeared ſtrange: and having, it may be ſuppoſed, conquered her modeſty ſo far as to make a promiſe or appointment to ſacrifice her virtue to him; that ſhe might the eaſier conquer the ſurprize, ſhe ſeemed to ſlight the intelligence.

But, Madam, ſays the miniſter, if you would take my advice——and there he ſtopt.

What advice, Sir? ſays ſhe. I don't underſtand what you mean.

Why, I would adviſe you to return to the town again, and not run into the way of miſchief.

She ſtill withſtood, and put him off with the uſual anſwer, I don't underſtand you; what do ye mean? and the like; but at laſt, the miniſter raiſing his voice a little like that of a ſtern reprover, anſwered, Come, come, young lady, you cannot conceal your wicked purpoſes; you have made Mr.——— an appointment; he prevailed on you laſt night, and you have now decked yourſelf up with your ornaments to meet him, and proſtitute your virtue, your honour, and your conſcience, all to his corrupt vicious appetite; and I know it, you may ſee that I do; my advice to you is, that you go back, and break your wicked promiſe, and repent that you made it. I ſhall give him the ſame advice preſently.

If ſhe was ſurprized before, ſhe was now confounded, partly with horror at the fact itſelf, and partly with the ſhame of its being known. This put her into ſuch confuſion, that at firſt ſhe could not anſwer a word; but after a-while ſhe ſaid, If you know the gentleman is there, Sir, I will not go, eſpecially ſince you have ſuch hard thoughts of me: And upon ſaying this, ſhe turns about, and goes directly back again, and the miniſter went from her towards the houſe. As the farmer lived but a very little way from the place where ſhe had ſtood talking with him, ſhe looked be-

hind her, and ſaw him go into the houſe, and the door ſhut after him.

Any one will naturally ſuppoſe, upon her deſign being fruſtrated, and being not only diſappointed in her wicked pleaſures, but expoſed and betrayed as ſhe imagined, by her lover, that ſhe went directly home, and there gave vent to her paſſions with the utmoſt rage, and with all the reſentment that ſuch baſe treatment could inſpire her with.

The gentleman, on the other hand, being extremely diſappointed, and not knowing what could be the reaſon of it, after he had waited a long time, went back to ſee what was the matter, believing that ſomething had happened very extraordinary.

When he came to the houſe (ſhe lived it ſeems with an aunt, whoſe huſband was alſo dependent upon the young gentleman's father) he enquired for his miſtreſs; but her maid brought him word, that ſhe could not be ſpoken with.

This anſwer not being ſatisfactory, and having refuſed to be anſwered by two or three more excuſes, ſhe at laſt ſent him word plainly, that ſhe had nothing to ſay to him; and that ſhe not only would not ſee him now, but would never ſee him more.

Surprized with this meſſage, and not able to gueſs the meaning of it, he goes away; but the next morning writes her a very civil obliging letter, wherein, among abundance of the uſual expreſſions of lovers, he begs to know what he had done, that he ſhould merit ſuch treatment, and that ſhe would let him into ſo much at leaſt of the cauſes of her diſpleaſure, as ſhould put him in a way to clear himſelf; proteſting that he knew not the leaſt ſtep he had taken to diſoblige her, except in punctually attending her appointment, and having the mortification of ſitting five hours alone, in expectation of her company.

In anſwer to this, ſhe ſent him a long letter, full of reproaches

reproaches for his vile uſage of her, drawing her into a ſinful, ſhameful compliance with him, and then expoſing her, and triumphing over her weakneſs; making her with one hand the pretended object of his amour, and with the other the ſport of his companions. She upbraided him with telling her that he ſat five hours alone, whereas he had much better company than ſhe could have been; ſeeing the good Doctor, who had admoniſhed her not to expoſe herſelf in meeting him, had given him the ſame good advice that he had done to her, and ſo had not made ſo bad a uſe of his treachery, in betraying her, as he expected.

She concluded with telling him, it was her happineſs that this came to her knowledge, before ſhe had thrown herſelf into the hands of a traytor; and though he had done her the injuſtice to boaſt of her weakneſs, ſhe thanked God, he triumphed when he had gained but half a victory; that ſhe was infinitely beholden to him for her deliverance, and that it was the only obligation he had ever laid upon her.

He was ſo ſurprized with this anſwer from his miſtreſs, that he could not tell what to make of it, and eſpecially thoſe paragraphs which related to the good Doctor's admoniſhing her, and being in his company; all which, as he really had known nothing of, ſo he could not gueſs at the meaning of it. In a word, abundance of letters paſſed between them, but ſtill ſhe continued uſing him after the ſame manner, talked the ſame ſtile, about his betraying her, and that he acted the very part of the devil, firſt to tempt, and then to accuſe. She accuſed him with the many ſolicitations and proteſtations of affection, and appealed to him to teſtify, whether he had made an eaſy conqueſt, and whether ſhe had not ſo long withſtood his moſt inceſſant aſſaults; challenged him to tell how long he had courted her, and whether ſhe ſhould have yielded at laſt but on an honourable capitulation.

He proteſted that he was greatly ſurprized at the whole affair, underſtood not one word of it, abhorred the thought of what ſhe charged him with; and, at laſt, very warmly inſiſted upon her explaining herſelf, and that otherwiſe, as ſhe did him ſo much injuſtice, he would do himſelf juſtice; for he had heard ſhe made it too public, and that though he had not done it yet, being tender of her character, yet he could not bear to be treated in this manner, and not know ſomething of the reaſon of it.

At laſt he preſſed her to let him but ſpeak with her; which, with reluctance, ſhe at laſt conſented to, leſt ſhe ſhould be expoſed.

At this interview they began to come to an underſtanding; ſhe owned that ſhe was coming to the place, but that ſhe ſaw the miniſter go in juſt before her, which made her return back again; but did not tell him a word of her diſcourſing with the miniſter on the way.

He proteſted there was no miniſter came to him, or with him in the houſe; and afterwards brought the people of the houſe to teſtify the ſame; that he ſat all the while in the parlour reading a book, and no creature ever came near him.

This greatly alarmed her; and at laſt, with much importunity, ſhe told him the whole ſtory of her meeting with the Doctor in the fields; and, in a word, that the Doctor told her where ſhe was going, and to whom; that he was there waiting for her; and, which confounded her worſe than all, had told her what ſhe was going about; adding, that ſhe had made the promiſe the night before, and that he, meaning the gentleman, had told him ſo.

N. B. In this part ſhe was miſtaken; the Doctor ſaid "he had been told of it as ſoon as ſhe had made the promiſe;" and ſhe, in her ſurprize, underſtood that he ſaid [illegible] him.

He

He was ſo amazed at this heavy charge, and himſelf in every part ſo clear of it, that it was impoſſible for him to comprehend it. He knew not what to make of it; he was ſenſible that he had never opened his mouth to any one about it; that the farmer, or any of his family, knew not a word of it, only that he was to meet her there, as they had frequently done before, and innocently enough; and he could not ſuppoſe ſhe would be ſo weak as to talk of it herſelf; ſo that he was ſtill at a loſs to imagine what it could be.

A few days furniſhed him with an opportunity to talk with the miniſter himſelf, who came frequently to his father's houſe; and being one day very free with him, he jeſted with him, for hindering him of two or three hours very good company.

The Doctor anſwer'd him, he ſhould be very ſorry to be guilty of any thing ſo rude, and deſired to know how it could be.

Why, Doctor, ſays he, we were with ſome friends very merry at ſuch a houſe; (inſinuating that there was more company) and ſuch a lady, ſays he, (naming her) was coming to us, and you met her, and perſuaded her to go back again.

Sir, ſays the Doctor, I have only one ſatisfaction in the whole ſtory, and that is, that it cannot be true, as I ſhall ſoon ſatisfy you.

Nay, Doctor, ſays the Gentleman, I don't tell it you of my own knowledge.

No, Sir, ſays the Doctor, and I ſhould not have ſo little reſpect as to tell you it was falſe, if you had told it me of your own knowledge.

But do you aſſure me, ſays the Gentleman, that it is not true?

I do aſſure you, ſays the Doctor, upon my word, that I know nothing of it.

Why, Doctor, ſays the Gentleman, do you give me your word, that you did not meet her in the fields,

next

next to farmer Gi———'s houſe, on the eleventh day of the very laſt month, being Auguſt? for I have it all down in black and white * here.

[* He pulls out his pocket-book, and looks for the day of the month.]

Not only not on that day, ſays the Doctor, but I never ſaw her in thoſe fields, or any other fields, in my life.

Why, you ſurprize me, Doctor, ſays the Gentleman, it is impoſſible.

I appeal to the Lady herſelf, ſays the Doctor.

Nay, Doctor, ſays the Gentleman, if you appeal to her, you muſt be caſt; for I will ſwear ſhe told me ſo herſelf.

This confounded the Doctor for a little while, but he preſently recovered himſelf: Sir, ſays he, I was going to deſire of you, that we might wait upon Mrs. ——— together, and that I might hear it from herſelf; but upon recollecting all the circumſtances, I am very happy in one thing, namely, that let her ſay ſo herſelf, and forty ladies more, I can prove to you, that it is impoſſible it ſhould be true.

That will indeed put an end to it all, ſays the Gentleman; but how can you do that?

Why, Sir, ſays the Doctor, are you ſure ſhe does not give you a wrong day?

No, no, ſays the Gentleman, I have a reaſon why it can't be a miſtake of the day, for I have a memorandum of the day upon a remarkable * occaſion.

[* He had ſet it down in his book upon the occaſion of his being diſappointed.]

And is it not the lady's miſtake then, ſays the Doctor, for you know women are not always the exacteſt in their accounts of days, nor months, unleſs it be on worſe accounts than what I imagine you were to meet about.

Well,

Well, Doctor, ſays the Gentleman, but I am ſure of the day; for I have it in my book.

Nay, if it was miſtaken a day or two, ſays the Doctor, it matters not; for, as I ſaid before, I never ſaw her in the fields in my life; or, if I might ſee her among other people, I am ſure I never ſpoke to her. But beſides, Sir, I tell you, this cannot be true, for I was at London all the laſt month, 'till the 27th day, ſo that 'tis impoſſible.

Here the diſcourſe neceſſarily broke off: The Gentleman was loth to diſcover his ſurprize, but told him he would inquire farther into it; and upon that he returns immediately back to the lady, and reproaches her a little with forming ſuch a ſtory to pick a quarrel; but did not tell her that he had been with the miniſter; only, as he might eaſily know by other circumſtances, that the Doctor was out of town, he told her, that he would not have charged her with ſuch a thing in ſuch harſh terms, if he was not, upon looking back a little into things, come to a certainty, that it was not only falſe, but that it was impoſſible to be true.

They had a long dialogue upon that head; and as he did not preſently tell her the circumſtances, thinking he had the advantage of her, he jeſted with her pretty ſmartly upon it, ſeemed to laugh, that ſhe ſhould firſt put the trick upon him, and then tell ſuch a formal ſtory to make it good, to excuſe her breach of promiſe; and that not a word of truth was in it.

She received his making a jeſt of it with diſdain, and told him, ſhe began now to diſcover what kind of a man ſhe was ſo near being ruined by; and that ſhe ſhould have been in good hands indeed, that could pretend to banter her thus; that ſhe ſhould have been finely uſed, if the good miniſter had not been ſent from heaven to ſave her from being doubly undone.

In this ſtate of perplexity they both remained, 'till the young gentleman informed her he could bring the farmer

farmer and all his family, to prove that the Doctor had not been there that day, nor for five months before; and the boy ſhould teſtify that he never ſaw him, nor opened the door to let him in.

Well, Sir, ſays ſhe, now you come cloſe to the point; pray let all this be done: But let me aſk you one queſtion: Do you think I know Doctor ———, our miniſter?

Yes, Madam, ſays he, I believe you know him well enough, and that makes me wonder at you the more.

Well, and do you think my maid Mary knows him? ſays ſhe.

Yes, ſays he, I believe ſhe does; for ſhe was born in the town.

Well, ſays ſhe, then I have one witneſs of my ſide; you ſhall hear what ſhe ſays.

Why, Madam, ſays he, was Mary with you?

You ſhall hear preſently, ſays ſhe.

[She rings a little bell, and in comes her maid.]

Miſt. Mary, don't you remember you walk'd out into the fields with me one day laſt month?

Ma. What, when you went to farmer Gi———'s, Madam, and ſent me back again?

Miſt. Yes; don't you remember you would fain have gone farther?

Ma. Yes, Madam, I was afraid you ſhould go over the laſt field alone.

Miſt. But what did I ſay to you, Mary?

Ma. Why, you would make me go back; by the ſame token we ſaw our miniſter, Doctor ——, coming after us, and you ſaid the Doctor would ſee you ſafe; and ſo I came away contented when I ſaw him.

Miſt. Are you ſure 'twas the Doctor, Mary?

Ma. Sure, Madam! yes: why he ſpoke to me.

Miſt. What did he ſay to you?

Ma. He ſaid, How d'ye do, Mrs. Mary? and touch'd his hat, juſt as he us'd to do.

Well,

Well, Sir, ſays ſhe, then you ſee I was not drunk, neither did I walk in my ſleep. If it were convenient, I would ſend for the Doctor this minute, and he ſhould tell you what he ſaid to me.

Convenient, or not convenient, ſays he, I'll ſend for him, or go to him; for I am determined to find it out. You ſhall ſee I can talk to the Doctor, and that before your face; and yet he ſhall know nothing of the matter about which we were to meet.

I know a little too much of that, ſays ſhe: he know know nothing of it! *ſmiling.*

This put him almoſt out of temper; and he at laſt added the whole ſtory, and told her that he had talked with the Doctor already; and that he ſolemnly proteſted he knew nothing of it, and had never ſeen her or ſpoken to her for ſo long a time, naming the time when he ſpoke laſt to her; he likewiſe told her what the Doctor ſaid of his having been at London three weeks together when this happened.

She begun to be amazed, and a little confounded at this; but recovering herſelf, ſhe told him, that if the Doctor was there himſelf, ſhe had a direct anſwer to give him, for ſhe was not a papiſt, to believe a prieſt againſt her own ſenſes.

What anſwer can you give, Madam, ſays he, when the Doctor ſhall prove by twenty witneſſes, if need were, that he was at London, almoſt a hundred miles off, all the while?

Why, my anſwer would be this, that 'twas either he or the devil.

Well then it was the devil, ſays he; I won't diſpute that with you, Madam.

No, no, ſays ſhe, I can ſatisfy you that it could not be the devil; I can convince you; you will acknowledge it preſently: Do you think the devil would have turn'd me back again, when he knew the dreadful errand I was going on?

Nay,

Nay, ſays he calmly, I confeſs that's the beſt thing you have ſaid yet; who then could it be? ſays he; for 'tis plain it could not be the Doctor.

Then, ſays ſhe, it muſt be ſome heavenly appearance in the Doctor's clothes; for I not only knew his face and his voice, but his very gown; and if it was a good angel, I have the more reaſon to be thankful that he hindered me from running into the arms of the devil: ſhe then burſt into tears.

After having this diſourſe, they parted; for he was a little daunted himſelf.

But my ſtory does not end here; for a little while after, ſomething happened that explained all the reſt: The lady had a viſit to pay at a neighbour's houſe, who lived a little out of the town, only over one ſmall incloſure, which ſhe was obliged to croſs: now as ſhe was going over that incloſure, who ſhould ſhe meet but the Doctor again? and ſhe ſaw him a good while before he came up to her.

She was ſurprized at ſeeing him; and if ſhe could have avoided him ſhe would; but it was impoſſible. When he came up to her, he pulled off his hat very courteouſly, and immediately began to diſcourſe of what he had ſaid to her before; but took no notice at all of its having been denied.

Sir, ſays ſhe, I have been very ill uſed upon that day's work.

I know it, ſays he, I know it, repeating the words: but your innocence ſhall be cleared up, I will do it myſelf; do you be thankful that you eſcaped the ſnare. And ſo, giving her no time to anſwer, he paſſed by her without taking any farewel: which being a little particular, made her turn her head to look after him: But though it was in the middle of the field, which was too large for him to be ſuddenly out of ſight, (for it was ſcarcely a ſecond of time) he was gone, and ſhe ſaw nothing.

She

She was exceedingly ſurprized, and ready to ſink into the ground; ſhe was ſo frighted that ſhe could not help ſitting down even upon the graſs; for her joints trembled under her, ſo that ſhe could not ſtand.

It happened that a poor woman from the town came croſs the cloſe at the juncture, and knowing her, ſhe called to her to come and help her up. She did not tell the woman what had happened to her, but that ſhe was taken with a fit of trembling, and that if ſhe had not ſat down, ſhe muſt have fallen down; all which was true: ſo the poor woman helped her up, and led her home, where ſhe continued very ill of the fright for ſeveral days.

In this time ſhe had a very great deſire to ſee the gentleman, for by what the apparition ſaid to her, ſhe made no doubt but he had ſeen it too.

After ſome time, he had heard that ſhe was very ill, and thinking what he had ſaid to her might have had ſome influence upon her, ſo as to hurt her, he reſolved to go and ſee her; for though he had ruffled her pretty much, yet, as he ſaid afterwards, he loved her very well, and the better for her ſo ſeaſonably recovering her virtue and good principles; and much better than he believed he ſhould have done, if he had met her that time at the farmer's houſe, and gained his point.

With theſe kind thoughts he went to viſit her; and tho' ſhe was very ill, yet ſhe would be brought out of her chamber to ſee him.

After ſome civilities, he frankly told her the reaſon of his viſit, word for word as above, and that he came to chear her up a little.

She thanked him; but told him, it was true that it had extremely troubled her, to think firſt how near ſhe had been to her utter ruin, and then how needleſly ſhe had been expoſed for it; and that though ſhe had no guilt, as he very well knew, other than that which was in her firſt wickedly conſenting to meet him; yet

ſhe had been as much expoſed as if ſhe had been really guilty.

He proteſted to her, that he never had opened his lips of it to the Doctor, or any one elſe; and that it was his reſentment at charging him with it, that had made him ſo angry, and nothing elſe; for that he ſcorned any thing ſo baſe.

She told him, it was impoſſible for any one to believe otherwiſe before; but that ſhe believed he was ſatisfied how it all was now; and that ſomething had happened ſince, which had opened her eyes, though it had almoſt killed her; and ſhe believed he knew ſomething of it too.

He wanted to know what it was, for he proteſted he knew nothing. What, ſays he, are there any more myſteries?

She ſaid, ſhe could not tell him, becauſe ſhe ſuppoſed he would not believe her.

He anſwered, he would believe her in every thing, that he ought to believe.

She told him, ſhe believed there would be no occaſion to tell him, for that ſhe did not doubt but he would be informed the ſame way that ſhe was, if he was not already.

He importuned her earneſtly to let him know what it was; and ſpake with ſuch a ſerious kind of diſcourſe, that ſhe fancy'd he had ſeen ſomething too; but it ſeems he had not: However, he intreated her ſo much, that at laſt ſhe let him know the whole ſtory, as above related.

There is a great deal more belonging to this ſtory, which would be very diverting, and not without its uſes too; but as the particular relation does not come within the verge of my knowledge, I cannot vouch all the particulars, at leaſt not ſufficiently.

However, 'tis enough to the caſe in hand: If the apparition came to prevent this poor deluded young lady from

from proſtituting herſelf to a man that had wheedled her in upon ſuch diſhonourable terms, it could not certainly be the devil, or any ſpirit of his claſs, or under his government and direction; for he would never have exhorted her to go back, or reproached her with the crime, and prevailed upon her to believe it had been revealed to him by the treachery of her lover.

This muſt be certainly one of thoſe angelic guards, which the God of Nature, in mercy to mankind, has placed as a detached body of ſpirits to counteract the devil, prevent the arch-enemy from ſeducing his creatures, and overwhelming the world with crimes, and a merciful diſpoſition of providence in favour of the gentleman, as well as the lady. They that are running the ſame courſe of folly would have reaſon to be very thankful, if they were ſure to meet with the ſame kind of diſappointment, and would never ſay it was the devil that told it them.

The Gentleman, it ſeems, did not ſlight the ſtory ſo much as the Lady expected he would, nor did he queſtion the truth of any part of it; for ſhe told it with ſo much ſteadineſs, always agreeing in every particular, and gave ſuch concurring accounts of the circumſtances, as to what had happened before, that it was apparently no deluſion.

Now this apparition, as is ſaid above, could not with any manner of reaſon be ſuppoſed to be the devil; for why ſhould an evil ſpirit appear, to keep any perſon from doing evil? Why ſhould it aſſume a real ſhape, namely, that of a miniſter in his gown and caſſock, and that it was in appearance the very miniſter of the pariſh; for all this ſhe conſtantly affirmed, and two things are natural inferences from it.

Firſt, that the appearance was real.

Secondly, that it was a good ſpirit.

Let the Divines read us lectures upon the nature of

ſpirits, and how far they can or cannot take cognizance of human affairs; that I have nothing to do with here: my buſineſs is to obſerve the matter of fact, viz. that they do come hither, do appear, and are ſeen, talked to, and converſed with, and that they do come on good errands, and therefore are not likely to be evil ſpirits or devils.

I ſhall here give another hiſtorical relation, which, though no names are mentioned, I have very good authority for the truth of.

A gentleman poſſeſſed of a very good eſtate married a lady of fortune, by whom he had one ſon and one daughter. After a few years, this lady died. He then married a ſecond wife, though of inferior quality and fortune to the former, who took upon her to diſcourage and diſcountenance the children he had by his firſt lady, and made the family very uncomfortable, both to the children and their father alſo.

The firſt miſunderſtanding between the parties, was owing to his eldeſt ſon's deſire of going abroad, which the mother-in-law would gladly have acquieſced in, for the ſake of getting rid of the young gentleman, on any account (as ſhe had children of her own) but did not approve of the father's ſupporting him abroad, as it might be too expenſive. The young gentleman not obtaining leave, applied to his own mother's brother, who countenancing him in his deſign, he ſet out for his intended journey, contrary to the intention of his father.

What part of the world he travelled into, I do not remember; it ſeems his father conſtantly had intelligence from him for ſome time, and had been prevailed on to make him a reaſonable allowance for his ſubſiſtence, which the young gentleman always drew bills for, and they were honourably paid; but after ſome time, the mother-in-law prevailing at home, one of his bills of exchange was refus'd, aad being proteſted,

wa

was ſent back without acceptance; upon which he drew no more, nor did he write any more letters, or his father hear any thing from him for upwards of four years, or thereabouts.

Upon this long ſilence, the mother-in-law made her advantage ſeveral ways: ſhe firſt intimated to his father that he muſt needs be dead; and, conſequently, his eſtate ſhould be ſettled upon her eldeſt ſon, (for ſhe had ſeveral children.) His father withſtood the motion very firmly, but the wife harraſſed him with her importunities; and ſhe argued upon two points againſt him, I mean the ſon.

Firſt, If he was dead, then there was no room to object, her ſon being heir at law.

Secondly, If he was not dead, his behaviour to his father, in not writing for ſo long a time, was inexcuſable, and he ought to reſent it, and ſettle the eſtate as if he were dead; that nothing could be more diſobedient, and his father ought to depend upon it that he was actually dead, and treat him as if he was ſo; for he that would uſe a father ſo, ſhould be taken for one dead, as to his filial relation, and be treated accordingly.

His father however ſtood out a long time, and told her, that he could not anſwer it to his conſcience; for that there might happen many things in the world, which might render his ſon unable to write; that he might be taken by the Turks, and carried into ſlavery; or he might be among the Perſians or Arabians (which it ſeems was the caſe) and ſo could not get any letters convey'd; and that he could not be ſatisfied to diſinherit him, 'till he knew whether he had reaſon for it, or whether his ſon had offended him or not.

Theſe anſwers, however juſt, were far from ſtopping her importunities, which ſhe carried on ſo far, that ſhe was perpetually teazing him; and the gentleman was ſo wearied out with it, that once or twice he came to

a kind of conſent to do it; but his heart failing him, he as often relented.

However, her reſtleſs ſolicitations at laſt produced this proviſional agreement; that if he did not hear from his ſon within four years, he would conſent to a re-ſettling the eſtate.

She was not well ſatisfied with this conditional agreement, but being able to obtain no other, was obliged to accept of it as 'twas; though, as ſhe often told him, ſhe was far from being ſatisfied with it as to time.

He grew angry at her telling him ſo, and anſwered, that ſhe ought to be very well ſatisfied with it, for that it was time little enough, as his ſon's circumſtances might happen to be.

Well, ſhe teized him however ſo continually, that at laſt ſhe brought him down to one year: but before ſhe brought him to that, ſhe told him one day in a heat, that ſhe hoped his ghoſt would one time or other appear to him, and tell him, that he was dead, and that he ought to do juſtice to his other children, for he ſhould never come to claim the eſtate.

When he came, ſo much againſt his will, to conſent to ſhorten the time to one year, he told her, that he hoped his ſon's ghoſt, though he was not dead, would come to her, and tell her he was alive, before the time expired; for why, ſays he, may not injured ſouls walk while embodied, as well as afterwards?

It happened one evening after this, that they had a moſt violent family quarrel upon this ſubject, when on a ſudden a hand appeared at a caſement, endeavouring to open it; but as all the iron caſements, uſed in former times, opened outward, but haſped or faſtened themſelves in the inſide; ſo the hand ſeemed to try to open the caſement, but could not. The gentleman did not ſee it, but his wife did, and ſhe preſently ſtarted up, as if ſhe was frighted; and, forgetting the quarrel

quarrel they had upon their hands, Lord bleſs me! ſays ſhe, there are thieves in the garden. Her huſband ran immediately to the door of the room they ſat in, and opening it, looked out.

There's no body in the garden, ſays he; ſo he ſhut the door again, and came back.

I am ſure, ſays ſhe, I ſaw a man there.

It muſt be the devil then, ſays he; for I am ſure there's no body in the garden.

I'll ſwear, ſays ſhe, I ſaw a man put his hand up to open the caſement; but finding it faſt, and I ſuppoſe, adds ſhe, ſeeing us in the room, he walk'd off.

It is impoſſible he could be gone, ſays he; did not I run to the door immediately? and you know the garden walls on both ſides hinder him from eſcaping.

Pry'thee, ſays ſhe angrily,, I am not drunk, nor in a dream; I know a man when I ſee him, and it is not dark, the ſun is not quite down.

You are only frighted with ſhadows, ſays he, very full of ill-nature: folks generally are ſo that are haunted with an evil conſcience: it may be 'twas the devil.

No, no, I'm not ſoon frighted, ſays ſhe; if 'twas the devil, 'twas the ghoſt of your ſon; who perhaps may be come to tell you he was gone to the devil, and you might give your eſtate to your eldeſt baſtard, ſince you won't ſettle it on the lawful heir.

If it was my ſon, ſays he, he's come to tell us he is alive, I warrant you; and to aſk how you can be ſo much a devil to deſire me to diſinherit him; and with theſe words, "Alexander, ſays he aloud, repeating it twice, and ſtarting up out of his chair, if you are alive, ſhow yourſelf, and don't let me be inſulted thus every day with your being dead."

At thoſe very words, the caſement which the hand had been ſeen at by the mother, opened of itſelf, and his ſon Alexander looked in with a full face, and

ſtaring directly upon the mother with an angry countenance, cry'd out, *Here*; and then vaniſhed in a moment.

The woman, who was ſo ſpirited before, ſhrieked out in a moſt diſmal manner, ſo as to alarm the whole houſe; her maid ran into the parlour, to ſee what was the matter; but her miſtreſs had fainted away in her chair.

Her huſband ran immediately from the parlour into the garden, and from thence to two other doors which opened out of his garden, one into the ſtable-yard, and another into the field beyond the garden, but found them all faſt ſhut and barred; returning into the garden, he found his gardener and a boy drawing a rolling-ſtone: he aſked them if any body elſe had been in the garden, but they both ſolemnly affirmed, that no body had been there; and they were both rolling a gravel walk near the houſe.

Upon this, he came into the room, ſat him down again, and ſaid not one word for a good while; the women and ſervants being buſy all the while, and in a hurry, endeavouring to recover his wife.

After ſome time ſhe came to herſelf ſo far as to ſpeak, and the firſt words ſhe ſaid were,

Lord bleſs me! what was is?

Nay, ſays her huſband, 'twas Alexander to be ſure.

With that ſhe fell into a fit, and ſkream'd and ſhriek'd out again moſt terribly.

Her huſband, not thinking that would have affected her, did what he could to perſuade her out of it again; but that would not do; and they were obliged to carry her to bed, and get ſome help to her; but ſhe continued very ill for ſeveral days after.

However, this put an end for ſome conſiderable time to her ſolicitations about his diſinheriting her ſon-in-law.

But time, that hardens the mind in caſes of a worſe nature,

nature, wore this off alſo by degrees, and ſhe began to revive the old cauſe again, though not at firſt ſo eagerly as before.

Nay, he uſed her a little ſeverely upon it too, and if ever they had any words about it, he would bid her hold her tongue; or that, if ſhe talked any more upon that ſubject, he would call Alexander again to open the caſement.

This aggravated things much; and though it terrified her a great while, yet at length ſhe was ſo exaſperated, that ſhe told him ſhe believed he dealt with the devil, and that he had ſold himſelf to the devil, only to be able to frighten his wife.

He jeſted with her, and told her, any man would be beholden to the devil to huſh a noiſy woman, and that he was very glad he had found the way to do it, whatever it coſt him.

She was ſo exaſperated at this, that ſhe threatened him, if he play'd any more of his helliſh arts with her, ſhe would have him indicted for a wizard, and having a familiar ſpirit; and ſhe could prove it, ſhe ſaid, plain enough; for that he had raiſed the devil on purpoſe to frighten his wife.

The fray parted that night with ill words, and ill nature enough; but he little thought ſhe intended as ſhe ſaid, and the next day he had forgot it all, and was as good humour'd as if nothing had happened.

But he found his wife chagrined and diſturbed very much, full of reſentment, and threatening him with what ſhe reſolved to do.

However, he little thought ſhe intended him the miſchief ſhe had in her head, and offered to talk friendly to her, but ſhe rejected it with ſcorn, and told him, ſhe would be as good as her word, for ſhe would not live with a man that ſhould bring the devil into the room whenever he thought proper, in order to murder his wife.

He

He ſtrove to pacify her by fair words, but ſhe told him ſhe was in earneſt with him; and in a word ſhe was in earneſt; for ſhe went away to a juſtice, and made an affidavit that her huſband had a familiar ſpirit, and that ſhe went in danger of her life; ſo obtained a warrant to apprehend him.

In ſhort, ſhe brought home the warrant, ſhewed it her huſband, and told him, ſhe had not given it into the hands of an officer, becauſe he ſhould have the liberty to go voluntarily before the juſtice of the peace; and if he thought fit to let her know when he would be ready, ſhe would be ſo too, and would get ſome of her own friends to go along with her.

He was ſurprized at this, for he little thought ſhe had been in earneſt with him, and endeavoured to pacify her by all poſſible means; ſhe did this to frighten him, and ſo indeed ſhe had; for tho' the thing had nothing in it of guilt, yet he found it might expoſe him very much; and being loth to have ſuch a thing brought upon the ſtage againſt him, he uſed all the intreaties with her that he was able, and begged her not to do it.

But the more he humbled himſelf, the more ſhe triumphed over him; and carrying things to an unſufferable height of inſolence, ſhe told him at laſt, ſhe would make him do juſtice, as ſhe called it; that ſhe was ſure ſhe could have him puniſhed, if he continued obſtinate, and ſhe would not be expoſed to witchcraft and ſorcery; for ſhe did not know to what length he might carry it.

To bring the ſtory to a concluſion; ſhe got the better of him to ſuch a degree, that he offered to refer the thing to indifferent perſons, friends on both ſides; and they met ſeveral times, but could bring it to no concluſion. His friends ſaid, there was nothing in it, and they would not have him comply with any thing upon the pretence of it; that he called for his ſon,

and

and ſome body opened the caſement and cried *Here*; that there was not the leaſt evidence of witchcraft in that, and inſiſted that ſhe could make nothing of it.

Her friends carried it high, inſtructed by her: She offered to ſwear, that he had threatened her before with his ſon's ghoſt; that now he had viſibly raiſe a ſpectre, for that calling upon his ſon, who was dead to be ſure, the ghoſt immediately appeared; that he could not have called up the devil thus to perſonate his ſon, if he had not dealt with the devil himſelf, and had a familiar ſpirit, and that this was of dangerous conſequence to her.

Upon the whole, the man wanted courage to ſtand it, and was afraid of being expoſed; ſo that he was grievouſly perplexed, and knew not what to do.

When ſhe found him humbled as much as ſhe could deſire, ſhe told him, if he would do her juſtice, as ſhe called it, (that is to ſay, ſettle his eſtate upon her ſon) ſhe would put it up, on condition that he would promiſe to frighten her no more with raiſing the devil.

That part of the propoſal exaſperated him again, and he upbraided her with the ſlander of it, and told her, he defy'd her, and ſhe might do her worſt.

Thus it broke off all treaty, and ſhe began to threaten him again; however, at length ſhe brought him to comply, and he gave a writing under his hand to her, ſome of her friends being by, promiſing that he would comply, if his ſon did not arrive, or ſend an account of himſelf, within four months.

She was ſatisfied with this, and they were all made friends again, and accordingly he gave her the writing; but when he delivered it to her, in preſence of her two arbitrators, he took the liberty to ſay to her, with a grave and ſolemn kind of ſpeech:

"Look you, you have worried me into this agreement by your fiery temper, and I have ſigned it againſt juſtice,

juſtice, conſcience, and reaſon; but depend upon it, I ſhall never perform it."

One of the arbitrators ſaid, Why, Sir, this is doing nothing; for if you reſolve not to perform it, what ſignifies the writing? Why do you promiſe what you do not intend ſhall be done? This will but kindle a new flame to begin with, when the time fixed expires.

Why, ſays he, I am ſatisfy'd in my mind, that my ſon is alive.

Come, come, ſays his wife, ſpeaking to the gentleman that had argued with her huſband, let him ſign the agreement, and let me alone to make him perform the conditions.

Well, ſays the huſband, you ſhall have the writing, and you ſhall be let alone; but I am ſatisfy'd you will never aſk me to perform it; and yet I am no wizard, adds he, as you have wickedly ſuggeſted.

She reply'd, that ſhe would prove that he dealt with the devil, for that he raiſed an evil ſpirit by only calling his ſon by his name; and ſo began to tell the ſtory of the hand and the caſement.

Come, ſays the huſband to the gentleman that was her friend, give me the pen; I never dealt with but one devil in my life, and there it ſits, turning to his wife; and now I have made an agreement with her, that none but the devil would deſire any man to ſign, and I will ſign it: I ſay, give me the pen; but ſhe, nor all the devils in hell, will ever be able to get it executed; remember I ſay ſo.

She began to open at him; and ſo a new flame would have been kindled, had not the gentleman moderated between them; and her huſband ſetting his hand to the writing, put an end to the fray for that time.

At the end of four months, ſhe challenged the performance; accordingly a day was appointed, and her two friends, that had been the arbitrators, were invited

vited to dinner upon this occaſion, believing that her huſband would have executed the deeds; and accordingly the writings were all brought forth, engroſſed, and read over; and ſome old writings which at her marriage were ſigned by her truſtees, in order to her quitting ſome part of the eſtate to her ſon, were alſo brought to be cancelled. The huſband being brought over, by fair means or foul, I know not whether, to be in a humour for peace ſake to execute the deeds, and diſinherit his ſon; alledging that, indeed, if he was dead it was no wrong to him, and if he was alive he was very unkind and undutiful to his father in not letting him hear from him in all that time.

Beſides, it was urged, that if he ſhould at any time afterwards appear to be alive, his father (who had very much increaſed, it ſeems, in his wealth) was able to give him another fortune, and to make him a juſt ſatisfaction for the loſs he ſhould ſuſtain by the paternal eſtate.

Upon theſe conſiderations, I ſay, they had brought over the poor low-ſpirited huſband to be almoſt willing to comply; or at leaſt, willing or unwilling, it was to be done, and (as above) they met accordingly.

When they had diſcourſed upon all the particulars, and (as above) the new deeds were read over, ſhe or her huſband took the old writings up to cancel them; I think the ſtory ſays, it was the wife, not her huſband, that was juſt going to tear off the ſeal, when on a ſudden they heard a ruſhing noiſe in the parlour where they ſat, as if ſome body had come in at the door of the room which opened from the hall, and went through the room towards the garden door, which was ſhut.

They were all ſurprized at it, for it was very diſtinct, but they ſaw nothing. The woman turned pale, and was in a terrible fright; however, as nothing was

ſeen, ſhe recovered a little, and began to ruffle her huſband again.

What, ſays ſhe, have you laid your plot to bring up more devils again?

The man ſat compoſed, though he was under no little ſurprize too.

One of the gentlemen ſaid to him, What is the meaning of all this?

I proteſt, Sir, ſays he, I know no more of it than you do.

What can it be then? ſaid the other gentleman.

I cannot conceive, ſays he, for I am utterly unacquainted with ſuch things.

Have you heard nothing from your ſon? ſays the gentleman.

Not one word, ſays the father, no not the leaſt word word theſe five years.

Have you wrote nothing to him, ſays the gentleman, about this tranſaction?

Not a word, ſays he, for I know not where to direct a letter to him.

Sir, ſays the gentleman, I have heard much of apparitions, but I never ſaw any in my life, nor did I ever believe there was any thing of reality in them; and indeed I ſaw nothing now: but the paſſing of ſome body, or ſpirit, or ſomething, croſs the room juſt now, is plain; I heard it diſtinctly. I believe there is ſome unſeen thing in the room, as much as if I ſaw it.

Nay, ſays the other arbitrator, I felt the wind of it as it paſſed by me. Pray, adds he, turning to the huſband, do you ſee nothing yourſelf?

No, upon my word, ſays he, not the leaſt appearance in the world.

I have been told, ſays the firſt arbitrator, and have read, that an apparition may b ſeen by ſome people, and

and be invisible to others, tho' all in the same room together.

However, the husband solemnly protested to them all, that he saw nothing.

Pray, Sir, says the first arbitrator, have you seen any thing at any other time, or heard any voices or noises, or had any dreams about this matter?

Indeed, says he, I have several times dreamt my son was alive, and that I had spoken with him; and once that I asked him, why he was so undutiful, and slighted me so, as not to let me hear from him in so many years, seeing he knew that it was in my power to disinherit him.

Well, Sir, and what answer did he give?

I never dream'd so far on as to have him answer; it always waked me.

And what do you think of it yourself, says the arbitrator, do you think he is dead?

No, indeed, says the father, I do believe in my conscience he is alive, as much as I believe I am alive myself; and I am going to do as wicked a thing of the kind as ever any man did.

Truly, says the second arbitrator, it begins to shock me; I don't know what to say to it; I don't care to meddle any more with it; I don't like driving men to act against their consciences.

With this the wife, who, as I said before, having a little recover'd her spirits, and especially encouraged because she saw nothing, started up; What's all this discourse to the purpose, says she, is it not already agreed upon? what do we come here for?

Nay, says the first arbitrator, I think we meet now not to inquire into why it is done, but to execute things according to agreement, and what are we frighted at?

I am not frighted, says the wife, not I; come, says she to her husband haughtily, sign the deed; I'll cancel the old writings, if forty devils were in the room;

and with that ſhe takes up one of the deeds, and went to tear off the ſeal.

That moment the ſame caſement flew open again, tho' it was faſt in the inſide, juſt as it was before; and the ſhadow of a body was ſeen, as ſtanding in the garden without, and the head reaching up to the caſement, the face looking into the room, and ſtaring directly at the woman with a ſtern and an angry countenance: *Hold*, ſaid the ſpectre, as if ſpeaking to the woman, and immediately clap'd the caſement to again, and vaniſh'd.

It is impoſſible to deſcribe here the conſternation this ſecond apparition put the whole company into; the wife, who was ſo bold juſt before, that ſhe would do it tho' forty devils were in the room, ſkream'd out, fell into fits, and let the writing fall out of her hands: The two arbitrators were exceedingly terrify'd, but not ſo much as the reſt; but one of them took up the award which they had ſigned, in which they awarded the huſband to execute the deed, to diſpoſe of the eſtate from the ſon.

I dare ſay, ſaid he, be the ſpirit a good ſpirit or a bad one, it will not be againſt cancelling this; ſo he tore his name out of the award, and ſo did the other, by his example, and both of them got up from their ſeats, and ſaid they would have no more to do in it.

But that which was moſt unexpected of all was, that the man himſelf was ſo frighted, that he fainted away; notwithſtanding it was, as it might be ſaid, in his favour.

This put an end to the whole affair at that time; and, as I underſtand by the ſequel, it did ſo for ever.

The ſtory has many particulars more in it, too long to trouble the reader with; but two particulars, which are to the purpoſe, I muſt not omit, viz.

1. That in about four or five months more, after the ſecond apparition, the man's ſon arrived from the Eaſt-Indies,

Indies, whither he had gone four years before in a Portugueſe ſhip from Liſbon.

2. That upon being particularly inquired of about theſe things, and eſpecially whether he had any knowledge of them, or any apparition to him, or voices, or other intimation as to what was doing in England, relating to him; he affirmed conſtantly that he had not, except that once he dreamt his father had written him an angry letter, threatening him, that if he did not come home, he would diſinherit him, and not leave him one ſhilling. But he added, that he never did receive any ſuch letter from his father in his life, or from any one elſe.

CHAP. ~~IX.~~ VI.

More relations of particular facts, proving the reality of apparitions; with ſome juſt obſervations on the difference between the good and evil ſpirits, from the errand or buſineſs they come about; alſo the notions of the heathens concerning apparitions.

I Make no remarks upon any of theſe ſtories; the preſent buſineſs is to bring examples of ſuch things to prove the reality of apparitions in general: As to who, or what it is, that in ſuch caſes may appear, and why, and upon what occaſions, that we ſhall ſpeak of hereafter.

I ſhall bring one example now within my own knowledge, and in which I had ſome concern; not but that other accounts may be as authentic as this, though I cannot ſo poſitively vouch them at ſecond or third hand. When I offer thoſe to you, I tell you honeſtly,

that I have ſuch and ſuch relations from good hands, or I have ſuch a ſtory by me in manuſcript, and I leave you to make ſuch uſe of them as you pleaſe.

This caution of mine, however, ought not to leſſen the credit of any of the relations here publiſhed; for why may not the account given by another hand be as true as this which I give you from my own knowledge; and why muſt an author, in ſuch caſes as theſe, be made anſwerable for the particulars of every hiſtory, or be bound to leave it out, which would be the reader's loſs, not his own.

However, the following I can vouch from my own knowledge.

A. B. was a merchant in London; and as he drove a conſiderable trade beyond ſea, he eſtabliſhed a factory, or, as the language of trade calls it, a houſe, at a certain port in the Engliſh colonies in America, and ſent over his ſervants or apprentices thither, as is uſual for merchants to do.

One of his ſaid apprentices being fitted out, and ready to embark, his cargo being actually on board the ſhip, and the ſhip fallen down to Graveſend, his maſter was getting his letters and invoices, and other diſpatches, ready for him, he being to go down the river the ſame evening.

The hurry of diſpatching him prevented his maſter from taking him up to dinner with him at the uſual hour, and told him he muſt be content to ſtay in the counting-houſe 'till he came to relieve him.

Accordingly, dinner being over, he goes down to ſend him up to dinner. And when he came to the counting-houſe door, there ſat his man with the book-keeper alſo, writing as he left him.

It happened juſt that moment, ſome occaſion extraordinary obliged him to ſtep back again, and go up ſtairs to the dining-room, from whence he came; and intending not to ſtay, he did not ſpeak to the young man,

man, but left him in the counting-houſe, and went immediately up ſtairs.

It was not poſſible that he, or any one elſe, except ſuch as could walk inviſibly, could go by, or paſs him unſeen: good manners would have hindered the young man from thruſting by his maſter upon the ſtairs, if he had been going up; but he is poſitive he did not, and could not paſs without being ſeen.

But when he came to the top of the ſtairs, there ſat the young man at dinner with the other ſervants; the room they dined in being a little parlour, which opened juſt againſt the ſtairs, ſo that he ſaw him all the way of the upper part of the ſtair-caſe, and could not be deceived.

The maſter did not ſpeak to him, which he was very ſorry for afterwards; but the ſurprize made him paſs by the room, and go into the dining-room, which was to the right hand of it; but he ſent one immediately to look, and he was there really at dinner; ſo that what he (the maſter) ſaw below in the counting-houſe, muſt be the apparition, as it certainly was.

But this was not all. The young gentleman embarked as above, and arrived ſafe with all his effects in America, though he never lived to return. However, I cannot ſay his apparition, in the manner as related, could have the leaſt relation to his being ſick, and dying abroad, which was not 'till three years afterwards. But what followed was of another kind.

This young man had an elder brother, who lived in London; he was a fine gentleman, and a ſcholar, and was at that time ſtudying phyſic. He was alſo a ſtout brave gentleman, and in particular underſtood a ſword, that is to ſay, how to uſe a ſword, as well as moſt gentlemen in England.

He had an accidental rencounter with a gentleman in the ſtreet, in that ſhort ſtreet which goes out of Fleet-ſtreet into Saliſbury-court; and being ſo complete

plete a maſter of his weapon, he wounded his antagoniſt, and drove him into a tavern in the ſtreet, from whence came out two men more upon him with their ſwords, but both of them found the gentleman ſo much an over-match for them, that they left him as faſt as the firſt; whereupon a fourth came out, not with a ſword, but a fire-fork, taken haſtily up out of the tavern-kitchen, and running at this gentleman with it, knock'd him down, and broke his ſkull, of which wound he afterwards died.

While this was done in London, his brother, as far off as Boſton in New-England, writing to his maſter the merchant, (and who gives this account of it) after other buſineſs, wrote this poſtſcript.

" SIR, I beg you will be pleaſed, in your return to " this, to let me have ſome account, as much as " conveniently may be, how my brother does, " and what condition he is in; which importu- " nity I hope you will excuſe, when you read the " following account:

" On the 20th of ——— laſt, about ſix o'clock in " the morning, lying in bed, and broad awake, my " brother, or an apparition of my brother, came to the " bed's feet, and opened the curtain, looking full in " my face, but did not ſpeak. I was very much fright- " ed, but however I ſo far recovered as to ſay to him, " Brother, what is the matter with you?

" He had a napkin-cap on his head, which was very " bloody; he looked very pale and ghaſtly, and ſaid, " I am baſely murdered by ———, naming the per- " ſon; but I ſhall have juſtice done me: and then diſ- " appeared."

Now this letter was ſo dated, that it was impoſſible any account could have been ſent of the diſaſter, that could

could reach thither in that time; for it was not dated above fourteen days after the fact was committed in London; and that it was genuine I am well aſſured, becauſe I ſaw the letter within an hour after it was received in London, read it myſelf, and knew the young man's hand, and the young man alſo perfectly well, as I likewiſe did his brother that was killed, very intimately.

The young man was ſober, religious, and ſenſible, not given to whimſy, or light-headed fancies, not vapouriſh or diſtemper'd, not apt to ſee double, or to dream waking, as many of our apparition-making people are; he was likewiſe a ſcholar, and a very ſerious perſon: the firſt I mention as a protection to him from fooliſh imagination, and the laſt from falſhood; and I am ſatisfy'd the reader may depend upon both the ſtories, as to the truth of them.

In ſpeaking of apparitions, as I have ſtated the caſe, I muſt beg leave to differ from the notions of the ancients, who, 'tis evident, underſtood all apparitions to be ſouls, or, as we call them, the ghoſts of departed perſons; but when they came to make rational concluſions from thoſe firſt opinions, what wild additions were they driven to make to the firſt juſt conceptions which they had formed in their minds.

Their firſt conceptions, I ſay, were indeed juſt, conſiſtent with reaſon and with nature; for they concluded, that when the body is dead, and the ſoul ſeparated, the ſtate was determined. This Mr. Pope expreſſes very well in his tranſlation of Homer:

——— For to the farther ſhore
When once we paſs, the ſoul returns no more.

This was, I ſay, a rational and juſt ſentiment; but then they were confounded in all thoſe imaginations, by ſeeing the apparitions of their departed friends, as if come back from thoſe eternal ſhades; and how to reconcile this they did not know.

To

To get over this difficulty, they were driven to ſtrange ſhifts, and ſome of them, it muſt be confeſſed, were very fooliſh ones, ſuch as theſe:

1. That the ſoul wandered about in the air, 'till ſuch time as the body obtained its due funeral rites: from this notion, the friends of the deceaſed were mightily deſirous to ſee the funeral pile erected for their departed friends, and to have the body honourably burn'd; then the aſhes of the bones were depoſited in an urn, and that urn buried in the earth; when this was done, the ſoul was admitted to paſs the flood; that is, to be tranſported into the Elyſian Fields, from whence they never ſhould return any more; but in caſe theſe rites were not performed for any perſon, the ſoul wandered reſtleſs and unfixed, in a ſtate of perplexity, for an hundred years. Hence thoſe lines in Virgil, Æneid vi.

The ghoſts rejected, are th' unhappy crew
Depriv'd of ſepulchres, and fun'ral due.
The boatman Charon; thoſe, the bury'd hoſt,
He ferries over to the farther coaſt.
Nor dares his tranſport veſſel croſs the waves
With ſuch whoſe bones are not compos'd in graves.
A hundred years they wander on the ſhore;
At length, their penance done, are wafted o'er.

DRYDEN'S *Virgil.*

Now, between this time, or during this interval, that is to ſay, between death and the funeral pile, they pretended, they allowed, the ſeparated or unembodied ſouls of men might appear, and viſit their friends, or harraſs their enemies; and on this occaſion, the ghoſt of Patrocleus, ſlain by Hector at the ſiege of Troy, is brought in viſiting his friend Achilles, and begging of him to get his funeral rites performed, that he might be admitted to reſt.

——— Thus the phantaſm ſaid,
Sleeps my Achilles, his Patrocleus dead?

Living,

Living, I ſeem'd his deareſt tend'reſt care,
But now forgot, I wander in the air:
Let my pale corſe the rites of burial know,
And give me entrance in the ſhades below:
'Till then, the ſpirit finds no reſting place,
But here and there th' unbodied ſpectres chace
The vagrant dead. ——— ———

Iliad, lib. xxiii.

2. Homer's notion of the ſtate of the dead, was ſomething like the ancient philoſophy of the Egyptians, which gave the ſoul a ſhape like the body, and that it was only a receptacle of the mind; the mind they made to be the ſublime and ſuperior part, and that only.

Thus in the caſe of apparitions, they allowed that this caſe or ſhell, called the ſoul, might appear after death, but the mind could not, but was exalted among the gods, and took up its eternal abode; from whence

——— ——— It could return no more.

Thus the ghoſt of Patrocleus, going with his ſpeech to Achilles, ſays,

When once the laſt funeral flames aſcend,
No more ſhall meet Achilles and his friend:
No more our thoughts to thoſe we love make known.

This laſt notion, though groſs and abſurd in itſelf, was the utmoſt refuge they had, by which to ſolve the difficulty of apparitions. They imagined that the ſoul was not only ſeparated by death from the body, but that there was a ſeparation of the underſtanding from its caſe or vehicle, as they called it; ſo that the ſoul, which was but the image and form of the body, might be in hell; the body itſelf burnt to aſhes, remained in the urn; and the underſtanding, or mind, which was the ſublime divine part, be in heaven with the Gods: This Homer expreſſes thus:

—'Tis

—— 'Tis certain man, tho' dead, retains
Part of himſelf; the immortal mind remains.
The form ſubſiſts without the body's aid,
Aerial ſemblance, and an empty ſhade.

Again he explains it in his Odyſſey, lib. xi. line 600. ſpeaking in the name of Ulyſſes:

Now I the ſtrength of Hercules behold,
A towring ſpectre of gigantic mould,
A ſhadowy form! for high in heav'n's abodes
Himſelf reſides, a god among the gods.

Here Homer fancies Hercules, that is the mind, the ſublime part of Hercules, was in heaven, and exalted there to the higheſt degree too:

—— A god among the gods.

And yet at the ſame time his ſoul, or image, was in hell. And Plutarch gives us the ſame deſcription at large.

What learned nonſenſe, and what a great deal of it is here, to reconcile a thing, which upon the Chriſtian foundation is made as eaſy as any thing not immediately viſible to the common eye, can be made?

Nature dictated, and reaſon confirmed, that the firſt principle, namely the ſoul, or, as they call it, the mind or underſtanding, fled to heaven immediately after death, and returned no more.

Thus Andromache, mourning for the loſs of her huſband Hector, is brought in, ſpeaking according to the doctrine of the ancients:

Thou to the diſmal realms for ever gone,
And I abandon'd ——

The dead once paſſed to the diſmal realms (as they called the ſhades below) were gone for ever, and to return no more; but then they were perplexed to find that they did return, as in this caſe of Patrocleus to Achilles, tho' that (by the way) was a dream only, not an apparition, or, as we may call it, an apparition in a dream, and no more.

But

But they had their apparitions, and we read of many apparitions of the dead to the living; as particularly in the famous example of Cæſar appearing to Brutus: and this perplexed them ſo, that they knew not how to ſupport the principle of the ſoul not returning, under the experience of ſouls actually returning, in apparition, viſiting and converſing with their friends, which was inconteſtible, daily experience making it known to all parties.

To renconcile this, they fled to invention, and firſt to that of the interval between the death and the funeral of the departed ſouls.

But this is liable to ſo many juſt exceptions, ſo many abſurdities, that it could not ſatisfy men of ſenſe; for firſt they were obliged to ſay and prove, (which would be very difficult) that none of the ſouls of the dead ever appeared after the funeral rites were ſolemnized; which if one example had contradicted, all the arguments in the world could not then have ſupported the fiction; and this I cannot doubt was contradicted on many occaſions.

And this, no doubt, made the ancient ſyſtem of the Ægyptians be revived, and paſs better among them afterwards; though whether the Romans received it or no, we do not find aſcertained in any part of their hiſtory.

Beſides, there was an abſurdity in the very doctrine itſelf; for if the apparition of a departed ſoul was limited by this circumſtance of burning the body, or performing the funeral rites; it put the ſtate of the dead in that particular reſpect into the power of the living: For example, if the living, who had poſſeſſion of the dead bodies of perſons ſlain, ſuppoſe them friends, had poſſeſſion of the body, the ſoul of that body, though unembodied and diſmiſſed, could not be admitted to reſt, or, as they expreſſed it, could not paſs into the ſhades or realms below; ſo if the enemy

had poſſeſſion of the body, it was in the power of the enemy to keep the ſoul out of heaven: an abſurdity ſo groſs, one would think the wiſer heathens could never entertain ſuch a thought: yet, that ſuch it was, the words of Patrocleus's ghoſt, quoted from Homer, makes evident.

Let my pale corſe the rites of burial know,
And give me entrance in the ſhades below.

Unhappy Patrocleus! how groſs would this ſound! how harſh and unmuſical in our times, when Chriſtianity hath given us more juſt ideas of things? Patrocleus could not get leave to go to the ſhades below, 'till his funeral rites were performed; that is, in our ſenſe, could not be admitted, no not into hell itſelf, 'till his body was burnt on the funeral pile or pyre, and his aſhes depoſited in an urn; that is, buried like a gentleman.

By which rule, the ſouls of thoſe poor creatures who were killed in the wars, and were left unburied in heaps in the field, or only a pile of ſtones thrown upon them, as was often the caſe, are wandering ſtill, and neither admitted into heaven or hell.

Again, it was in the power of the enemy, if he had a body in poſſeſſion, to preſerve his hatred againſt that enemy even beyond death, and by keeping him unburied, keep his ſoul or ſpirit ſuſpended, wandering, and forgotten in the air, and neither admitted to one or other place, whether above or below.

Thus Achilles had the body of Hector in his power twelve days, and Homer brings him in triumphing over his enemy in that caſe, and in a manner unworthy of a man of honour. When he ſpeaks to the ghoſt of his friend Patrocleus, and vows to ſacrifice twelve Trojan priſoners at his funeral pile; he adds,

Achilles' promiſe is complete,
The bloody Hector ſtretch'd before thy feet,
Lo! to the dogs his carcaſe I reſign.

Gloomy,

Gloomy, he ſaid, and horrible in view,
Before the bier the bleeding Hector threw,
Prone on the duſt.

Iliad. lib. xxiii. line 35.

So again, Achilles mourning over the body of Patrocleus, as it lay upon the funeral pile, and the fire not yet kindled; I ſay, there again he threatens to deny Hector a ſoldier's burial.

But heavier fates on Hector's corſe attend,
Kept from the flames for hungry dogs to rend.

This was a terrible curſe, and very cruel to poor Hector after he was dead, not to ſuffer his ſoul to enter into the ſhades below, which would be (to ſpeak it in our language) not to give him leave to go to hell; that the gods it ſeems thwarted Achilles, and would not let his cruelty take place, but he was obliged to grant Priam a truce, and let the Trojans bury him,

So ſpake he, threatning: but the gods made vain
His threat, and guard inviolate the ſlain.
Celeſtial Venus hover'd o'er his head,
And roſeat unguents, heavenly fragrance ſhed!
She watch'd him all the night, and all the day,
And drove the blood-hounds from their deſtin'd prey.

So that the burying of Hector was made the care of the gods, defeating the cruel vengeance of Achilles.

To what length did this fooliſh notion of the ancients carry this point! puttting it into the power of a man's enemy to keep his ſoul out of heaven, as long as his enemy thought fit to keep the body out of the grave.

They granted, that after the ſouls of men were once determined, and tranſported in Charon's ferry-boat to the other ſide of the river Styx, or the Stygian Gulph, they could return no more; and all their other fables upon that ſubject would have been overthrown and come to nothing, if it had been otherwiſe; ſuch as

Cerberus barking continually at the gate, Charon the ferry-man carrying all over, but bringing none back, and the like.

But notwithſtanding this, as I have ſaid, they found ſeveral of theſe ſouls viſiting the world in apparition, and this quite deſtroyed all the ſcheme of their being in a determined ſtate; ſo that they knew not what to think of the next.

How would it have unravelled all thoſe hard knots, and made every thing eaſy to their underſtanding, had they been let into this juſt way of reaſoning? had they diſcovered that there is an angelic world, an inviſible world of ſpirits, ſome of whom being placed by their merciful maker, as an advanced body, at or near the outer circumference of the earth's atmoſphere, have a power given them at leaſt to take cogniſance of human affairs; and to converſe with this world, either by apparition, voices, noiſes, good or bad omens, or other ſenſible conveyances to the mind, by which they can give notices of good or evil, and can intimate to man many things uſeful to him in the conduct of his life.

That the ſpirits inhabiting this inviſible world are at hand; (how near is not neceſſary for us to know) can aſſume bodies, ſhape, voice, and even can perſonate this or that man or woman; ſo as to appear in the very figure, countenance, and clothes, or dreſs, of our departed friends, ſpeak with their proper and diſtinct voices, and in the firſt perſon of this or that particular man or woman, and in their names; and can thus ſuit themſelves, in their ſeveral appearances, to the occaſion they appear for.

Had they known theſe things, I ſay, they would have rejoiced in the diſcovery, and it would have made every thing eaſy to them. Patrocleus would never have troubled Achilles with a viſit from the air, upon pretence of his being left to be wandering about the atmo-

atmoſphere for want of his funeral rites; the dogs, or the crows, or the worms, might have feaſted themſelves on Hector's carcaſe, it would never have diſturbed Hector in the leaſt, much leſs would her goddeſs-ſhip Venus have concerned herſelf to protect his corps till the funeral pile was prepared.

The doctrine of the ſoul's being a ſhell or caſe formed into a ſhape, as a mould is formed into ſhape to receive the braſs or copper, and throw out a ſtatue or figure of this or that hero, which it is appointed to form; I ſay, this abſurd doctrine of the ſoul, body and mind, being three diſtinct perſons in every man, would not have found place in the world; but all things would have been conceived regularly of, and the world would have been rightly informed of future things, as well as of things preſent.

However, to bring it down to our caſe, all this concurs to the doctrine of ſpirits, and the reality of their appearance, which is the caſe before us: their friends departed did appear; what it was appeared they knew not, only negatively they knew it was not their bodies, however the ſhape might be aſſumed; nor could they reconcile that part to their underſtanding. How it could be, that the body ſeemed to appear, and did not appear; or, as we might ſay, appeared as if they had appeared, but when a trial was offered, no body could be found, as was the caſe of Patrocleus and Achilles in Homer, which Mr. Pope thus tranſlates,

He ſaid, and with his longing arms eſſay'd
In vain to graſp the viſionary ſhade.
Like a thin ſmoke he ſees the ſpirit fly,
And hears a feeble lamentable cry.

How groſs an ignorance is here in ſo great a man as Achilles? to go about to graſp a viſion! to feel a ſhade! One can hardly excuſe the poet for allowing Achilles, who was the hero of the whole poem, to be ſo weak, even in thoſe days; but it muſt be allowed,

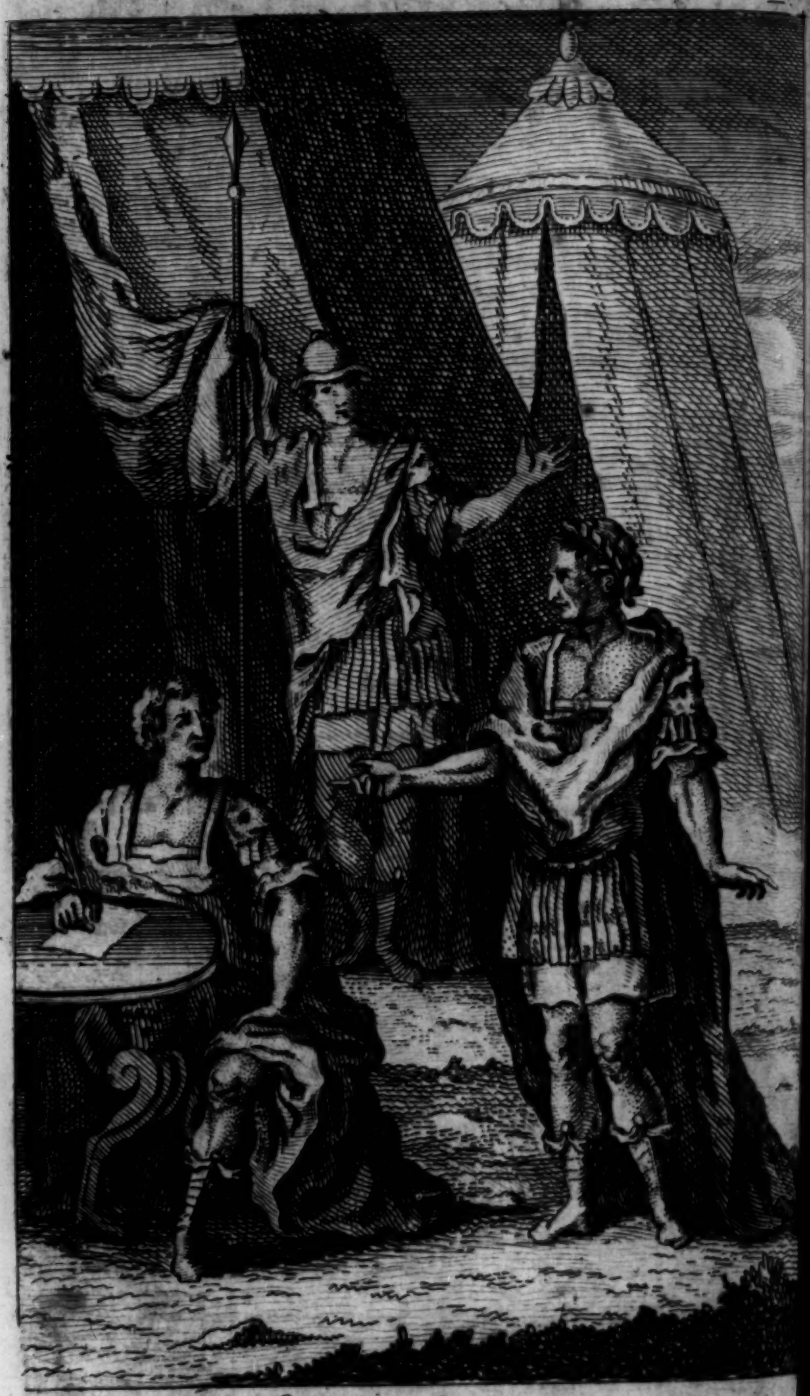
'twas all in a dream, and imaginary, and it might well awake him indeed, as it did, to graſp a man in armour, and find nothing in his arms but ſmoke.

The reſult of it all is this, namely, the reality of apparition was a certain, undoubted, and received thing; 'tis evident that they were not queſtioned; for upon the reality of the appearance of ſouls, all thoſe pains were taken to ſettle the poſſibility of it. That it was ſo, the frequency of the thing left them no room to queſtion; it would have been ridiculous to have diſputed it; but how it could be, how to reconcile it to all the notions of ſoul and body, the future and the preſent ſtate, that was what no body could explain, and no body could underſtand; which ignorance put their invention ſo much on the rack to find out and form ſchemes for the bringing the particulars together, and making the appearance poſſible, which they daily found was in fact real.

'Twas a little ſtrange, that though they were ſatiſfied, by daily demonſtration, that the thing was true, yet they were obliged to believe it was not true at the ſame time. They frequently ſaw their friends appear, and yet knew they were not in a condition from whence they could return to appear. But the ſtrangeſt thing of all, at leaſt to me, is, that they ſhould not, all this while, conceive the poſſibility of ſpirits aſſuming human ſhape, and appearing in their figures, in their ſhapes, and in their names.

This would have put an end to all the difficulty, and have reconciled all the doubts that attended it, and at the ſame time would have led them into ſeveral ſublime truths, ſuch as they were perhaps perfectly ignorant of; as particularly into the great doctrine of the unity of infinite power; the univerſal empire of providence, and its government and influence of and upon all the affairs of this world, even the moſt minute things in life; and many other valuable inquires.

That



Frontispiece.

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That apparitions were believed to be real in thoſe days, is evident from many inſtances given of it in hiſtory, tho' I have not room to look far back. 'Tis ſaid, that Alexander the Great was haunted by the ghoſt of his friend Clitus, whom he had moſt ungratefully tortured to death, after a long ſeries of the moſt faithful ſervices, and ſucceſsful alſo; but there is no particular account of it in Plutarch.

The apparition of the ghoſt of Julius Cæſar to Brutus, a little before the battle of Philippi, though it be certain, is nevertheleſs variouſly reported; ſome accounts relate it to be the ghoſt of Julius Cæſar, and vulgar opinion concurs with that report; which is ſo received at this time, that they ſhow you an original ancient piece of fine Italian painting at Naples, where the phantom is repreſented bloody and wounded, with Cæſar's dagger ſticking in his ſhoulder, which he, Cæſar, reaching his arm over his ſhoulder, fixed in or near his collar-bone before, and left ſticking there; according to which, our frontiſpiece to this work is at leaſt deſigned: whether that part of the ſtory be rightly repreſented or not, is difficult to determine.

But according to other accounts, the apparition was only of a man, without any ſimilitude of Cæſar; and that when Brutus, who was buſy writing diſpatches for his army, which was then drawing together to fight the Octavian troops, looked up and ſaw him, he boldly aſked, *What art thou?* and the apparition anſwered, *I am thy evil genius, and I will meet thee again at Philippi:* To which the undaunted hero, unconcerned at the ſight, and as if he deſired him not to diſturb him at that time, he being then otherwiſe engaged, anſwered, *Well, I'll meet thee there*; and ſo went on with his writing.

Brutus was, without doubt, a hero in his perſonal valour, and more ſo in his principle, viz. the love of liberty, and of his country; and as nothing but the zeal

zeal for the liberty of his country could have embarked him againſt the life of Cæſar, who was otherwiſe his benefactor, ſo he was above the fear of death, and could not be in the leaſt daunted at the fore-knowledge of his fate at Philippi; ſeeing he had the notion of life which was general at that time, namely, that a true hero could never be miſerable; ſince it was always in his power to die a freeman, and not to out-live any threatened calamity, whether perſonal or national.

Upon this footing, he entered that unequal battle againſt the Octavian troops with an undaunted chearfulneſs; for he was ſure one way or other to come off victorious; that is to ſay, that if Auguſtus conquered his army, he knew how to conquer Auguſtus; if by the ſlaughter of his troops Cæſar had the better of him, and defeated his deſigns for the liberty of his country, he, by the ſlaughter of himſelf, knew how to defeat Auguſtus in his deſigns of conquering Brutus, ſince he reſolved to die free, and not ſurvive the Roman liberty; and ſo he did.

And upon this foundation it was, that he was ſo unconcerned at his approaching fate, and ſo undaunted in his looking at and ſpeaking to the ſpectre that appeared to him.

But we have yet abundance more proofs by example, of the reality of apparitions.

Alarich, the famous Gothic King, who over-run ſo much of the Roman empire, had an apparition which came to him, and told him he ſhould undertake his expedition againſt the Romans, and promiſed him victory and ſucceſs; ſome ſaid it was an angel, others that it was the ghoſt of his deceaſed predeceſſor Rhadagaiſeus. When he firſt undertook to raiſe his army, he was intending to go upon a glorious expedition to the Eaſt, namely, againſt the Hunns and the Heruli; that is to ſay, into Poland, Sclavonia, and Hungaria, and perhaps Muſcovy or Ruſſia. But upon the appa-

rition

rition ſpeaking to him, he was encouraged to undertake a war againſt the Romans in Italy; where, notwithſtanding he was routed and utterly overthrown by Stilico, he afterwards returned into Italy, killed Stilico the Roman General, over-run the country, and took and plundered the city of Rome itſelf; this was Anno 409; ſo that the apparition, of whatever kind it was, muſt be ſo far angelic as to foreknow events and iſſues of things on earth, which muſt be ſuitable to the angelic heavenly ſpirits, and ſuperior to the diabolic ſpirits, who know nothing prophetic.

Nor is it any thing inconſiſtent with the angelic exalted and good ſpirits; for this was not encouraging evil, but ſtirring up a powerful prince, who was to be the ſcourge of God, to execute the divine vengeance upon that wicked people the Romans, whom God had reſolved to deſtroy, or at leaſt to reduce very low: like as God is ſaid to ſtir up Nebuchadnezzar king of Babylon to come up againſt Jeruſalem.

I ſay, this could not be the devil, (becauſe as I have always inſiſted upon it, ſo I do ſtill) that he knows nothing of what is to come; the devil is no prophet, he cannot foretel or predict, other than by probable gueſſes, rational conſequences, and ſuch circumſtances in which he can go no farther than other people.

You have an example of this in the famous ſorcereſs Jaquelina, who pretended to ſpeak in the name of the devil, and ſometimes to have the devil ſpeak in her, and ſo to give anſwers as by an oracle, and reſolve doubts and difficult queſtions, which ſhe did to admiration, and thereby got both fame and money. Now it was obſerved, that when people came to her with doubts and difficult caſes, even ſuch as none could reſolve, relating to things paſt or preſent, her anſwers were ſurprizing; but if they came to her to aſk any opinion of things future, and what ſhould be to come, the devil was always at a nonplus, and generally lied in his anſwers;

ſwers; ſo that none could depend upon any thing he ſaid. In a word, the devil was not able to foretel any thing; and hence I infer, as I have always ſaid, the devil is no prophet, he can predict nothing, for he knows nothing; and that if any apparition comes to be ſeen or heard, who takes upon itſelf to tell what ſhould come to paſs, you may depend upon it, that apparition is not from the devil.

Hence I think we may readily account for that ſtory ſo well publiſhed, whether ſo well known or not, of which Mr. Aubrey has given us the laſt relation, as follows:

'Two perſons (ladies) of quality, both not being 'long ſince deceaſed, were intimate acquaintance, and 'loved each other intirely: It ſo fell out, that one of 'them fell ſick of the ſmall-pox, and deſired mightily 'to ſee the other, who would not come, fearing the 'catching the diſtemper; the afflicted lady at laſt died 'of them: She had not been buried very long, before 'ſhe appeared at the other's houſe in the dreſs of a 'widow, and aſked for her friend, who was then at 'cards; ſhe ſends down her woman to know her buſi-'neſs; who in ſhort told her, ſhe muſt impart it to 'none but her lady, who, after ſhe had received this 'anſwer, bid her woman introduce her into a room, 'and deſire her to ſtay till the game was done, and ſhe 'would then wait on her. The game being finiſhed, 'down ſtairs ſhe goes to the apparition, to know her 'buſineſs. "Madam," ſays the ghoſt, turning up her 'veil, and her face appearing full of the ſmall-pox, "You know very well, that you and I loved entirely, "and your not coming to ſee me I took ſo ill at your "hands, that I could not reſt till I had ſeen you; and "now I come to tell you, that you have not long to "live, therefore prepare to die; and when you are at "a feaſt, and make the thirteenth in number, then "remember my words." She then vaniſhed. To

'conclude,

'conclude, ſhe was at a feaſt where ſhe made the thir-
'teenth in number; and was afterwards aſked by the
'brother of the deceaſed, whether his ſiſter did appear
'to her, as was reported; ſhe made him no anſwer,
'but fell a weeping, and died in a little time after.
'The gentleman that told this ſtory, ſays, that there
'is hardly any perſon of quality but what knows it
'to be true.'

I do not enter into an enquiry here, whether the ſtory is true or not; I believe it in common, for it was generally believed to be true: but 'tis ſtrange to have this brought for an evidence of the preſcience of the devil; whereas, on the contrary, it confirms what I have ſaid, viz. that this could not be the devil, or what we call the appearance of the devil, no, nor could it be the ſoul of the departed perſon; and as for the apparition's ſaying, it could not be at reſt, it may either be put in by ſome of the very many authors relating this ſtory; or it might be ſaid by the good angel or ſpirit appearing, to introduce her meſſage, and to rouſe the mind of the perſon ſpoken to by ſomething that ſhould touch her more to the quick, be the more feeling and ſenſible to her, aad ſo make a due impreſſion upon her of the truth of that which was to follow.

But firſt, for its not being the devil; for I have granted that the devil may make an apparition, though far from inferring from thence that all apparitions are the devil: but I ſay, as to its not being the devil that appeared here, in the ſhape of the deceaſed lady, 'tis evident:

Firſt, becauſe, as I have ſaid above, and have repeated often, the devil cannot predict, he has no preſcience of things before they are in view; he can juggle, and play ſcurvy tricks of many kinds, as when he propheſied to the farmer the fall of his ſtack of corn, and then raiſed a ſudden ſtorm, and blew it down.

down. It may be, he can ſee at ſome farther diſtance than we can, and judge of the conſequences of ſuch and ſuch cauſes better than we can, and with a more perfect and exact judgment. But, to predict things which are only concealed in the womb of time, and behind the curtain of providence, as this of life and death was, it is not in Satan to do it; and therefore this could not be from the devil: The lady was in health, was chearful, nay merry, was at a feaſt, and at cards. Here was no ſignal of death, or ſo much as of ſickneſs: I ſee no token of the devil in this apparition, except it be his extraordinary civility, that he would not interrupt her game.

Secondly, it could not be the devil, becauſe of his bidding the lady prepare for death; which, as I have often obſerved, does not ſeem to be much of Satan's buſineſs, not being very ſuitable to his diſpoſition, and leſs to his deſign.

There is ſome little incongruity in this ſtory too, which renders it inconſiſtent, not with the devil only, but even with the nature of a ſpirit or apparition: As (1) Why ſhould the apparition come, when the lady was engaged, and could not ſpeak to her? as if ſhe, being a ghoſt or ſpirit, as we vulgarly expreſs it, did not know what ſhe was doing, as well as where ſhe was. (2) How does her taking ill the living lady's not viſiting her, oblige her to come and give her this kind notice of her death? "I took it ſo ill at your hands, "that I could not reſt till I had ſeen you."

Though this does not ſhock my belief of the apparition itſelf, yet it ſeems that the ſeveral hands thro' which the relation has paſſed, have made up the ſpeech for the ghoſt, and committed ſome blunders in it, that are indeed ſhocking to the reader.

It ſeems more rational to be as I have read the ſtory, that the ghoſt ſhould ſay thus: "Though I took it "very ill at your hands, that you would not come to

"ſee

" ſee me, yet I could not reſt till I had ſeen you, to " tell you that you have not long to live, and that you " ſhould prepare, &c." This is much better ſenſe, and more agreeable to the nature of the thing; for certainly, coming in that manner to give the lady notice of the approach of her end, and to counſel her to prepare accordingly, muſt be allowed to be an act of kindneſs, not of reſentment, and a teſtimony of the affection that was between them; and therefore her taking it ill that ſhe had not been to viſit her in her illneſs, could not rationally be given as a reaſon for it.

But as to the apparition itſelf, ſince it could not be the ſoul of the deceaſed lady, and for the reaſons above, was not likely to be the devil, or, I may venture to ſay poſitively, was not the devil; what then was it? I anſwer with a queſtion: What could it be but a good angel, or angelic ſpirit from the inviſible world, ſent with a meſſage of goodneſs, and a merciful notice of her approaching death, that ſhe might receive a due caution, preparing her mind, and turning her thoughts to a proper meditation upon ſo ſerious a ſubject; in a word, warning her of death, that ſhe might prepare for it?

Chap. 7

Of the different nature of apparitions; how we ſhould behave to them; when to be afraid of or concerned about them, and when not.

DANGER may be the reaſon of caution; but guilt only is the reaſon of fear. Caution is the mind's juſt regard to the evil in view; but fear is the horror of the ſoul, in apprehenſion of ſome farther evil yet out of view; unſeen, and therefore terrible; merited, and therefore dreadful.

If there were no guilt in the mind, death itſelf would

be no evil, and therefore not the ſubject of our fear; nor is death itſelf our fear now, as it is in itſelf a mere paſſing out of life, otherwiſe than as it is an inlet of ſome terrible ſtate beyond it. It is not what we paſs out of, that is the bitterneſs, but what we paſs into; not what we part with, but what the exchange will be; not the leap out of light, but the leap into the dark: and, to come nearer to it, the thought of what is beyond death is only made better or worſe by what we know on this ſide of it: The dread of what is to come, is founded on our conſcious ſenſe of what is paſt.

This ſtate beyond death is made our terror, as we expect in it the puniſhment of offences, a retribution for an ill-ſpent life, and as we have upon our minds a ſenſe of guilt; that is to ſay, a conſcience of having ill-ſpent our paſt time, and dreading the juſtice of the ſuperior hand, in whom is the power of rewards and puniſhments. Now to bring it to the caſe in hand.

All apparition is looked upon as a ſomething coming, or ſent to us, from that ſtate of being which is beyond death, and therefore is viewed with the ſame terror and fright, which we are ſeized with at the thoughts of death itſelf.

Hence if we could conſider calmly the nature of the apparition which we ſee, we might preſently know whether we had reaſon to be terrified at the apparition. If the apparition comes with a meſſage of peace, if it reprehends with kindneſs and tenderneſs, if it admoniſhes with gentleneſs, and gives advice to amend and reform, it certainly comes from a good hand, and we need be under no concern at all about it, becauſe it has no evil in itſelf.

If it come in all its threatening poſtures, ghaſtly as the devil can make it, horrible as himſelf in perſon; yet, were there no guilt, there would be no fear from the apparition, or even from the devil appearing in perſon;

perſon; becauſe we ſhould know ourſelves to be out of his power.

As then the good or evil of the meſſage, which the apparition brings, diſtinguiſhes the apparition itſelf, and tells us of what kind it is; ſo are our minds calculated to receive it; for knowing the guiltineſs of our own conſcience, a due impreſſion is made thereon by the appearance of a meſſenger, whether a kind or evil genius.

Mr. Aubery gives us the ſtory, in his Miſcellanea, of the apparition to Caſhio Burroughs, Eſq; in the time of King Charles I, which I ſhall here relate, in order to ſupport my argument.

'Sir John Burroughs being ſent Envoy to the Em-
'peror by King Charles I. took his eldeſt ſon Caſhio
'Burroughs along with him; and purſuing his journey
'through Italy, left his ſon at Florence to learn the
'language; where, having an intrigue with a beauti-
'ful courteſan, miſtreſs to the Grand Duke, their fa-
'miliarity became ſo public, that it came to the Duke's
'ear, who took a reſolution to have him murdered;
'but Caſhio having had timely notice of the Duke's
'deſign, by ſome of the Engliſh there, immediately
'left the city, without acquainting his miſtreſs of it,
'and came to England; whereupon the Duke, being
'diſappointed of his revenge, fell upon his miſtreſs in
'moſt reproachful language: ſhe, on the other hand,
'reſenting the ſudden departure of her gallant, of
'whom ſhe was moſt paſſionately enamoured, killed
'herſelf. At the ſame moment that ſhe expired, ſhe
'appeared to Caſhio at his lodgings in London. Co-
'lonel Remes was then in bed with him, who ſaw her
'as well as he, giving him an account of her reſent-
'ments of his ingratitude to her, in leaving her ſo
'ſuddenly, and expoſing her to the fury of the Duke,
'and not omitting her own tragical exit; adding
'withal, that he ſhould be ſlain in a duel; which ac-

'cordingly happened: And thus ſhe appeared to him 'frequently, even when his younger brother (who was 'afterwards Sir John) was in bed with him. As often 'as ſhe appeared, he would cry out with great ſhriek-'ing, and trembling of his body, as well as anguiſh 'of mind, ſaying, "O God! here ſhe comes! ſhe "comes!" and in this manner ſhe haunted him till he 'was killed. She appeared to him the morning before 'he was killed. Some of my acquaintance (ſays Au-'bery) have told me, that he was one of the hand-'ſomeſt men in England, and very valiant.'

The appearance of this devil, for I can call it no other, had nothing in view but to diſtreſs the gentleman: perhaps expecting it ſhould bring him into ſome fit of deſperation, then to deſtroy himſelf, as the woman who appeared had done before.

The gentleman whom it appeared to was conſcious of his crime; the woman, in whoſe ſhape the devil thus harraſſed him, was a common woman, with whom he had had an intrigue in Italy: he had not only been diſhoneſt with her, but it ſeems had been diſhoneſt to her; and the laſt, with the aſſiſtance of the devil, had it ſeems worked ſo upon her rage, as to cauſe her to be her own executioner: and I take the apparition to be the devil purſuing the ſame management, and endeavouring to produce the ſame effect upon him.

Now ſee the conſequence of crime; the ſenſe of guilt makes this apparition dreadful to him; when it appeared, he trembles, falls into convulſions, cries out, "O God! here ſhe comes!" and, in a word, is in an agony of horror and affright.

Had he only converſed with the lady as a common acquaintance, had he neither been concerned with her, or had done any diſhonourable thing by her, he had natural courage to have looked the devil in the face, and boldly have aſked, what buſineſs ſhe could have with him.

I have

I have read of a ſtory of a very religious lady, who the devil, it ſeems, had ſome particular pique at, and ſet all his ſtratagems at work to ruin her, both ſoul and body. He attacked her ſeveral ways in covert, as I may call it, that is to ſay, by laying ſnares for her of ſeveral kinds. But when he found himſelf ſteadily reſiſted by the lady's reſolved virtue, modeſty and temperance, he attacked her in perſon with frightful apparitions, aſſuming ugly and terrible ſhapes; and once appearing all in fire, with a frightful threatening voice, he told her he was come to fetch her away: the lady ſummoning all her reſolution at the very moment, as if ſhe would fight him; "Reſiſt the devil, ſays ſhe, and "he ſhall flee from us! Come for me! added ſhe, "I'll venture that! for I am ſure thou lieſt, Satan; "thou haſt nothing to do with me."

The devil called her whore, and told her ſhe loved ſuch a man, who was a married man, and therefore ſhe had intentionally committed whoredom with him, and ſhould be damned.

N. B. It ſeems the lady had loved that gentleman before he was otherwiſe engaged by marrying; but never had any affection towards him, or the leaſt acquaintance with him afterwards.

Thou ſhoweſt thyſelf, ſays ſhe, to be full of ſubtilty, a real devil, and even malice itſelf: it is true, I did love that gentleman, ſays ſhe, and thou didſt ſet him to work to perſuade me that he loved me, and to court me with honourable pretenſions, and ſo far gained upon me, that I really loved him; but ———

Here he interrupted her, and told her, Such a time, ſays the devil, you wiſh'd you were a-bed with him; and you are as guilty by wiſhing to ſin, as if you had done it.

Thou art the father of lyes, Satan, ſays ſhe, and the father of lyars, and thou lyeſt in this: nay, thou lyeſt

like a devil, that is malicious, for thou knoweſt that it is not true.

You will be damn'd, ſays he, and I will take you away this minute.

Thou canſt not take me away without God's permiſſion, ſays ſhe, and he will not give me into thy hands, therefore touch me at thy peril; and with that ſhe fell down on her knees, and cry'd, "Lord, preſerve me from the evil ſpirit;" with which the devil left her, and walked off.

Theſe are apparitions that may be called apparitions of devils indeed, and by his works you may know him, for this is acting like himſelf; but where there is no guilt, we need not be afraid of the devil, in whatever ſhape or frightful figure he thinks to attack us.

This lady had never been able to reproach Satan with lying, if what he ſaid had been true; but ſhe knew herſelf innocent, and that put courage into her ſoul, that ſhe indeed bullied the devil, defy'd him, and bade him do his worſt.

It ſeems, the devil rummaged hard to find a crime out to charge this lady with, and came up to her very cloſe; but he was put to his ſhifts for evidence; for even in collecting all the actions of her life, he could not find any thing of real guilt to load her with.

He attacked her after this in ſeveral ſhapes, and one time he told her ſhe would be damn'd for a hypocrite; for, ſays he, for all your pretended ſanctity, you was in a violent paſſion at ſuch a time, and you curſt your couſin , naming her name to her.

She anſwered, as before, boldly: And Satan, ſays ſhe, though you are a devil, and cannot be aſhamed, yet you are too cunning and too knowing to act like a fool; I was angry, but in no paſſion; and for my anger I had juſt cauſe; but thou waſt the cauſe of the crime, and ſo of the anger too; for ſhe owned the devil

devil tempted her kinſwoman to rob her; ſo thou haſt been the occaſion both of her ſin, and of my anger.

But you curſed her, and wiſhed the devil (meaning me, ſays he) might take her.

That's like thee again, devil, ſays the lady; I was far from wiſhing thou ſhouldſt take her; I am not ſo much thy friend as to wiſh thou ſhouldſt be gratified in any one's ruin. But I told her, indeed, if ſhe did ſuch things, thou would'ſt take her away.

But you ly'd in that, ſays he, for I won't hurt her.

I am ſorry, ſays ſhe, thou art ſo much her friend.

She is mine already, adds the devil, I ſhall not do her any harm.

Very well, devil, ſays ſhe; then I hope I am out of your liſt, or why elſe are you raging at me?

Yes, yes, ſays he, you ſhall be mine quickly, as well as ſhe.

I defy thee, ſays ſhe again, and I'll tell the poor girl what you ſay of her. I hope ſhe will get out of your hands again.

Then I'll break her neck that minute, ſays he.

That's not in your power, ſays the lady.

Well, but, ſays he, you play'd at cards on Sunday morning laſt.

She was a little ſurprized at the charge, and ſtopp'd a while; but, recovering her courage, 'Tis ſtrange, devil, ſays ſhe, thou canſt bring nothing but lyes againſt me; why, I have faults enough, that are real faults, and true, and that I could not deny. Why, I think Satan's turn'd fool, adds ſhe, as if ſhe jeered him. Why don't you fall upon me in thoſe things I am guilty of? and not make lyes for the ſake of lying? I did play at cards on Saturday night, but not on a Sunday morning.

But, ſaid he, you play'd at cards againſt your conſcience too, when you believed it was a ſin to play, and you will be damn'd for that.

Why

Why truly, devil, ſays ſhe, you go neareſt the truth in this of any thing you have ſaid; for after our miniſter's talking againſt play, one evening, he ſo far perſuaded me that it was not lawful, that I partly reſolved to leave it off.

But you broke your word, and play'd again; and did it, I tell you, againſt your conſcience.

I did not tie myſelf by any promiſe, but I did queſtion a little, indeed, whether I ſhould play any more or no.

Yes, and did it againſt your conſcience, I tell you, and you ſhall be damn'd for that.

Here the lady could not refrain from tears; but ſtill ſhe anſwered the devil boldly: As thou art a lyar, Satan, I hope I ſhall not, becauſe thou ſayeſt I ſhall. However, thou ſhalt never have it to upbraid me with again; for though I did never promiſe to man, I now promiſe it to the devil, I will never play more.

It's too late now, ſays he, and threatened her again.

No, Satan, ſays ſhe, never too late for any one to repent, but thee; and thou ſhalt never repent, or be forgiven.

With this, ſays my ſtory, the devil left her.—I have taken this, by way of abridgment, from a very large account of the ſeveral diſputes which this courageous lady had with the devil for ſome years; which, if I could aſſert the particulars ſo as to be ſure of the truth of every part, and of my own knowledge too, I ſhould make further uſe of it here: But thus far they are to the preſent occaſion, namely,

1. That where the devil appears, he always does it like a devil, for ſome wicked purpoſe or other.

2. Where he cannot prevail, and excite to do miſchief, he aſſaults with rage, and threatens with ſuffering miſchief.

The good ſpirits, or good angels, are quite of another kind; and as they come, or are ſent from other hands,

hands, ſo they come of other errands, and in another manner, as I ſhall give a more particular account of preſently.

But let us from hence inquire into an opinion which I have met with, and that of ſome men of learning and judgment, viz. That take the apparitions in general, whether good or bad ſpirits, they never, or very rarely, do any harm. As for the good ſpirits, we know, as above, they will do none; and if the bad do not, 'tis becauſe they cannot.

The good ſpirits, 'tis certain, will do no harm; it is by their general appearing for good, that we determine them to be good ſpirits; and that kind of judgment is certainly very juſt: but if the evil ſpirits, which do appear, do no harm neither, it is becauſe they are under ſome extraordinary reſtraint of divine power; ſo that though they may come about in the air, they are not ſuffered to do any conſiderable miſchief in the world. In both which caſes, all the occaſion of our terror about them is taken away; for whether they are good ſpirits, or evil ſpirits reſtrained, 'tis much the ſame; one will do you no hurt, and the other cannot; and there remains no room then for the terror which is ſo much upon us, when we hear of them.

It is true, that angels have ſometimes been ſent in judgment from heaven, and have executed God's terrible threatenings upon men in an apparent ſhape; as the angel, called the Deſtroying Angel, which David ſaw in the air, with his ſword drawn, and ſtretched over Jeruſalem to deſtroy it, 1 Chron. xxi. 15. So the angel of the Lord, that ſlew 180,000 of the Aſſyrians in one night; and it is not improbable that an hoſt of angels or apparitions appeared in the Aſſyrian camp, and cut in pieces the Aſſyrian army, with a terror that they were not able to reſiſt.

Theſe are extraordinary and miraculous caſes; ſo like-

likewiſe is that, when the angel appeared to Balaam with a flaming ſword, and told him that if the aſs had not turned away from him, he (the angel) had ſlain him, Numb. xxii. 33. But we are not now ſpeaking of angels ſent out with eſpecial commiſſions to execute God's vengeance, but of the apparition of good ſpirits or angels from the inviſible world of ſpirits, who frequently appear, and ſometimes upon ſmall and very trifling occaſions, and who viſit people as well by night as by day; this we call walking, and apparition, and this is ſuch as is the ſubject of our preſent enquiry.

Of theſe it is that I ſay, however they may diſturb us, and however terrified we are about them, they very rarely do any harm.

I have heard of an apparition which came to a farmer in Surry, and threatened him that he would burn his houſe and his barn, and all his corn and hay; what his pretences were, the ſtory does not relate, or what the poor farmer had done to diſoblige him; but the man was, it ſeems, in the utmoſt conſternation, and expoſtulated with the apparition a great while; but at laſt he plucked up his ſpirits, and ſpoke with a little more courage to it.

What art thou, ſays he, that threateneſt me thus without a cauſe, and ſayeſt thou wilt ruin me, notwithſtanding I never did thee any wrong? thou ſhould'ſt be the devil, by thy uſage of me, for good ſpirits never do any injuſtice.

To this the devil anſwered in a long, and to appearance a threatening ſpeech, but in a language the poor man did not underſtand one word of.

I know not what thou ſayeſt, ſays the farmer; but I tell thee again, thou ſeemeſt to me to be the devil, or one of his angels, and I ſuppoſe thoſe are words underſtood in the bottomleſs pit; but threaten me no more with thy rage, and with burning my houſe and corn; thou art a great dragon indeed, but thou art chained,

chained, and canſt do nothing but what thou art permitted to do by thy maker, and I fear thee not. Upon which the poor man pray'd mentally that he might be delivered from the power of the devil, and away run the ſpectre, and did him no harm.

This was certainly a commendable courage, and had ſomething of the Chriſtian in it too; and ſuch a courage, and upon the like foundation, would, for ought I know, lay all the devils that ever walk'd, and drive away all the apparitions and ſpirits that people are ſo terribly haunted with, and ſo terrified about.

CHAP. ~~XI.~~ VIII

Of apparitions in dreams, and how far they are or are not real apparitions, as recorded in ſacred writ; with ſeveral curious relations.

THERE may be dreams without apparitions, as there may be apparitions without dreams; but apparition in dream may be as really an apparition as if the perſon who ſaw it was awake: The difference may be here, that the apparition in a dream is viſible to the ſoul only, for the ſoul never ſleeps; and an apparition to the eye-ſight is viſible in common perſpective.

How is it then that we ſee in our dreams the very faces and dreſs of the perſon we dream of; nay, hear their voices, and receive due impreſſions from what they ſay, and oftentimes ſpeak to them with our own voices articulately and audibly, although we are faſt aſleep? What ſecret power of the imagination is able to repreſent the image of any perſon to itſelf, if there was

was not ſome appearance, ſomething placed in the ſoul's view, by a ſecret but inviſible hand, and in an imperceptible manner? which ſomething is, in all reſpects, and to all purpoſes, as completely an apparition, as if it was placed in open ſight when the perſon was really awake.

The ſcripture confirms this opinion by many expreſſions directly to the purpoſe, and particularly this of appearing, or apparition in dream. Gen. xx. 3. "God came to Abimelech in a dream;" had it been ſaid, that Abimelech dream'd that God came to him, there might have been ſome exception to the parallel; but God actually came to him; and although Abimelech was aſleep, and in a dream, it was not the leſs an apparition, for God came to him, and ſpoke, and ſaid to him: and in the 4th verſe, Abimelech ſpoke to the apparition. Whatever the ſhape was, that the text does not mention; but Abimelech knew whom he talked with too, that's evident, for the text mentions it fully: "And he ſaid, Lord, wilt thou ſlay alſo a "righteous nation?" And ſo he goes on, verſe the fifth, to expoſtulate and plead for himſelf and his people, "ſaid he not unto me, ſhe is my ſiſter?" ſo that he knew he was ſpeaking to the lord. The text is very remarkable; it is plain that there was an apparition, but the man was aſleep and in a dream.

Again, in the caſe of Laban purſuing Jacob, Gen. xxxi. 24. "God came to Laban the Syrian in a "dream by night, and ſaid unto him." Here again is an apparition, and a ſpeaking apparition too; God came to him, and God ſpoke to him; and Laban owns, not that he dreamed of God's appearing, but that God really ſpoke to him, ver. 29. "The God of "your father ſpake to me yeſternight, ſaying."

Certainly dreams in thoſe days were another kind of thing than they are now. God ſpoke to them, and they anſwered; and when they were awake, they knew that

that it was God that ſpoke, and gave heed to the viſion or apparition of God to them.

There are many more inſtances of the like in the ſacred hiſtory; as, firſt, in the remarkable caſe of King Solomon, 1 Kings iii. 5. "The Lord appeared to So-"lomon in a dream by night, and God ſaid, aſk what "I ſhall give thee."

This is called in the ſcripture, a dream, ver. 15. "And Solomon awoke, and behold it was a dream;" and yet it is all confirmed; and the petition that Solomon made, though in his ſleep, or dream, is accepted and anſwered as his real act and deed, as if he had been awake.

That paſſage of Solomon is very remarkable to the caſe in hand. If my readers pleaſe to believe that there was ſuch a man as Solomon, and that he had ſuch a dream; they muſt allow alſo that it was a real apparition, God appeared to him in a dream.

To bring it down a ſtep lower; as God has thus perſonally appeared to men in dreams, ſo have inferior ſpirits, and we have examples of this too in the ſcripture, Matt. i. 20. "While he thought on theſe things, "behold the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in "a dream." And again, Matt. ii. 13. "Behold the "angel of the Lord appeared unto Joſeph in a dream, "ſaying:" And a third time it is repeated: "The "angel came again to him in Ægypt." ver. 19 of the ſame chapter: When Herod was dead, "Behold an "angel of the Lord appeareth in a dream to Joſeph "in Ægypt."

I will for once ſuppoſe, that no man need deſire any farther evidence than theſe, for the reality of the thing itſelf; we may bring it down from hence, by juſt parallels, to matters within our own reach; experience will furniſh us with particular paſſages ſufficient; and ſome account I ſhall give you within the compaſs of our own times, ſuch as come within the verge of my

own knowledge, or of the knowledge of ſuch as I have good reaſon to give credit to. I believe a variety will be acceptable, and much more uſeful than a bare repeating of what others have ſaid. If I find it needful to quote what others have publiſhed, you ſhall have it juſtly marked as a quotation, that you may ſearch for the truth in its original.

Before I come to quotation, or to collection of ſtory, 'tis needful to obſerve, that as it has pleaſed God to appear in this manner, and to cauſe angels to appear alſo in the ſame manner, and upon ſpecial occaſions, ſo I make no queſtion but the devil often appears in dreams too; and I might give but too many examples of it, as particularly one in the ſcripture.

It is apparent that God gave Satan a kind of general licence to afflict Job, only not to kill him: with ſuch a terrible commiſſion, it might be expected that the devil would fall upon him with the utmoſt fury he was capable of, or allowed to take; he ruined his fortunes, reduced him to miſery, murdered his children, tormented him with boils and ſores; in ſhort, left him nothing but potſherds, and an ill wife to relieve him: as he had worried him, to uſe a modern phraſe, within an inch of his life, he followed him in the night with apparition, leſt he ſhould recruit nature with reſt, and be a little refreſhed with ſleep. Job himſelf complains of it, Job vii. 14. "Thou ſcareſt me with dreams, "and terrifieſt me with viſions." Not that God appeared to Job in any frightful or terrible form; but the devil, to whom God was pleaſed to give a liberty of afflicting Job, took that liberty, and exerted his malice to the utmoſt of his power. We are not indeed told what methods the devil took to ſcare and terrify that poor diſtreſſed ſufferer; but as he can ſhew us nothing uglier and more frightful than himſelf, ſo it is very likely he appeared to him in perſon, and that in the moſt ſurprizing manner poſſible, with all the

the circumſtances of horror that he was able. But to purſue my ſubject:

The great, and perhaps one of the greateſt difficulties of life, I mean that relates to dreams, is to diſtinguiſh between ſuch as are real apparitions, and ſuch as are only the product of an incumbered brain, a diſtempered head, or, which is worſe, a diſtemper'd mind: but ſome dreams are ſo ſignificant, and there follows ſuch an immediate viſible effect, anſwering the deſigned illumination, that it cannot but be ſignificant.

The following ſtory I had from the mouth of the very perſon who was chiefly concerned in it. I mean the captain of the ſhip itſelf.

One Captain Thomas Rogers, commander of a ſhip called the Society, was bound on a voyage from London to Virginia, about the year 1694.

The ſhip was hired in London, and being ſent light, as they call it, to Virginia, for a loading of tobacco, had not many goods in her outward-bound, ſuppoſe about two or three hundred ton, which was not counted a loading, or indeed half her loading; the ſhip being very large, above five hundred tons burden.

They had had a pretty good paſſage, and the day before had had an obſervation, whereupon the mates and proper officers had brought their books, and caſt up their reckonings with the captain, to ſee how near they were to the coaſts of America; they all agreed that they were at leaſt about an hundred leagues diſtance from the capes of Virginia. Upon theſe cuſtomary reckonings, and withal heaving the lead, and finding no ground at an hundred fathom, they ſet the watch, and the captain turned in (as they call it at ſea) that is, went to bed.

The weather was good, a moderate gale of wind, and blowing fair for the coaſt; ſo that the ſhip might have run about twelve or fifteen leagues in the night, after the captain was in his cabin.

He fell aſleep, and ſlept very ſoundly for about three hours, when he waked again, and lay till he heard his ſecond mate turn out, and relieve the watch; and then he called his chief mate, as he was going off from the watch, and aſked him how all things fared; who anſwered, that all was well, and the gale freſhened, and they run at a great rate; but it was a fair wind, and a fine clear night; ſo the captain went to ſleep again.

About an hour after he had been aſleep again, he dreamed that a man pulled him, or waked him, and he did wake. I am not ſure, but I think he ſaid, the thing that waked him bade him get up, that is, turn out, and look abroad. But whether it was ſo or no, he lay ſtill, and compoſed himſelf to ſleep, and was ſuddenly awakened again, and thus ſeveral times: and though he knew not what was the reaſon, yet he found it was impoſſible for him to go to ſleep; and ſtill he heard the viſion ſay, or thought he heard it ſay, turn out and look abroad.

He lay in this uneaſineſs near two hours; but at laſt it increaſed ſo upon him, that he could lie no longer, but got up, put on his watch-gown, and comes out upon the quarter-deck; there he found his ſecond mate walking about, and the boatſwain upon the fore-caſtle, the night fine and clear, a fair wind, and all well as before.

The mate wondering to ſee him, at firſt did not know him; but calling, Who's there? the captain anſwered, and the mate returns, Who, the captain! what's the matter, Sir?

Says the captain, I don't know; but I have been very uneaſy theſe two hours, and ſome body, or my own fancy, bid me turn out, and look abroad, though I know not what can be the meaning of it.

There can be nothing in it, but ſome dream, ſays the mate.

Says

Says the captain, How does the ſhip cape?

South-weſt by ſouth, ſays the mate; fair for the coaſt, and the wind eaſt by north.

That's all very good, ſays the captain: and ſo, after ſome other uſual queſtions, he turned about to go back to his cabin; when, as if it had been ſome body that ſtood by him had ſpoke, it came into his mind like a voice. "Heave the lead, heave the lead."

Upon this, he turns again to his ſecond mate: Mate, ſays the captain, when did you heave the lead? what water had you?

About an hour ago, ſays the mate, ſixty fathom.

Heave again, ſays the captain.

There's no manner of occaſion, Sir, ſays the mate; but if you pleaſe, it ſhall be done.

I don't know, ſays the captain; 'tis needleſs indeed, I think; and ſo was going away again; but was, as it were, forced to turn back as before, and ſays to the mate, I know not what ails me, but I cannot be eaſy; come call a hand aft, and heave the lead.

Accordingly a hand was called, and the lead being caſt or heaved, as they call it, they had ground at eleven fathom.

This ſurprized them all, but much more when, at the next caſt, it came up ſeven fathom.

Upon this the captain in a fright bade them put the helm a-lée, and about ſhip, all hands being ordered to back the ſails, as is uſual in ſuch caſes.

The proper orders being obeyed, the ſhip ſtay'd preſently, and came about; and when ſhe was about, before the ſails filled, ſhe had but four fathoms and an half water under her ſtern; as ſoon as ſhe filled and ſtood off, they had ſeven fathom again, and at the next caſt eleven fathom, and ſo on to twenty fathom; ſo he ſtood off to ſeaward all the reſt of the watch, to get into deep water, 'till day-break; when, being a clear morning, there were the capes of Virginia, and

all the coaſt of America in fair view under their ſtern, and but a very few leagues diſtance: had they ſtood on but one cable's length farther, as they were going, they had been bump a-ſhore (ſo the ſailors call it) and had certainly loſt their ſhip, if not their lives.

Now, what could this be? Not the devil, that we may vouch for him; he would hardly be guilty of doing ſo much good; hardly an angel ſent from heaven expreſs, that we dare not preſume; but that it was the work of a waking providence, by ſome inviſible agent employed for that occaſion, who took ſleep from the captain's eyes; as once, in a caſe of infinitely more importance, was done to King Ahaſuerus. This we may conclude, had the captain ſlept as uſual, and as nature required, they had been all loſt; the ſhore being flat at a great diſtance, and, as I ſuppoſe, the tide low, the ſhip had been a-ground in an inſtant, and the ſea, which run high, would have broke over her, and ſoon have daſh'd her in pieces.

How it happened that the mates and other navigators on board (for it being a very great ſhip, they had ſeveral experienced men among them) ſhould all of them have kept, and yet all be out in their reckoning, and that ſo much as to think themſelves an hundred leagues from the coaſt, when they were not above twenty or twenty-five, that was to be accounted for among themſelves; but certain it was, that if it had not been for thus being alarmed in the night, the whole ſhip's company might probably have been loſt.

If this was not an apparition, it muſt be what the ſcripture calls it in another caſe, being warned of God in a dream; which by the way is the ſame thing; but here was ſomething more than being warned, for the captain owned he was in no dream; he dream'd nothing at all, much leſs any thing of danger; he went to his bed or cabbin, with all the prudent caution that any man in that important truſt of a ſhip in the ocean could

could do; and then, after having made their calculations, caſt up their reckonings, ſet their watch, and made every thing ſure, he laid down with all the ſatisfaction that it was poſſible for any man in a like caſe to have.

I come now to another relation of fact, which alſo I take upon me to vouch the reality of, having been preſent at the very inſtant of every part of it.

A perſon, whoſe name it is not ſo proper to mention here, but who may be produced if there ſhould be occaſion, being ſtill living, that was under the diſaſter, a few years ago, to fall under a party cenſure, (the occaſion is needleſs to the preſent caſe.) In hopes, upon the receſs of the Houſe, which was not far off, he ſhould (as is uſual) be at liberty, he withdrew himſelf, and avoided being taken up as much as he could; but the Houſe reſenting it, a vote was paſſed, ordering the ſecretary of ſtate to proſecute him at law: this obliged him to reſolve to leave the kingdom, and in the mean time to conceal himſelf with more exactneſs; the government having iſſued out a proclamation for apprehending him, with a reward to the perſon who ſhould diſcover where he was, ſo as he might be taken.

In order to conceal himſelf more effectually, he left his lodging where he had been hid for ſome time, and removed to Barnet, on the edge of Hertfordſhire; intending, as ſoon as he had ſettled ſome family affairs, to go away north into Scotland: but before he went away, he was obliged to come once more to London, to ſign ſome writings for the ſecuring ſome eſtate, which it was feared might be ſeized by out-law, if the proſecution had gone on ſo far.

The night before he had appointed to come to London, as above, being in bed with one Mr. R——— D———, he dream'd that he was in his lodgings at London, where he had been concealed as above, and in

in his dream he ſaw two men come to the door, who ſaid they were Meſſengers, and produced a warrant from the ſecretary of ſtate to apprehend him, and that accordingly they ſeized upon and took him.

The viſion ſurprized and waked him, and he waked Mr. D——— his brother-in-law, who was in bed with him, and told him the dream, and what a ſurprize he was in about it. Mr. D———, ſeeing it was but a dream, adviſed him to give no heed to it, but compoſe himſelf, and go to ſleep again; which he did.

As ſoon as he was faſt aſleep again, he was waked with the ſame dream exactly as before; and he awaked his brother again, as before: this diſturbed them both very much; but being heavy to ſleep, they both went to ſleep again, and dream'd no more. It is to be obſerved, that he ſaw the very men that apprehended him, their countenances, clothes, weapons, &c. and deſcribed them in the morning to his ſaid brother D——— in all the particulars.

However, the call to go to London being as he thought urgent, he got ready in the morning to ſet off, reſolving to ſtay but one day, and then ſet forward for Scotland. Accordingly, he went for London in the morning, and, that he might not be known, walked it on foot; that ſo he might go by more private ways over Enfield-Chace, and ſo to Southgate, Hornſey, &c.

All the way he walked, his mind was heavy and oppreſſed; and he frequently ſaid to his brother, who walked with him, that he was certain he was going to London to be ſurprized; and ſo ſtrong was the foreboding impreſſion upon his mind, that he once ſtopt at Hornſey, and endeavoured to get a lodging, intending to ſend his brother to London, to ſee if any thing had happened there, and to give him notice.

As he had juſt ſecured a convenient lodging, he accidentally ſaw a gentleman ſtanding at the next door, whom he knew very well, but durſt not venture to truſt

on

on that occaſion; and finding on enquiry that he dwelt there, he concluded that was no place for him, and ſo reſolved to go forwards.

The impreſſion upon his mind continuing, he ſtopt again at Iſlington, and endeavoured to get a lodging there, but could not; and at length his brother brought him word he could not get a lodging, except where it was too public. Well, ſays he, then I muſt go to London, and take what follows; or to that purpoſe; and accordingly went, and the next morning was taken by the meſſengers, juſt in the very manner as he had been told in his dream; and the very ſame two men, whoſe faces he had ſeen, and with the ſame clothes on and weapons, exactly as he had deſcribed.

This ſtory I had from his own mouth, and confirmed by Mr. R——— D———, his brother-in-law, to whom he related his viſion at the very moment of it as above.

I refer it to any impartial judgment, to weigh every circumſtance of this account (the truth of which I have not the leaſt reaſon to queſtion) and to tell me, by what powers, and from what influence, could theſe things be performed, if there were no inviſible world, and no inhabitants there, who concerned themſelves with our affairs? no good ſpirits which converſed with our embodied ſpirits, and gave us due intelligence, notice, and warning of approaching danger.

If there is any difficulty in this caſe, it ſeems to me to be in the event of the thing, as in the caſe mentioned: Why was not the intelligence made ſo complete, ſo forcible, and the impreſſion ſo plain, that the perſon, in whoſe favour it was all done, might have been effectually alarmed, his going forward ſtopt, and conſequently the miſchief which was at hand, and which he had the notice of, effectually prevented?

It is not indeed ſo eaſy to anſwer that part; but it may be reſolved into this, that the fault ſeems to be our own,

own, that we do not give due attention to ſuch notice, as might be ſufficient to our deliverance.

Thus, if the inviſible ſpirits give a due alarm, they do their part; if they jog us and awaken us in a deep ſleep, and pull us again and again, and give us notice that ſomething is coming, that ſome danger is at the door; if we ſtill ſleep on 'till it comes, if we will go on, happen whatever may, the kind ſpirit has done its duty, diſcharged its office, and if we fall into the miſchief, the fault is our own, we can by no means blame the inſufficiency of the notice, and ſay, to what purpoſe is it? ſeeing we had due and timely warning, but would not take the hint; we had due notice of the danger, and would not ſtep out of the way to avoid it; the fault is wholly our own,

Another account I had a ſufficient voucher for, tho' the gentleman is now dead; but I had great reaſon to believe the truth of it.

A young gentleman of good birth and fortune, in the beginning of the late war with France, had a great inclination to ſee the world, as he called it, and reſolved to go into the army; his father was dead, and had left him a good eſtate, beſides his mother's jointure, which at her death would fall to him of courſe.

His mother earneſtly intreated him not to go into the army, but perſuaded him rather to travel, that ſo he might ſee the world, as ſhe ſaid, without feeling the calamities of the war, and without hazarding his life.

He told her, travelling indeed in time of peace was all a gentleman could do, and was at beſt very expenſive; but that now was the time a man might ſee the world at the expence of the public, and perhaps might make his fortune too.

His mother repreſented to him the danger of his life, and bade him conſider how many gentlemen went into the army, and of them, how few had lived to come home

home again, much leſs to riſe to any degree of preferment.

He made light of that, and told his mother, that if he happened to be knock'd on the head, there was an end of him, and he was provided for.

Well, ſon, ſays the old lady, I am obliged to ſubmit to it, you are your own maſter; I can but intreat you not to go, you have eſtate enough to make you eaſy; therefore have no need to run the riſk.

He ſlighted all her intreaties; and at length mortgaged part of his eſtate to purchaſe a company in the firſt regiment of guards, and entered into the army.

The night before he ſigned the agreement for the company, being in bed and faſt aſleep, he ſaw in a dream his father come to him in his gown, and with a great fur cap on, ſuch as he uſed to wear: and calling him by his name, What is the reaſon, ſays he, that you will not liſten to the intreaties of your mother not to go to the wars? I do aſſure you, that if you reſolve to take this commiſſion, you will not enjoy it three years.

Why, ſays he (in his dream) what will hinder me? being, it ſeems, deſirous to know ſomething of his fortune.

Aſk me not the particulars, ſays the apparition, but either decline the employ, or when you have enjoyed it two years and an half, ſell out again, as I did before you.

I cannot promiſe that, ſays he.

Then you may promiſe yourſelf, ſays the apparition, that it ſhall be worſe.

He ſeemed to ſlight the admonition, and ſaid, it was too late to look back.

Too late! too late! ſays the apparition, repeating the words; then go on, and repent too late.

He was not much affected with this apparition, when he waked, and found it was but a dream; for dreams,

ſaid

ſaid he, are not to be heeded; ſo he went on, and bought the commiſſion.

A few days after the commiſſion was bought, the father appeared again, not to him, but to his mother, in a dream too as before; and taking notice to her, how his ſon had rejected her admonition, it added,

'Young heads are wilful: Robert will go into the 'army; but tell him from me, he ſhall never come 'back.'

All theſe notices were of no force with this young gentleman; but as he had reſolved, ſo he purſued his reſolution, and went into the army; and two battalions of that regiment going into the field that ſummer, his company was one, and was ordered into Flanders.

He wanted no occaſion to ſhow his bravery, and in ſeveral warm actions came off with applauſe; ſo that he was far from being ſuſpected of cowardice: But one day, and in the third year of his ſervice, the army was drawn out in order of battle, the General having received certain advice, that the enemy would come and attack them. As he ſtood at the head of his company, he was ſuddenly ſeized with a cold ſhivering fit, and it was ſo violent that ſome officers who were near him, every one at their poſt, perceived it.

As it was to no purpoſe for him to conceal it, he turned to his lieutenant, who ſtood next to him, and from whoſe mouth I received this particular account: I cannot imagine, ſays he, what is the occaſion of this ſhaking fit.

It is your eagerneſs to fall on, ſays the lieutenant, I have often been ſo, and begin to be ſo now; I wiſh the French would come on, that we might have ſomething to do.

It continued about a quarter of an hour, and the enemy did come on as was expected; but the fight began upon the left, at a good diſtance from them,

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ſo that the whole left wing was engaged before they began.

While this laſted, the lieutenant called to the gentleman; Colonel, ſays he, how do you do? I hope your ſhivering fit is over.

No, ſays the colonel, 'tis not over; but 'tis a little better.

It will be all over preſently, ſays the lieutenant.

Ay, ſo 'twill, ſays the colonel, I am very eaſy, I know what 'twas now; and with that he called the lieutenant to come to him for a moment.

When he came, ſays he, I know now what ailed me, I am very eaſy, I have ſeen my father; I ſhall be killed the firſt volley; let my mother know I told you this.

In a few minutes after this, a body of the enemy advanced, and the very firſt volley the regiment received, was the fire of five platoons of grenadiers, by which the captain and ſeveral other officers, beſides private men, were killed, and the whole brigade was ſoon after put into confuſion; though being ſupported by ſome regiments of the ſecond line, they rallied again ſoon after; the captain's body was preſently recovered; but he was irrecoverably dead, for he received a ſhot in his face, which killed him immediately.

If all the notices from the inviſible world could have been of any uſe to him, or he had been to be wrought upon by cautions and advices, which nothing but a moſt obſtinate temper would have ſo totally diſregarded, the man had been ſafe. But what can be expected, when men are as plainly informed of things, as by ſuch methods can be ſuppoſed rational, and will not take the hint?

The following is part viſion, part apparition, and ſeems to make one be an evidence of the other, and therefore is very particularly to my purpoſe.

T—— H——, a gentleman of fortune, eldeſt

ſon of the family, whoſe father was a baronet, and of an honourable line, and then living, being a young man, and a man of pleaſure, had an intrigue with a certain lady, in which his younger brother (of the two rather more gay, and given to it more than himſelf) was his rival: The lady was handſome, and of no deſpicable fortune, but much inferior to the eldeſt ſon of the family, whoſe fortune was near two thouſand pounds per Annum, after the death of his father Sir G—— H———.

The younger gentleman was really in love with the lady, and inclined to marry her, if he could bring his father to conſent to it, and had two or three times ſpoken to the old Knight about it; nor was his father much averſe to it, only he thought her fortune too ſmall.

Sir G—— told his ſon, if he had been his eldeſt, he ſhould have been eaſier in the propoſal, becauſe his paternal eſtate being free, and perfectly unincumbered, he thought the heir was not under that neceſſity of making his fortune by a wife; but that a younger brother ought always to ſeek to mend his circumſtances.—He uſed to jeſt with his ſon, and tell him, it was this made him connive at his way of life; that a younger brother ſhould be handſome, be a ſcholar, dreſs, and be gay; the firſt, to recommend him to the court, the ſecond to recommend him to the ladies; that the heir, having no need, was often left to be a booby knight, juſt able to write his own name, halloo to his own dogs, and ride the light ſaddle; but as he had ſeldom any ſhare of brains, nature wiſely gave the wit to one, and the eſtate to the other; ſo, ſays the Knight, your brother has his affairs in a quite different ſituation.

Theſe good-natured kind of arguments the old Knight uſed with his younger ſon, to perſuade him againſt marrying the lady; but he did not abſolutely forbid him, on pain of his diſpleaſure, and of withdrawing

drawing his hand from him, with reſpect to money, ſo that the young gentleman kept the lady company openly; and though he had not yet made the marriage propoſal to her, yet he really deſigned it.

On the other hand, the 'Squire, as they called him, kept her company, on another and a far worſe account, deſigning to make a miſtreſs of her, and not a wife.

Upon theſe widely different views, the brothers often met at her aunt's, where ſhe lived.

The elder brother had this advantage in his intereſt, (viz.) that the lady loved him, and would have been very well pleaſed, if he had courted her for marriage, but that was not his deſign; ſo that, in a word, the caſe ſtood thus; the younger brother loved the lady, but the lady loved the 'Squire.

The gentlemen carried on their affairs ſeparately, and each in his own way, but were neither of them ſo cloſe as to conceal from each other their deſigns, though they did not fully diſcover what their pretenſions were. However, I have already mentioned, they often met at the lady's apartment, where it was not long before they came to a converſation upon the ſubject, and this unhappily embroiled them together at laſt, as you ſhall ſee preſently.

The elder brother began one evening to be a little rough with his brother upon the ſubject: Jack, ſays the eldeſt, you and I often meet here; I don't underſtand it; pray what do you pretend to do? 'tis a little odd, that two brothers ſhould have but one miſtreſs; pr'ythee, Jack, don't let us turn Italians.

Nay, ſays Jack, what do you pretend to; if either of us are in the wrong, I believe it is always on your ſide.

No, ſays Tom, I don't allow that neither; I am right, I am ſure of it; I am always right, and I will be right; pray take notice of that.

I take notice of nothing about it, not I, ſays Jack; all the world knows that I am right, and they ſhall know it, and you ſhall know it too, Tom ——

Well, pr'ythee, Jack, ſays Tom, alter one piece of your conduct, I deſire that of you.

What conduct? I don't underſtand you; but if I did, I know no conduct of mine that is amiſs, and I ſhall not alter it, I aſſure you.

Why, this it is, that when I meet you here, which I think is a little too often, ſays the 'Squire, I obſerve you always ſtrive to ſtay after me, and to have me go away firſt; I tell you, I don't like it.

I ſhall alter nothing about that, I aſſure you, ſays Jack; I think I have more buſineſs here than you have; and as for your meeting me here too often, I think ſo too; I think you do come a little too often, unleſs you came with an honeſter deſign.

You are very pert, Mr. Jack, to your elder brother; I think I muſt handle you a little, ſays Tom.

Why, good Mr. elder brother 'Squire Thomas, ſays Jack, when you are Baronet, you may take upon you a little; but till then, the cap and the knee is not ſo much your due, as you may think it is.

Look you, Jack, ſays the 'Squire, I am not jeſting with you, nor I won't be jeſted with by you; the beſt anſwer a gentleman can give to a jeſt, is a box on the ear.

Why, Sir, ſays Jack, I muſt call myſelf a gentleman as well as you, or elſe I could not have the honour to call you brother: and ſince you are diſpoſed to be in earneſt, I take leave to tell you, Sir, I will be uſed like a gentleman, and if you don't know how to do it, I am able to teach you.

They were now both very hot; for upon the laſt words of his brother, the 'Squire laid hold of his cane, at which the younger laid hold of his ſword. Look you, Sir, ſays he, if you are diſpoſed to treat your bro-

ther

ther thus, take notice, Sir, my father's ſon may be killed, but he can't be caned; and I won't take the leaſt offer towards it at your hand; I am ready for you when you pleaſe.

Some company that were not far off, and friends to both, ran in upon this, and kept them aſunder for that time, but they ſoon met again at the ſame place; and though it was two or three days, or more, yet they ſoon began the ſame kind of diſcourſe; and, what was ſtill worſe, the elder brother, who was certainly in the wrong, yet always began the diſcourſe.

It happened, they met the laſt time at the lady's lodgings, and were let into her parlour, but the lady unluckily happened to be abroad; ſhe had charged her maid, if ever the gentlemen came when ſhe was abroad, ſhe ſhould never let them both in, or at leaſt not both into the ſame room; for ſhe had perceived they began to be very uneaſy one with another; ſhe knew they were both hot and angry, and ſhe was afraid of ſome miſchief between them, notwithſtanding they were brothers.

But ſome of her aunt's ſervants happening to come to the door, when the eldeſt of the gentlemen knock'd, they happen'd to take him to the ſame parlour where the younger brother was waiting before for the lady's return.

This was as unluckily pointed for what follow'd, as if the devil, who is always ready for miſchief, had contrived it on purpoſe; for the brothers were no ſooner met, but they fell to quarrelling.

Well, Jack, ſays the elder brother, you will, it ſeems, keep your haunt here, notwithſtanding what I ſaid to you.

I do not really underſtand what you mean by your way of talking, ſays Jack; you ſeem to take a liberty with me, you have no right to.

What liberty do I take? ſays the 'Squire. I aſked

you what buſineſs you had here with Miſs ——? Was that taking too much liberty? if that is any offence, I aſk you again.

And I told you, ſays Jack, I ſhould give no account of that; did I not? Was that an offence to you? If it was, I ſee no help for it; I ſhall give you the ſame anſwer now: I cannot imagine what you mean by aſking me ſuch a queſtion.

I know what I mean by it, and I ſhall expect a better anſwer; I tell you in a very few words, ſays the 'Squire.

Nay, if you have a mind to make a quarrel of it, you are welcome, ſays Jack; I'll make as few words as you pleaſe; only let me know your pleaſure; tell me what you would have, and you ſhall have a direct anſwer, or a direct refuſal at once.

Why, my queſtion is ſhort, ſays the 'Squire. What do you viſit Miſs —— for? You may eaſily underſtand me.

I ſhall anſwer it with the ſame queſtion, ſays Jack: Pray what do you viſit her for?

Why, that's as rude as you can anſwer an elder brother, ſays the 'Squire, and as ſpiteful; but few words are beſt, Jack; I viſit her for that which bears no rival: I hope you underſtand me now.

Well, and I do the ſame, ſays Jack; but there is one queſtion between us then, that carries matter of right with it, and that is, who viſited her firſt?

Why, that's true, Jack, ſays the 'Squire, in ſome caſes, but not in love; priority is no claim there; I ſhall not trouble myſelf about it.

Then I'm ſure, ſays Jack, being an elder brother is no claim; ſo I ſhall take no notice of that.

No, no, ſays the 'Squire, I do not expect it; there are no relatives in whoring, Jack. I know no brother, or father, uncle or couſin, when I talk of my miſtreſs.

Very

Very well, ſays Jack, now you have anſwered me more particularly than it may be you intended; and perhaps we may come to an underſtanding ſooner than I expected.

What do you mean, ſays the 'Squire, by an underſtanding?

Nay, what can I mean? I mean that you give me to underſtand, that you court Miſs ——— to make a whore of her.

Better language, Jack, however, ſays the 'Squire: a miſtreſs, you ſhould ſay.

Not I, ſays Jack, 'twill bear no better language; a whore's a whore, you know; call it what you will, 'tis the ſame thing to me.

Well, and ſuppoſe it thus, what buſineſs have you with it?

Why, ſuppoſe then that I court the ſame lady for a wife, I hope I have the better of you there.

Not at all, Jack, ſays the 'Squire, I don't allow you ſhould make a wife of my miſtreſs.

Nor I can't allow, ſays Jack, that you ſhould make a whore of my wife.

But I ſhall make no ſcruple of it, I aſſure you, ſays the 'Squire, if ſhe is willing, for all you are my brother, I ſhall do it if I can.

And I won't flatter you; that, let her be willing or not, if you really do it, ſays Jack, I ſhall make no ſcruple to cut your throat for it, if I can, for all you are my brother.

Very well, Jack, ſays the 'Squire, then I know what I have to truſt to.

It's very true, ſays Jack, 'tis the old road of knight-errantry, Sir; win her and wear her, is the word.

And what muſt be done then? ſays the 'Squire.

Nay, ſays Jack, I need not tell you what to do; I tell you ſhe's my wife; I think that's enough to tell you what you ought to do.

And

And I tell you, ſays the 'Squire, ſhe's my miſtreſs; that's enough to tell you; you are a cuckold, or ſhall be ſo; I think it fair, to tell you before-hand.

And I think, ſays Jack, that's telling me I muſt cut your throat before-hand too; for I will neither be a cuckold, or be ſo called by you, or any man alive.

N. B. At this the younger brother roſe up in a violent rage, and went away; and the elder brother, as hot as he, told him, as he went out, he did well to leave him in poſſeſſion.

This urged him yet more; and he turned back, and ſaid, I hope you will have the manners to follow me.

No, Jack, ſays the 'Squire, and ſwore to him, you ſhan't fight for my miſtreſs, and my eſtate too; I'll take care firſt you ſhall get nothing by me.

With all my heart, ſays Jack, we always give a rogue time at the gallows to ſay his prayers, you know.

I ſhall correct you for your impudence, Sir, to-morrow morning, without fail, ſays the 'Squire.

Muſt I wait upon your Worſhip ſo long? ſays Jack: adding ſomething very bitter, as if his brother was too much a coward to go on with it. But it appeared otherwiſe, for that very evening he received a challenge from the 'Squire, appointing time and place to meet the next morning at five o'clock.

Theſe two raſh, hot-headed young fellows were carried into this fit of rage by the violence rather of their fiery ſpirits and paſſions, than of their real jealouſy; for they had ſcarce either of them begun to engage with the lady, one way or other; but being hot and heady, they raiſed the ſtorm between themſelves, and the match and the tinder meeting, the flame broke out by the mere nature of the thing.

But my buſineſs is not to moralize upon the ſtory, but to relate the fact. The challenge being given, they had no more to do but to meet, fight, play the butcher

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butcher upon one another, and leave the conſequences to time.

The father, the good old Knight, who was then living, could know nothing of what had paſſed between his ſons, for he was at that very time down at his country ſeat in Wiltſhire, at leaſt ſixty miles from London.

On the morrow early, according to agreement, the brothers prepared themſelves for the buſineſs, and out they went, by different ways, to the place appointed, becauſe their lodgings were in different parts of the town.

The younger brother, whoſe blood it ſeems was warmeſt, was firſt out, and it was ſcarce day-light, when he came within ſight of the place appointed; there he ſaw his brother, as he ſuppoſed him to be, walking haſtily to and fro', as if he waited with impatience for his coming.

Nay, ſays he to himſelf, I am ſure I am within the time; however, don't be impatient, brother Tom, I'll be with you preſently; and with that he mended his pace. He had not gone many ſteps more, but he ſaw his brother (as he ſtill thought him to be) coming forward, as if it was to meet him, and with his ſword drawn in his hand.

You are mighty nimble with your ſword (ſaid he again to himſelf) what, did you think I would not give you time to draw? But how was he ſurprized, when he came up to him, and found it was not his brother, but his father; and that, inſtead of a ſword in his hand, he had nothing but a ſmall cane, ſuch as the old Knight generally walked with!

He was the more at a ſtand, becauſe he ſuppoſed his father was, as is ſaid above, at his ſeat in the country, above ſixty miles off: however, he was out of doubt, when he not only ſaw him nearer hand, but that his father ſpoke to him.

Why

Why how now, Jack, ſays the old gentleman, what, * challenge, and draw upon your father!

* When he thought he ſaw his brother with his ſword in his hand, he had laid his hand on his ſword.

You may be ſure, Sir, ſays he, I did not ſuppoſe it was you. I make no doubt but you know whom I expected here; 'tis a poor cowardly ſhift for him firſt to challenge his brother, and then ſend you in his ſtead; you would not have done ſo yourſelf, when you was a young man.

'Tis no time to talk now, Jack, ſays the father; I have your challenge here, and I am come to fight you, not to talk to you; therefore draw, ſays he; you know there's no relation in love; and with that his father draws his ſword, and advances upon him.

Draw! ſays Jack, what, upon my father! Heavens forbid! no, I'll be murdered firſt.

But his father advancing again, and with a furious countenance, as if he would indeed kill him, Jack pulls out his ſword and ſcabbard, and throwing it on the ground, cry'd out, There, Sir, take it, kill me with it; for God's ſake, what do you mean?

But his father, as it were, running upon him, Jack turns from him, and giving a ſpring out of his power, ſeems reſolved to run from him: at which his father ſtoops, takes up his ſword, and ſtood ſtill.

The young gentleman, ſurprized and amazed at the rencounter, was all in terror and confuſion, and knew not what to do; but going back a conſiderable way, and obſerving that his father was gone, as he thought, he reſolved, though he had no ſword, he would go to the place appointed, and ſee if his brother was come; for he ſhould not be able to ſay he did not meet him, however he was thus ſtrangely diſarmed.

Accordingly, he went back to the place, and ſat himſelf down on the ground, waiting near two hours there,

there, but heard nothing of his brother; but as he came away again, at the end of the two hours, he found his ſword lying juſt in the place where it was thrown down, or as near the place as he could imagine, tho' he was ſure it was not there when he went the ſecond time by the place.

This ſurprized him ſtill more, and he knew not what to make of it; but he took up the ſword, and went home, wondering at what the meaning of all this ſhould be.

He had not been long at home, before his brother's ſervant comes to his lodgings with a very civil meſſage from the 'Squire, to know how he did; and the ſervant was bid to aſk him, from his brother, if he had not met with ſomething extraordinary that morning, and to tell him that he (his brother) was very ill, or he would have come to ſee him.

The oddneſs of this meſſage added to the ſurprize he was in before; upon which he called the meſſenger up ſtairs, and talked with him thus;

J. What's the matter, Will? how does my brother do?

Will. My maſter gives his ſervice to your Worſhip, and ſent me to know how you do.

J. Indeed, I'm a little out of order; but how is your maſter? what's the matter?

Will. Why truly, and't pleaſe your Worſhip, I don't know what's the matter; I think my maſter has been frighted this morning.

J. Frighted, Will! with what, pr'ythee? your maſter is not eaſily frighted.

Will. Why no, and't pleaſe you, I know he is not; but this has been ſomething extraordinary; I don't know how it is, for I was not with my maſter; but they talk in the houſe, that he has ſeen his father, or ſeen an apparition in his father's ſhape.

J. Why ſo have I too, Will; now you frighten me indeed,

indeed, for I made light of it before; why, it was my father to be ſure.

Will. No, Sir, alas, your father! why, my old maſter was at Sarum in Wiltſhire, and very ill in his bed, but laſt Friday; I came from him, my maſter ſent me to him on an errand.

J. And did you ſee him yourſelf, Will?

Will. If your Worſhip pleaſe to give me my oath, I'll take my oath I ſaw him, and ſpoke to him, in his bed, and very ill he was; I hope your Worſhip will believe I know my old maſter.

J. Yes, yes, you know him, no doubt, Will. I think you lived four years with him, did you not?

Will. I dreſs'd him and undreſs'd him five years and a half, an't pleaſe you; I think I may ſay I know him in his clothes, or out of them.

J. Well, William, and I hope you will allow that I know my own father too, or him I have called father theſe thirty years.

Will. Yes to be ſure, an't pleaſe you.

J. Well then, tell my brother, it was either my father or the devil; I both ſaw him and ſpoke with him, and I am frighted out of my wits.

Away went Will with this meſſage back to his maſter, and his maſter immediately went with Will to ſee his brother.

As ſoon as he came into the room to his brother, he runs to him, and kiſſes him: Dear Jack, ſays he, what has been the matter with us to-day? We have both play'd the fool, but forgive me my part, and tell me what has happened.

Jack received him with all the tenderneſs imaginable, and they fell immediately to comparing things with one another. Will had told his brother in general how it was, as the younger brother had ordered him; that he had ſeen his father, and ſpoke to him; and now he told him all the particulars himſelf, as I

have

have related them above, and how he came at him with ſuch fury, that he really thought he would have run him through the body, had he not ran away from him.

The 'Squire related his ſtory much to the ſame purpoſe; that as he was coming to the place appointed, his father met him, and aſked him whither he was going; that he put him off with a ſlight anſwer, and told him, he was going to Kenſington to meet ſome gentlemen there, who were to go with him to Hampton-Court.

That upon this, his father ſeemed very angry; and I obſerved, ſaid he, his face looked as red as fire; he ſtamped with his foot, as he uſed to do when he was provoked, and told me I put him off with a ſham: that he knew my errand as well as I did myſelf; that I was going to murder my younger brother, and that he was come to ſatisfy my fury with his blood, and I ſhould murder him, not my brother.

I was ſo confounded, ſaid the 'Squire, I could not ſpeak to him for ſome time; but recovering myſelf a little, and going to excuſe myſelf, he grew more angry; when I ſaid, my pretenſions towards Miſs ——— were as honeſt as yours were, he gave me the lye, and indeed, Jack, I deſerved it; though I could not imagine how he knew all this; but he told me, in ſhort, that I lyed, for that I courted her to debauch her, but that you courted her honourably, to marry her, and he had given his conſent to it.

I was then confounded, and begged his pardon; ſo he bade me go home, and be reconciled to my brother, or that he would talk other language to me the next time he ſaw me. And now, dear Jack, ſays the 'Squire, I am come to aſk your pardon, not only in obedience to my father's commands, but really on my own account; for I am convinced I was in the wrong with you very much.

You may be aſſured, the brothers were immediately as good friends as ever they were in their lives. But ſtill Jack was uneaſy about this being the real appearance of his father; and the words of his brother's man William ran in his mind all that night; for as to this firſt meeting, it was ſo taken up with the ecſtaſies of their reconciliation, that they had no time for any thing elſe.

But the next morning the young gentleman went to ſee his brother, to return his viſit, and talk things over again.

Dear brother, ſays Jack, I am very uneaſy about one part of our ſtory ſtill; I am glad from my ſoul, that you and I are brought to underſtand one another, and I hope it will never be otherwiſe: but I cannot be thoroughly ſatisfied about who it was that made peace between us; if what your man William ſays be true, it could never be my father.

Nay, ſays the 'Squire, Will told me, that you ſaid it was my father, or the devil.

Why yes, I did ſo, ſays Jack, but that was to intimate my certainty of its not being my father; not that I ſuppoſed it was the devil. But pray how long has my father been in town?

Nay, ſays the 'Squire, I did not know that he was in town; but that I ſaw him, I am certain of.

But did not you ſend William down to him, ſays Jack, into the country? and is it poſſible he could come up to town ſince that time?

Yes, yes, he might come up, ſays the 'Squire; he often drives it in a day and an half; ſometimes in a day; ſix horſes go at a great rate, you know.

But pray what think you of it yourſelf? you ſaw him as well as I. Was it really my father? Your man William ſays, it was impoſſible; beſides, he ſays my father was very ill, and kept his bed.

William does ſay, he was much out of order, but he did

did not ſay he kept his bed; but I confeſs I never entered into that diſpute in my thoughts: 'Twas my father ſure! What elſe could it be? As you ſaid, brother, it muſt be my father, or the devil.

Nay, I don't know what to ſay neither, brother, ſays Jack, as to its being the devil. I cannot think that the devil and my father have any manner of correſpondence.

Beſides, brother, ſays the 'Squire, how ſhould the devil owe you and I ſo much good-will, as to concern himſelf to reconcile us? I believe he had much rather have ſeen us murder one another, as we were in a fair way to have done.

I rather believe, ſays Jack, he had a hand in making us quarrel.

Ay, indeed, ſo do I, ſays the 'Squire: I think, for my part, I was mad; and, as folks commonly ſay, the devil was in me, or I ſhould never have been ſuch a fool.

Well, but brother, ſays the young gentleman, how ſhall we come at the bottom of this matter? We both think it was my father, and we both think it can hardly be him neither; and we both think it was not the devil.

Ay, ſays the 'Squire, and if it ſhould be neither my father nor the devil, what ſhall we ſay then?

Why, that, indeed, makes me ſo impatient to have it out: Now I'll tell you one thing, which alarms me a little too: I have ſent to Mr. ——'s, where you know my father always lodges, and to the Black-Swan Yard, where you know his coach ſtands, and they all ſay he is not in town, and that he is to be in town about ſix weeks hence.

Why, that's extraordinary too, I confeſs, ſays the 'Squire; I never thought of it, becauſe I never entertained any jealouſy of this kind, it was quite out of my

head; but, upon my word, you make me very uneaſy about it now.

For my part, ſays the younger brother, I would give any thing to come to a certainty about it; I have a great inclination to take my horſe, and go down on purpoſe.

Then I'll go with you, with all my heart, ſays the 'Squire.

To bring the matter to a concluſion, the two brothers agreed, and away they both went to ſee their father. The very day they took horſe to go down, but ſome hours after they were gone, came a letter to the elder brother's houſe from their father; the contents of which I ſhall take notice of preſently.

And firſt I am to obſerve, that when they came to their father, they found him at home, and very ill, nor had he even been from home; but was greatly concerned for the ſafety of his ſons, upon the following occaſion.

The night before he wrote the letter, ſpoken of above, he was ſurprized in his ſleep with a dream, or rather a viſion, that his two ſons had fallen out about a miſtreſs; that they had quarrelled to ſuch a degree, as to challenge one another, and were gone out into the fields to fight; but that ſome body had given him notice of it, and he had got up in the morning at four o'clock to meet and prevent them.

Upon this dream, he awaked in great diſorder and terror; however, finding it but a dream, he had compoſed his mind, and gotten to ſleep again: but that he dream'd it again in ſo lively a manner, that he was forced to call up his man, that waited on him, to ſit up the reſt of the night with him; and he was frighted, and much out of order with the fright.

That, in conſequence of this dream, he had ſent a ſervant up expreſs, with orders to ride night and day, to enquire how his ſons did, and to bring him word if there

there had been any ſuch breach among them; and earneſtly to preſs them, if ſuch a breach had happened, that they would conſent to let him mediate between them, that it might go no farther, 'till he could come up, that ſo he might put an end to their reſentments, and make peace among them, according to his dreams; and this was the contents of the letter, mentioned above, that came to hand in a few hours after they were ſet out.

It cannot be doubted, but it was very confounding to his ſons, to hear the account their father gave them of his dream, or rather viſion, about their quarrel; and it was equally amazing to ſee it confirmed by all the true particulars; alſo that the old gentleman, to be ſure, could not have been at London, for he had ſcarce been a whole day from off his bed.

They conferred together ſeriouſly upon the private queſtion, (viz.) Whether they ſhould tell their father the ſtory of their quarrel, but eſpecially of their ſeeing him ſeverally, and his really parting them, or preventing their fighting.

Upon the whole, they concluded not to let their father know of his likeneſs (as they called it) appearing to them, leſt it might diſquiet him too much; and as to the reſt, they were perfectly reconciled again; they ſaid, there was no manner of occaſion to mention it at all; ſo they only paid their compliments as a viſit of duty, to ſee how their father did, and to aſk his bleſſing; William having told them, that he was ill; and as for his letter, they could happily tell him they had not ſeen it.

According to this reſolution, they performed the ceremony of viſiting their father, and made haſte away again, that they might converſe the more freely about this ſtrange conjunction of circumſtances, which had in it ſo many things ſurprizing to their thoughts, and even to their underſtandings; for they knew not what

to make of it, nor indeed could they form any thing of it but this, which is to my purpoſe exactly, and which is the reaſon of my relating the whole ſtory; namely, that here was a double apparition within the compaſs of our propoſed ſyſtem.

1. Here was the apparition of the living perſon of their father, without his participation in the action: his face, voice, and perhaps habit, was aſſumed, and yet he himſelf knew nothing of the matter, neither was he in the leaſt concerned in it, or acquainted with it.

2. Here was an apparition to the father in a dream; 'twas a plain viſion, the thing that was true in fact was revealed to him in his ſleep, which is the very ſubject I am now ſpeaking of. The ſons were repreſented, or appeared to him, quarrelling, and in a ſtate of feud, as they really were; and yet neither of them knew any thing of the matter.

From hence it neceſſarily follows, that a ſpirit, or inviſible being, let it be called what we pleaſe, may take upon it the ſhape, face, or voice of any living perſon, whom it pleaſes to repreſent, without the knowledge, conſent, or concurrence of the perſon ſo repreſented, in any manner whatſoever.

And from hence alſo it is evident, that dreams are ſometimes to be called, and really are, apparitions, as much as thoſe other viſible apparitions, which are ſeen when we are (as we call it) broad awake; that apparition is to the eye of the ſoul, and as it is ſo, it may be ſeen as well ſleeping as waking, for the imagination ſleeps not; the ſoul ceaſes indeed to act organically, but it ceaſes not to act as a ſoul, and in a ſpiritual manner, and conſequently can act upon ſpiritual objects; and that as well in ſleep as at any other time.

CHAP.

CHAP. IXII.

Of apparitions ſaid to appear juſt at the time when the perſon repreſented is ſaid to be departing; the fiction of it confuted.

THERE is a great clamour, as I might juſtly call it, raiſed about people's appearing juſt at the time of their expiring; and ſo exactly, they will tell us, as to time, as if, tho' a thouſand miles off, the ſoul was in apparition the ſame moment. I ſee no foundation for any of theſe relations, much leſs for the circumſtances; and yet the apparition itſelf may be really true in fact: ſuch a man appeared to his wife, ſuch another to his ſon, and the like; and they ſet down the time, adding, and that very moment, as near as could be calculated, he died, perhaps at the Eaſt-Indies, or at ſea at ſome vaſt diſtance.

A certain lady of my acquaintance going out of her chamber into a cloſet in the adjoining room, ſaw her huſband walking along in the room before her: ſhe immediately comes down in a great ſurpriſe, tells the family ſhe had ſeen her huſband, and ſhe was ſure it was he; tho' at the ſame time ſhe knew her huſband (who was the commander of a ſhip) was at Sea, on a voyage to or from the Capes of Virginia.

The family takes the alarm, and tells her, that, to be ſure, her huſband was dead, and that ſhe ſhould be ſure to ſet down the day of the month, and the hour of the day; and it was ten thouſand to one but ſhe ſhould find that he died that very moment, or as near as could be found out.

About two months after, her huſband comes home very well, but had an accident befell him in his voyage, viz. that ſtepping into the boat, or out of the boat, he fell into the ſea, and was in danger of being loſt;

loſt; and this they calculated upon to be as near the time as they could judge, that he appeared to his wife. Now, if this was his ghoſt, or apparition of his ſoul, in the article of death, it ſeems his ſoul was miſtaken, and did not know whether it was diſmiſſed or not; which is a little ſtrange, I muſt confeſs; but of that hereafter.

Sir John Owen was a perſon of note, and of well-known credit; his lady and one of her ſons lived here in London; and being of a gay diſpoſition, and given to live high and expenſive, it was thought ſhe ſpent beyond what the Knight could afford, and that he was ſenſible of it, and uneaſy about it. She had a very good houſe in London, and a country houſe, or lodgings for the ſummer, at Hampſtead, and kept a great equipage; the conſequence of theſe things did at laſt prove, that Sir John's diſlike of it was juſtly founded; but that's by the by.

It happened one day, the lady being at her country lodgings, a perſon well dreſſed, appearing very much like a gentleman, came to her city houſe, and knocking at the door, aſked the maid if there were any lodgings to be let there, and if her lady was at home; the maid anſwered No, there were no lodgings to let there; and ſpeaking as if it was with ſome reſentment, Lodgings! ſays ſhe, No, I think not! my lady does not uſe to let lodgings. Well but, ſweet-heart, ſays he, don't be diſpleaſed, your lady has had ſome thoughts of ſtaying at her ſummer lodgings all the winter, and ſo would diſpoſe of ſome apartments here for the parliament ſeaſon; and I am directed by herſelf to look upon the rooms, and give my anſwer; let me but juſt ſee them, child, I ſhall do you no harm: ſo he ſtep'd in, and as it were puſh'd by her, going into the firſt parlour, and ſat down in an eaſy chair, his ſervant ſtaying at the door; and as the maid did not apprehend any miſchief, ſhe went in after him;

for

for he did not look like one that came with an ill deſign, or to rob the houſe, but look'd like a gentleman that could have no ſuch intent; ſo I ſay ſhe went in after him.

When ſhe came in, he roſe up, and looking about the room, he found fault with every thing there, even the furniture, and the diſpoſition of it; nothing pleaſed him; but this was not becauſe they were not good enough for him, but that all was too good, and too rich, far above her quality that owned it; and ſaid, that the lady did not know what ſhe did, that it was an expence ſhe could not carry on, and her eſtate would not ſupport it; and that ſuch a way of living would bring her and all the family to ruin and beggary, and the like.

By and by ſhe carried him into another parlour, and there he found fault in the ſame manner: he told her, he was ſurprized at what her lady meant, and that ſhe lived at ſo extravagant a rate as Sir John's eſtate could never maintain, but would run him into debt, and ruin him; and ſo he would be undone by her extravagance.

Upon this the maid began to take him ſhort a little, and told him, that this was all out of the way to what he came about; if the lodgings were too good for him, that was his buſineſs indeed, but elſe he had nothing to do with her lady's conduct, and how ſhe pleaſed to furniſh her houſe; that her maſter was a gentleman of a great eſtate, and had large plantations in Jamaica; that he conſtantly ſupply'd her lady with money ſufficient for her ſupport, and for all her expences; and ſhe wondered he ſhould trouble himſelf with that which ſhe was ſure was none of his buſineſs; in ſhort, the girl huffed him, and aſked him what it was to him, who was quite a ſtranger, how her lady lived.

However, he turns to the maid, and ſitting down again, calmly entered into ſome diſcourſe with her about

about her lady, and her way of living, and told ſo many of the ſecrets of the family to her, that ſhe began to be more mild with him, and perceived that he knew more of the family than ſhe thought he had, or indeed than ſhe did herſelf; at laſt the girl began to be very uneaſy, and to queſtion within herſelf, whether it was not her maſter, come over incognito, and that he had not yet diſcovered himſelf.

She tried ſeveral times to learn who he was, his quality, his country, his name, and how ſhe might ſend to him; but he always put it off, and only told her he would go to Hampſtead, where her lady lodg'd, and wait upon her lady himſelf; and ſo treating the ſervant very civilly, and thanking her for ſhowing him the houſe, he went away in form, with his ſervant following him, ſo that he did not vaniſh as an apparition at all.

Yet all this time the poor girl was very uneaſy; ſhe began to think it could not be an ordinary creature, becauſe he gave ſuch ſtrange and particular accounts of things done in the family; ſuch as, where ſeveral things were depoſited that belonged to the family, with ſeveral circumſtances belonging to her miſtreſs, to her little ſon, and to his father in the Weſt Indies; and, in ſhort, ſaid ſome things, which, as ſhe imagined, none but the devil could tell of; which, by the way, was talking as ignorant people talk of ſuch things; namely, that if any thing be ſaid, or done, out of the ordinary way, and more than is common for men to talk or to do, they will immediately ſay, it muſt be the devil.

The poor girl was very much ſurprized at this gentleman's appearance, and more ſo after he was gone than before; for he did not give her time to reflect upon the particulars he mentioned to her; but relating one thing after another, ſhe had enough to do to take in the heads of things in general.

But when he was gone, and ſhe came to reflect, and compare things together, ſhe began to conſider, Who could this poſſibly be? how could he know ſuch and ſuch things? how could he tell whoſe picture that was? where my miſtreſs had ſuch a ſuit of curtains, and ſuch a cabinet? Who muſt he be, to tell me how long my maſter has been at Jamaica, how much his eſtate is there, and how much money he has ſent my lady over, at ſuch and ſuch times? This muſt be the devil in my maſter's clothes; ſomething muſt be in it; I'll go to my lady, and let her know it all; and with this the maid gets a woman, that uſed to be truſted in ſuch caſes, to look after the houſe, and away ſhe goes to Hampſtead to her miſtreſs.

I think 'tis a part of the ſtory, that the gentleman deſired ſhe would acquaint her miſtreſs with it; that ſuch a perſon had been there, and gave her ſome particular tokens, by which, he ſaid, her miſtreſs would underſtand who he was; and that ſhe ſhould tell her what he ſaid, that her income would not ſupport the expences ſhe lived at, but that it would bring her to ruin, and ſhe would be undone: but this part I do not poſitively remember; but am certain that he told the maid it would be ſo.

However, the poor girl, the more ſhe ruminated upon the thing, the more ſhe was alarmed at it: At length, away ſhe went, as I have ſaid, to give her lady an account of what had happened; and ſhe was the more eager to go, becauſe ſhe underſtood him, that he intended to wait upon her himſelf, to talk about the lodgings, and ſo ſhe would prepare her lady to receive him, and to conſider what kind of a man it muſt be, that ſhe might not be frighted at him: but he had been too quick for the maid.

When ſhe came to Hampſtead, ſhe found her miſtreſs lying upon the bed, and ſo very ill, that they at firſt told her ſhe could not be ſpoke with. Don't tell me, ſays

ſays Mary (the London maid) I muſt ſpeak with her, and will ſpeak with her, for I have extraordinary buſineſs with her. What extraordinary buſineſs can you have? ſays the lady's woman, in a taunting manner; if your buſineſs was from the devil, you can't ſpeak with my lady juſt now, for ſhe is very ill, and laid down upon the bed.

From the devil, ſays Mary, I don't know but it may, and I believe it is indeed; ſo I muſt ſpeak with my lady immediately.

Nay, ſays the woman, here has been one meſſenger too many from the devil already, I think; ſure you don't come of his errand too, do ye?

I don't know whoſe errand I come of, but I am frighted out of my wits; let me ſpeak with my lady preſently, or I ſhall die before I deliver my meſſage.

Die! ſays the woman; I wiſh my lady don't die before ſhe can hear it; pr'ythee, Mary, if it be any thing to frighten her, don't tell it her juſt now, for ſhe is almoſt frighted to death already.

Why, ſays Mary, has my lady ſeen any thing?

Ay, ay: ſeen! ſays the woman, ſhe has ſeen and heard too; here has been a man, who has brought her ſome dreadful tidings, I don't know what it is.

They talked this ſo loud, or were ſo near, that the lady heard ſomething of it, and immediatety rang the bell for her woman.

When the woman went in, Who is that below, ſays the lady, talking ſo earneſtly? is any body come from London?

Yes, Madam, ſays the woman, here is Mary come to ſpeak with your ladyſhip.

Mary come, ſays ſhe, in a ſurprize, what can be the matter! why, ſure, has ſhe ſeen ſomething too? mercy on me, what's the matter! what does ſhe ſay?

She does not ſay much, Madam, ſays the woman, but

but ſhe wants mightily to ſpeak with your ladyſhip, and is in a great hurry.

What, ſays the lady, is ſhe frighted?

I believe ſhe is, ſays the woman, but ſhe will tell nothing but to yourſelf.

O, I ſhall die! ſays the lady; call her up.

Pray, Madam, ſays her woman, don't call her up 'till your ladyſhip has recover'd yourſelf a little from your other diſorders; ſhe'll tell you ſome wild tale or other of her own imagination, that will diſcomfit you, and do you miſchief.

O, ſays the lady, let her have whatever ſhe will to ſay, I do inſiſt upon hearing it; if it ſhould be from the devil, it cannot be worſe than it is; call her up, I muſt ſpeak with her.

Accordingly Mary came up, and the woman was ordered to withdraw.

As ſoon as the door was ſhut, the lady again burſt into tears, for ſhe had before been crying vehemently. O Mary, ſays ſhe, I have had a dreadful viſit this afternoon; your maſter has been here.

My maſter! why, Madam, that's impoſſible.

Nay, it was your maſter, I am ſure, or the devil in his likeneſs.

In a word, 'tis certain it was her huſband in apparition, or the apparition of her huſband, and he talk'd very warmly and cloſely to her, and told her his eſtate would not ſupport her expenſive way of living, and that ſhe would bring herſelf to miſery and poverty; and a great deal more to the ſame purpoſe, as he had ſaid to Mary.

Mary immediately aſked her ladyſhip, what manner he appeared in; and by the deſcription that her miſtreſs gave, it was exactly the ſame figure that had viſited her, and deſired to ſee the lodgings; ſo Mary gave her ladyſhip a particular relation of what had hap-

pened to her alſo, and of the meſſage ſhe was charged to deliver.

What followed upon this alarm, and how the lady was reduced, and obliged to ſell her fine furniture and equipage, and came to very low circumſtances, though it be a part of the ſtory, is not ſo much to my purpoſe in the relation. But what is remarkable to the caſe in hand is, that they alledge, that juſt at this juncture, Sir John Owen, the lady's huſband, died in the Weſt Indies. I ſuppoſe, by his death, her ſupplies were immediately ſtopped, and that was the occaſion of her being reduced ſo ſuddenly.

Now, the apparition, and its appearing in the ſhape or figure of the huſband, his warning her of her approaching circumſtances, and moving her to abate her expenſive way of living, and the like, all this is agreeable to the opinion I have already given, that good ſpirits may be allowed to aſſume human ſhape, and the ſhape of any particular perſon, whether the perſon be dead or living; and may appear to us, to caution us in our wrong meaſures, to warn us againſt impending miſchiefs, and to direct us in difficulties. And how merciful is it to mankind, that there are ſuch kind monitors ſuffered to be at hand, at any time, for our good.

But that this muſt be juſt in the article of death, juſt when the perſon was dying, and the ſoul departing; as if the ſoul could ſtay in its paſſage, between life, and the eternal ſtate, to call at this or that place and deliver a meſſage: For example, if it was to be carried by the angels into Abraham's boſom, you muſt ſuppoſe thoſe angels would go about with it from Jamaica to London, to give it leave to ſpeak with his wife, before its tranſlation, before thoſe ſwift meſſengers performed their taſk; nay, that he muſt ſtop at the London houſe, aſſume a ſhape for that purpoſe, talk about the moſt frivolous things with Mary the ſervant

vant maid, and then go with another formal errand to Hampſtead to his wife, all this in his journey; and having diſpatched theſe moſt weighty affairs, go afterwards on for heaven.

This, I ſay, has to me no conſiſtency in it, no coherence; it does not hang together, in my opinion, at all, nor can I even make common ſenſe of it; no, not if I was to come to the old poetic fiction of Charon and his ferry-boat; even the old ferry-man would not have gone a ſtep out of his way upon any ſuch buſineſs.

What might be done by the agency of thoſe ſpirits, appointed by the Great Lord of all ſpirits, to attend for the good of his creatures, I have not the leaſt objection againſt; but that the ſoul of the deceaſed, or departed, can come of this errand itſelf, that I deny, and muſt inſiſt upon it, that there is neither reaſon nor religion in it; 'tis founded wholly in the imagination; and though the imagination may not, in this caſe, form the apparition, yet it is certainly evident, that the imagination only appropriates it to the perſon, that is to the ſoul of the perſon, who has really no ſhare in the operation,

Upon this foundation likewiſe ſtands the old heathen notion, taken from the caſe of Achilles and his friend Patrocleus, that the ſoul of the deceaſed cannot be at reſt, 'till he has come and given notice of ſuch and ſuch things; that juſtice be done to ſuch and ſuch injured perſons; and money, ſo and ſo appropriated, be regularly diſpoſed of, and the will of the deceaſed punctually performed: Theſe I take not to be imaginary but fictitious; and merely the invention of the relator, in order to diſh up the ſtory.

And this makes the ſtory of the duke of Buckingham's father, of which mention will be hereafter made, be liable to ſo many exceptions: that his father could not reſt, or his ſoul could not be at reſt, becauſe of

the wicked life his ſon George lived at court: That part muſt certainly have been added by ſome among the great number of relators, or thoſe who call themſelves relators of that ſtory: and my Lord Clarendon, who ſeems to have been the moſt exact and judicious in putting the whole ſtory together, has no ſuch paſſage in his account, as we ſhall ſee preſently.

Upon what religious foundation can we ſuggeſt, that the ſins of the children ſhould diſquiet the fathers in their graves, or that the ſouls departed can receive any impreſſion from the behaviour of thoſe in life, ſubſequent to any action thoſe departed ſouls have been concerned in?

That they may be affected in a future ſtate with the wickedneſs and offences committed in their paſt life, that I will not doubt; though even not that in ſuch a manner as to ſend them back hither upon any errand about it; for all is irretrievable; as there is no repentance, ſo no reparation can be made; there is neither work nor invention in the grave, whither we are all going. The ſoul may be in a ſtate of ſelf-reflection and reproach, but not in a ſtate of re-action; no recovery for ourſelves, nor concern for others; 'tis all out of the queſtion, and all the notices from the other ſide of the curtain come from other hands, whoſe name ſoever they may ſpeak in, or whoſe ſhape ſoever they may aſſume.

I am forced, however reluctantly, to talk ſcripture to my readers, upon this nice part of the ſubject; whether they will lay any weight upon it or no, be that to themſelves.

I inſiſt upon it, that the ſouls of the dead can make no viſits hither, when once they are removed; that when they are unembodied, and diſrobed of fleſh and blood, they have no more concern with or about us, ſo as either to diſturb their reſt or ours; and this is plain to me, not only from the nature of the thing,

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from reaſon and obſervation, but from the ſcripture; Eccl. ix. 5. "For the living know that they ſhall die: "but the dead know not any thing, neither have they "any more a reward, for the memory of them is for-"gotten." This latter part relates to their having any reward or concern in things here of this life, no more reward, or benefit, or ſhare of things here.—— But look into the next words, ver. 6. "Alſo their "love, and their hatred, and their envy is now pe-"riſhed; neither have they any more a portion for ever "in any thing that is done under the ſun."

What can be plainer than this, if ſcripture be of any moment among us? if not, I can ſay nothing to that. But I ſay, what can be plainer, and what do thoſe people mean, who tell us a ghoſt or ſpirit appeared, and ſaid it could not be at reſt 'till it had come to do ſo and ſo, 'till it had diſcovered ſuch and ſuch things, and 'till it had ſeen it well performed?

If my opinion in this caſe may be of any weight, or I may offer any thing by way of direction to weaker heads, let them make this one thing a character or mark to know ſuch things by, or to judge of them, viz. That when they meet with any ſtory told in ſuch a manner, they ſhould conclude it a fiction, a cheat; that is, only a ſtory, made by the invention of ſtory-makers; a mere deluſion; and that no ſpirit or appa-rition, really coming upon any meſſage from the in-viſible world, ever talks after that manner; or that, if they do, 'tis a cheat of the devil, to carry on ſome deluſion, and to make ſome lye appear plauſible; for that there can be no reality in it, has been already aſ-ſerted: "The dead know not any thing," not any thing *here*; but their Love, and their Hatred, and their Envy is periſhed.

We have another ſtory to offer in this caſe, which has been mentioned, as if it were the act and deed of the perſon departed, and in whoſe name it was ſaid to

be done, and who, as we may ſay, was perſonated in it. I ſhall relate the ſtory impartially, as I received it, and let all the advantage that can be taken of it be made, I believe it will not amount to any rational concluſion, in favour of this notion, that the ſoul of the perſon deceaſed is any way concerned in it, or in any part of it.

This is the famous ſtory of the apparition of one James Haddock in Ireland, which is publiſhed many different ways, and that by ſeveral authors; and ſome of them intimating, that it was really the departed ſoul of James Haddock, who could not be at reſt, as ſome of the writers of the ſtory would inſinuate, becauſe his little ſon, whom he had by his wife Eleanor Welſh, was wronged in a leaſe left by him to the child; and which had been kept from him by her ſecond huſband.

The ſtory, in ſhort, is related in the following manner:

In the year 1662, an apparition meets one Francis Taverner on the highway; the man having courage to ſpeak to it, aſks boldly, who he is? and the apparition tells him, he is James Haddock, and gives him ſeveral tokens to remember him by, which Taverner alſo calling to mind, owns them; and then at once demands of the apparition what buſineſs he had with him? The apparition did not tell his buſineſs that night; but would have had Taverner to ride back his way with him, and he would then tell him his buſineſs, which Taverner refuſed, as well he might; and that part indeed ſeems the only improbable part of the ſtory.

However, the next night the apparition comes to him again, and then tells him the buſineſs, which was, to deſire him to go to his wife, whoſe maiden name was Eleanor Welſh, but was then married again to one Davis, which Davis with-held the leaſe from the orphan,

orphan, Haddock's ſon, and tell her ſhe ſhould cauſe juſtice to be done to the child:

Taverner neglected to perform this errand, and was ſo continually followed by the apparition, that it became exceeding terrible to him; and at length it threatened to tear him in pieces, if he did not go of his errand.

Upon this, Taverner goes and delivers the meſſage to the woman, who it ſeems took very little notice of it; and then the apparition came again, and told him he muſt go to his executor, and do the ſame errand; which, it ſeems, he did not chuſe to do, for fear of Davis.

*** Here I muſt inform the reader, that this ſtory made ſo much noiſe in the country, and the particulars appeared to be ſo faithfully related by Taverner, that abundance of perſons of note came to him, to have the relation from his own mouth, and among the reſt the Lord Biſhop of Down and Connor, whom I name in reverence, not ſo much to his dignity only as in reſpect to his known piety and ſerioufneſs in religion: being the truly learned Doctor Jeremy Taylor, author of a celebrated book, entitled, Rules of Holy Living and Dying.

This Reverend Father ſent for the ſaid Francis Taverner, to examine him about this ſtrange ſcene of providence, ſo the Biſhop called it; and he did examine him ſtrictly about it; and the account ſays, his Lordſhip was fully ſatisfied, that the apparition was true and real; that is to ſay, it was true, that there really was ſuch an apparition.

Now, all this is within the bounds of what I have laid down, viz. That there are really apparitions, and theſe apparitions do perſonate ſuch and ſuch bodies or ſhapes, whoſe names they take upon them, and whoſe perſons they repreſent.

But

But as for the reſt, I think all the notions that the people then entertained of it, and even the Biſhop among the reſt, muſt be very erroneous and miſtaken. For,

1. The Biſhop underſtood the ſtory, as if this apparition was really the ſoul of the departed James Haddock, as appeared by a ſecond examination of Taverner by his Lordſhip; for the Lady Conway, and other perſons of quality, hearing that the Biſhop had ſent for Taverner to examine him, went in order to be preſent at the examination: and the Biſhop being gone to a town called Hilſborough, three miles off, the company all went thither, and Taverner was ſent for to them; and there examined over again concerning all the particulars, and anſwered again to the ſatisfaction of all the company.

But here (and for this reaſon I relate this part) his Lordſhip, after aſking many more queſtions, concluded by adviſing Taverner to aſk the apparition, when it came again, Whence are you? Are you a good or an evil ſpirit? by which his Lordſhip is to be underſtood, Are you in a good or bad ſtate? for his next queſtion was, Where is your abode? What ſtation do you hold? How are you regimented in the other world? and what is the reaſon that you appear for the relief of your ſon in ſo ſmall a matter, when ſo many widows and orphans are oppreſſed in the world, being defrauded of greater matters, and none of their relation appear to right them?

The very ſame night, Taverner meeting the apparition again, who, it ſeems, was fully ſatisfy'd with what he had done in delivering the meſſage to the executor, at this time of appearing, Taverner aſked him the above queſtions, but the apparition gave no anſwer, and indeed it could not be expected that curioſity ſhould be anſwered.

For, as I ſaid above, it is evident by the queſtions, that

that the Biſhop, in all theſe examinations, fell in with the vulgar error of the time about ſuch apparitions; namely, that it was the ſoul of James Haddock; and well indeed might he aſk how he came to appear, when others, in caſes of greater moment, did not.

But he ſhould have aſked, How is it poſſible that you, who are dead, ſhould be acquainted with theſe circumſtances, when the word of God ſays expreſly, the dead know not any thing, and that all their love and hatred is periſhed? Had he aſked him that, perhaps he might have told him, that he was not the ſoul of James Haddock, but a good ſpirit, ſent from the inviſible world by the eſpecial direction of heaven, to right a poor, ruined, oppreſſed orphan, abandoned to injury by its own unnatural mother. But to talk of the ſoul of James Haddock, and what ſtation it held in the other world, the apparition might well diſappear, and give no anſwer to it.

Nor in any of this diſcourſe did the apparition pretend it was not at reſt, or could not be at reſt till juſtice was done to the child, or till the meſſage was delivered: the apparition was too juſt to itſelf to ſay ſo; and on the other hand, 'tis to me one of the moſt convincing proofs, that it was really an apparition, or appearance of a ſpirit.

Now, as in other caſes, what ſpirit it was may be worth taking notice of; here is not the leaſt room to ſuggeſt that it was the devil, or an evil ſpirit; and therefore the Biſhop was wrong in that too, to aſk if it was a good or evil ſpirit; for how ſhould his wiſdom judge, who was himſelf a good man, that an evil ſpirit ſhould come of a good errand, to right an injured orphan, an oppreſſed fatherleſs child! The devil, or any evil ſpirit, could hardly be ſuppoſed to move about ſuch buſineſs.

It is to be obſerved here, and might have been added to the ſtory, that the ſaid Davis and his wife, though,

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it ſeems, much againſt their inclination, did give up the leaſe to the child, the ſon of that James Haddock, with this diſmal circumſtance attending it, viz. That about five years after, and when the Biſhop was dead, one Coſtlet, who was the child's truſtee, threatened to take away the leaſe again, railed at Taverner, and with the moſt terrible imprecations upon himſelf, denied his knowing any thing of the leaſe, and threatened to go to law with the orphan.

But one night, being drunk at the town of Hill-Hall, near Liſburne in Ireland, where all this ſcene laid, going home, he fell from his horſe, and never ſpoke more; ſo the child enjoy'd the eſtate peaceably ever after.

In a word, the little injured orphan ſeemed to be the care of heaven, in a particular manner; and the good angel, which appeared in its behalf, without doubt executed God's juſtice upon the wicked drunken oppreſſor, the truſtee; and as he imprecated vengeance on himſelf, ſo that ſame ſpirit might be commiſſioned to ſee it fall upon him.

And here it moſt naturally occurs to obſerve, that the departed ſouls of men and women, dead and buried, cannot be ſuppoſed to have any commiſſion to execute particular vengeance on any one in this world; the bare ſuppoſition of this would bring a confuſed medley of notions upon us, ſuch as would be inconſiſtent not only with religion, but even with common ſenſe; and which need not take up any of our pains to confute them.

Nothing has more filled the idle heads of the old women of theſe latter ages, than the ſtories of ghoſts and apparitions coming to people, to tell them where money was hidden, and how to find it; and 'tis wonderful to me, that ſuch tales ſhould make ſuch impreſſions, and that ſometimes among wiſe and judicious people too, as we find they have done. How many

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old houſes have been almoſt pulled down, and pits fruitleſly dug in the earth, through the ridiculous notion of pretended apparitions? Of this I ſhall ſpeak more in its place.

I have hitherto ſtudiouſly avoided giving you any accounts, however extraordinary, that have been already made public; but this one, which relates to the aſſaſſination of the great Duke of Buckingham (whether famous or infamous, I ſhall not determine) in the time of the late King Charles I. muſt not be omitted, becauſe the various ways of its being told ſo eminently touches the caſe in hand.

That the Duke of Buckingham was ſtabbed by one Lieutenant Felton at Portſmouth, as he was going upon an expedition for the relief of Rochelle. Hiſtory is ſo full of, and all that know any thing of our Engliſh annals, are ſo well acquainted with the ſtory, that I need not ſay any thing more to introduce that part: Mr. Aubrey takes upon him to relate the ſtory of an apparition upon this occaſion, in the following manner:

'To one Mr. Towes, who had been ſchool-fellow 'with Sir George Villers, the father of the firſt Duke 'of Buckingham, and was his friend and neighbour, 'as he lay in his bed awake (and it was day-light) 'came into his chamber the phantom of his dear friend 'Sir George Villers. Said Mr. Towes to him, Why, 'you are dead! what makes you here?—— Said the 'Knight, I am dead, but cannot reſt in peace for the 'wickedneſs and abomination of my ſon George at 'court. I do appear to you to tell him of it, and to 'adviſe and dehort him from his evil ways.——Said 'Mr. Towes, The Duke will not believe me, but will 'ſay that I am mad. ——Said Sir George, Go to him 'from me, and tell him by ſuch a token (a mole) that 'he had in ſome ſecret place, which none but himſelf 'knew of.——Accordingly, Mr. Towes went to the 'Duke,

'Duke, who laughed at his meſſage.——At his return 'home, the phantom appeared again, and told him, 'the Duke would certainly be ſtabbed with a dagger, 'a quarter of a year afterwards; which accordingly 'happened.'

This part of the ſtory, indeed, is calculated like a true chimney-corner piece of news; that Sir George, who was dead, ſhould ſay he could not reſt in peace, for the wickedneſs and abomination of his ſon George at court.

Prepoſterous! What ſtate muſt old Sir George be in? If in a ſtate of miſery, what does he mean by "reſting in peace?" If in a ſtate of bleſſedneſs, what could his ſon do to impeach his reſt? And if we may give any weight to what the ſcripture ſays in this caſe, he knew nothing of him, let his own ſtate, or his ſon's abominations (as he calls them) be what they will.—See Job xiv. 19, 20, 21. "The waters wear the ſtones: "thou waſheſt away the things which grow out of the "duſt of the earth, and thou deſtroyeſt the hope of "man. Thou prevaileſt for ever againſt him, and he "paſſeth: thou changeſt his countenance, and ſendeſt "him away. His ſons come to honour, and he know-"eth it not; and they are brought low, but he per-"ceiveth it not of them."

'Tis plain here, that the hope (that is, the knowledge and wiſdom) of man, as to this world, is deſtroyed and waſhed away in death: his ſons may riſe or fall, be great or little, high or low, good or evil, 'tis all one to him, he knows nothing of it.——How then could Sir George Villers ſay, ſeveral years after he was dead too, that he could not reſt in peace?—What! had he been at reſt and in peace, and was he diſquieted again by his ſon George's wickedneſs?—That does not hang together at all. The old Knight had been dead ſeveral years before his ſon George came to riſe at court; and when he did riſe, he was

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not immediately ſo abominably wicked as he was afterwards: Where then was the ſoul of Sir George, the father, all the while? his reſt could not poſſibly be diſturbed, 'till the circumſtances that did diſturb it happened.

But my Lord Clarendon tells this ſame ſtory with much more probability of truth; for, firſt, he leaves out the abſurdity, which indeed his lordſhip was too wiſe to impoſe upon the world with the ſanction of his authority, nor was there ſenſe enough in it to give it credit.

In the next place, he does not make the perſon to whom Sir George Villers appeared, be an equal, and an intimate friend, but one that had lived in the ſame town where Sir George had lived, and whom he had not ſeen for many years, but recollected him from the clothes he had ſeen him wear; whereas the ſtory above makes them dear friends, which, if it had been ſo, it was not likely he ſhould refuſe to hear the meſſage, and yet he ſcruples it very much.

But there are more diſcording circumſtances in the ſtory. Let us take Lord Clarendon's relation, which is done with an apparent regard to truth, and is as follows:

An account of the apparition of Sir George Villers, *relating to the murder of the Duke of* Buckingham, *his ſon, as taken from Lord* Clarendon's *Hiſtory,* Vol. I. *fol.* 34, 35, *as follows.*

'THERE were many ſtories ſcattered abroad at that 'time of ſeveral prophecies and predictions of the 'Duke's untimely and violent death: amongſt the reſt, 'there was one, which was upon a better foundation 'of credit, than uſually ſuch diſcourſes are founded 'upon.

'There was an officer in the King's wardrobe, in 'Windſor-Caſtle, of a good reputation for honeſty 'and diſcretion, and then about the age of fifty years 'or more.

'This man had in his youth been bred in a ſchool 'in the pariſh where Sir George Villers, the father of 'the Duke, lived, and had been much cheriſhed and 'obliged, in that ſeaſon of his age, by the ſaid Sir 'George, whom afterwards he never ſaw.

'About ſix months before the miſerable end of the 'Duke of Buckingham, about midnight, this man 'being in his bed at Windſor, where his office was, 'and in very good health, there appeared to him on 'the ſide of his bed, a man of a very venerable aſpect, 'who drew the curtains of his bed, and fixing his eyes 'upon him, aſked him if he knew him.

'The poor man, half dead with fear and apprehen-'ſion, being aſked the ſecond time, whether he re-'membered him; and having in that time called to 'his memory the preſence of Sir George Villers, and 'the very clothes he uſed to wear, in which at that 'time he ſeemed to be habited, he anſwered him, That 'he thought him to be that perſon; he reply'd, he was 'in the right, that he was the ſame, and that he ex-'pected a ſervice from him, which was, That he 'ſhould go from him to his ſon the Duke of Buck-'ingham, and tell him, if he did not ſomewhat to in-'gratiate himſelf to the people, or at leaſt to abate 'the extreme malice which they had againſt him, he 'would be ſuffered to live but a ſhort time.

'After this diſcourſe he diſappeared, and the poor 'man (if he had been at all waking) ſlept very well 'till morning, when he believed all this to be a dream, 'and conſidered it no otherwiſe.

'The next night, or ſhortly after, the ſame perſon 'appeared to him again, in the ſame place, and about 'the ſame time of the night, with an aſpect a little

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'more ſevere than before, and aſked him, Whether 'he had done as he had required of him; and per-'ceiving he had not, gave him very ſevere reprehen-'ſions, told him he expected more compliance from 'him, and that if he did not perform his commands, 'he ſhould enjoy no peace of mind, but ſhould al-'ways be purſued by him; upon which, he promiſed 'him to obey.

'But the next morning, waking out of a good ſleep, 'though he was exceedingly perplexed with the lively 'repreſentation of all particulars to his memory, he 'was willing ſtill to perſuade himſelf that he had 'only dreamed, and conſidered that he was a perſon 'at ſuch a diſtance from the Duke, that he knew not 'how to gain admiſſion to his preſence, much leſs had 'any hope of being believed in what he ſhould ſay; 'ſo with great trouble and diſquietude he ſpent ſome 'time in thinking what he ſhould do; and in the end, 'he reſolved to do nothing in the matter.

'The ſame perſon appeared to him the third time 'with a terrible countenance, and bitterly reproached 'him for not performing what he had promiſed to 'do. The poor man had, by this time, recovered the 'courage to tell him, that in truth he had deferred 'the execution of his commands, upon conſidering 'how difficult a thing it would be for him to get any 'acceſs to the Duke, having acquaintance with no 'perſon about him; and if he ſhould obtain admiſſion 'to him, he ſhould never be able to perſuade him 'that he was ſent in ſuch a manner; that he ſhould 'at leaſt be thought to be mad, or to be ſet on and 'employed by his own, or the malice of other men, 'to abuſe the Duke; and ſo he ſhould be ſure to be 'undone.

'The perſon reply'd, as he had done before, that 'he ſhould never find reſt 'till he had performed what 'he required, and therefore he were better to diſpatch

'it; that the acceſs to his ſon was known to be very 'eaſy, and that few men waited long for him; and as 'for his gaining credit, he would tell him two or 'three particulars, which he charged him never to 'mention to any perſon living but to the Duke him-'ſelf; and he ſhould no ſooner hear them, but he 'ſhould believe all the reſt he ſaid; and ſo, repeating 'his threats, he left him.

'In the morning the poor man, more confirmed by 'the laſt appearance, made his journey to London, 'where the court then was; he was very well known 'to Sir Ralph Freeman, one of the Maſters of Re-'queſts, who married a lady that was nearly ally'd to 'the Duke, and was himſelf well received by him.— 'To him this man went, and though he did not ac-'quaint him with all the particulars, he ſaid enough 'to let him know there was ſomething extraordinary 'in it; and the knowledge he had of the ſobriety and 'diſcretion of the man, made the more impreſſion on 'him: He deſired that, by his means, he might be 'brought to the Duke, in ſuch a place, and in ſuch a 'manner as ſhould be thought fit, affirming that he 'had much to ſay to him, and of ſuch a nature, as 'would require much privacy, and ſome time and pa-'tience in the hearing.

'Sir Ralph promiſed he would firſt ſpeak to the 'Duke of him, and then he ſhould underſtand his 'pleaſure; and accordingly, the firſt opportunity, he 'did inform him of the reputation and honeſty of the 'man, and then what he deſired, and of all he knew 'of the matter.

'The Duke, according to his uſual openneſs and 'condeſcenſion, told him, that he was the next day 'early to hunt with the King; that his horſes ſhould 'attend him at Lambeth-bridge, where he ſhould land 'by five of the clock in the morning; and if the man

'attended

'attended him there at that hour, he would walk and 'ſpeak with him as long as ſhould be neceſſary.

'Sir Ralph carried the man with him the next morning, and preſented him to the Duke at his landing, 'who received him courteouſly, and walked aſide in 'conference near an hour; none but his own ſervants 'being at that hour in that place, and they and Sir 'Ralph at ſuch a diſtance that they could not hear a 'word, though the Duke ſometimes ſpoke loud, and 'with great commotion, which Sir Ralph the more 'eaſily obſerved and perceived, becauſe he kept his 'eyes always fixed upon the Duke, having procured 'the conference upon ſomewhat he knew there was of 'extraordinary.

'The man told him, in his return over the water, 'that when he mentioned thoſe particulars which were 'to gain him credit, (the ſubſtance whereof, he ſaid, 'he durſt not impart unto him) the Duke's colour 'changed, and he ſwore he could come at that know-'ledge only by the devil, for that thoſe particulars 'were only known to himſelf, and to one perſon more, 'who he was ſure would never ſpeak of it.

'The Duke purſued his purpoſe of hunting, but 'was obſerved to ride all the morning with great pen-'ſiveneſs and in deep thoughts, without any delight 'in the exerciſe he was upon; and before the morn-'ing was ſpent, left the field, and alighted at his 'mother's lodgings in Whitehall, with whom he was 'ſhut up for the ſpace of two or three hours; the noiſe 'of their diſcourſe frequently reaching the ears of 'thoſe who attended in the next rooms. And when 'the Duke left her, his countenance appeared full of 'trouble, with a mixture of anger; a countenance 'that was never before obſerved in him in any con-'verſation with her, towards whom he had a profound 'reverence; and the Counteſs herſelf (for though ſhe 'was married to a private gentleman, Sir Thomas

'Compton, ſhe had been created Counteſs of Buck-
'ingham, ſhortly after her ſon had firſt aſſumed that
'title) was at the Duke's leaving her found over-
'whelmed in tears, and in the higheſt agony ima-
'ginable.

'Whatever there was of all this, it is a notorious
'truth, that when the news of the Duke's murder
'(which happened within a few months after) was
'brought to his mother, ſhe ſeemed not in the leaſt
'degree ſurprized, but received it as if ſhe had fore-
'ſeen it; nor did afterwards expreſs ſuch a degree of
'ſorrow as was expected from ſuch a mother, for the
'loſs of ſuch a ſon.'

Beſides the above-named claſhing circumſtances, in the different relations of this ſtory, there are one or two that are very material, as will appear by the following remarks:

1. Aubrey ſays, Mr. Towes, as he calls him, went to the Duke, and told him the token; notwithſtanding which, the Duke laughed at his meſſage: whereas, my Lord Clarendon tells juſt the contrary; ſaying, that the Duke gave him an open, though a very particular audience, all his attendants keeping at a diſtance; and that he held him in that earneſt diſcourſe for an hour.

2. Aubrey ſays, the token Sir George gave to enforce or engage his ſon's attention, was, that he (the Duke) had a mole in ſuch a private part of his body: but my Lord Clarendon ſays, the token given was of ſuch a nature, as the Duke ſwore, none but the devil and one perſon in the world could know; and that he was very ſure, that one perſon would not ſpeak of it; and the Duke was extremely diſturbed when he heard of it.

N. B. Fame, though with ſome privacy, ſays, that the ſecret token was an inceſtuous breach of modeſty

deſty between the Duke and a certain lady too nearly related to him, which it ſurprized the Duke to hear of; and that as he thought he had good reaſon to be ſure the lady would not tell of it herſelf, ſo he thought none but the devil could tell it beſides her; and this aſtoniſhed him, ſo that he was very far from receiving the man ſlightly, or laughing at his meſſage.

What this apparition then was, and from whom, or from whence, remains to be decided. That the thing was real, is too well atteſted; it comes loaded with ſo many concurring circumſtances, and told in the hearing of ſo many witneſſes of good fame and credit, that there is no room to queſtion the fact: and as to various ways of relating it, the truth of the whole is not abated by it at all; only, as is natural to things of this nature, which paſs through ſo many hands, every one expreſſing themſelves their own way, though meaning the ſame thing; yet they often vary at laſt in the very ſubſtance, by only varying at firſt in the circumſtances.

The truth of the matter is at laſt, that the apparition foretold his ruin, and it ſoon followed. Now, that this apparition could not be the devil, is evident from the reaſons laid down before in the like caſes.—How can we ſuppoſe, that the devil would be offended with the wicked life and abominable practices of the Duke of Buckingham at court? his inceſtuous lewdneſs, and whatever other ſcandalous practices he allowed himſelf in, the devil might perhaps encourage and prompt him to, but he would never ſend a meſſenger to him, to warn him againſt them, and to alarm him with apprehenſions of danger attending him, if he did not reform. This can be none of the devil's buſineſs, it is quite foreign to him; it would be the weakeſt thing in the world to imbibe any ſuch notions of him.

Again,

Again, if it were any thing immediately from heaven, it would have been effectual to have awakened and reformed him: But as it might be a kind meſſenger from another part of the inviſible world, where his approaching fate was known, and who having given him this notice, left his reformation in his own power, and laid the neceſſity of it before the eyes of his reaſon, as well as of his conſcience; and that, after this, his fall was of himſelf; this makes it all rational, and eaſy to be underſtood, and is agreeable to the ordinary cuſtom of providence in like caſes, of which many examples might be given in the world.

Nor is it ſtrange, that the apparition ſhould perſonate the old deceaſed father of the Duke, and aſſume his ſhape, to add, as it were, a ſolemnity to the meſſage, and give it a greater influence upon the mind of the Duke; and the ſame meſſenger might have aſſumed any other ſhape or perſon, if it had thought fit, whether living or dead.

But if the ſhape aſſumed was the moſt likely to give weight to the errand it was to be ſent about, we are not to wonder at all that a ſpirit employed, or employing itſelf on an errand of ſuch importance, ſhould be able to ſingle out ſuch appearances, or ſuch ſhapes and perſons to appear in the figure of, as were moſt apt to enforce the meſſage. The well-chooſing the perſon is to me a teſtimony for, not againſt the goodneſs, the judgment and capacity of the perſonating ſpirit, and would with juſt reaſoning confirm to us the validity of the meſſage, and of the meſſenger alſo.

And yet 'tis very reaſonable to believe, that Sir George Villers, thus ſeeming to appear, and whoſe ſurface or outſide is put on like a maſquerade habit upon this occaſion, knew nothing of it, and had no manner of concern in it. Nothing is more wonderful in any part of the ſtory to me, than that men of ſenſe and learning, as ſome ſuch have been, could be prevailed

vailed upon to publiſh to the world ſuch incongruous, ſuch irrational things as theſe; that a man dead, perhaps twenty years before, I think it is ſo much at leaſt, ſhould appear, and ſay, he could not reſt in peace for ſuch and ſuch things. And in another of the ſame author's ſtories, an apparition is brought in appearing to Dr. Turberville's ſiſter, being a lady who was dead, and had left ſome children to her huſband, which children were injured by a ſecond wife, contrary to the ſettlement of the firſt wife's marriage; and this ſettlement of the firſt marriage was, it ſeems, hid behind the wainſcot, in ſuch and ſuch a place, which no body knew of but the children's mother, that is to ſay, the firſt wife. This lady appeared to diſcover where this writing lay, and tells the perſon to whom ſhe diſcovered it, that 'till ſhe had made this diſcovery, ſhe had wandered in the air, but that ſhe was now going to God.

Strange! that Mr. Glanvil, Aubrey, and others, could publiſh ſuch a ſtory as this, without ſome juſt enquiries, to reconcile it to common ſenſe, as well as to religion: particularly, how long this lady had been dead; for it ſeems to have been ſome years, the huſband being married again, and the children being in danger of loſing their right by the children of the ſecond venter. Now, did the ſoul of the firſt lady wander all that while in the air, to ſee whether there ſhould be any occaſion for her to vindicate her children's right, or no? Did ſhe ſtay from going to God all that while, only for diſcovering a concealed deed, that her children might not be wronged? How ſhall ſhall we make out ſuch a thing to be rational? What notions of religion, or of a future ſtate, will ſupport it?

Why did ſhe not immediately diſcover where the deed or marriage-ſettlement lay, and put it into the

hands of ſome honeſt people, in truſt for her children? and then ſhe needed not have wandered in the air till it had been done.

They muſt have very low-prized thoughts of heaven, and of going to God, after the departing or ſeparating of the ſoul from the body in life, who think the paſſage can be interrupted by any of the affairs of this life left unfiniſhed. If even our repentance unfiniſhed, our peace with God unfiniſhed, can never be retrieved; if time is not to be recalled, but that, "as "the tree falls, ſo it ſhall lie;" ſhall we pretend, that the ſoul can be ſtopped and interrupted in its paſſage, to retrieve the injuſtice and violence done to the orphans, or relicts of the family? Shall the ſoul be brought back to find out old hidden parchments; or, as it is pretended in ſuch like ſtories, to dig up old, long-buried money, and the like?

No, no; thoſe things ſhould be done in time, like a true repentance; they ſhould not be left to that hazard; for, we may depend upon it, there is no work, or device, or invention in the grave, whither we are all going.

That there are inviſible agents, which, in purſuance of the government of providence in the world, may be made inſtruments, to act in ſuch caſes as theſe; to diſcover writings, which being concealed may ruin families, rob and plunder orphans, and diſtreſs the right heirs of eſtates; where caſes of ſuch kind happen, this need not be denied, and indeed ought not to be diſputed: for 'tis a glorious teſtimony of the juſtice of Providence, that in ſuch caſes he does not abandon the widows and the orphans, who, for want of loſt or concealed deeds, are ſometimes in danger of being undone by violence and rapine.

But all this is eaſier to be underſtood to be done, without interruption of the ordinary courſe of things, without obſtructing the ſoul's paſſage into its determined

ſtate

ſtate of happineſs or miſery; which it muſt be the weakeſt, and indeed the wickedeſt thing in the world, to think can be diverted by theſe trifles; and whoſe direct progreſſion is plainly ſtated in the ſcripture, in theſe words: "It is appointed unto all men once to "die, and after death to judgment." Heb. ix. 27.— It is appointed, and ſurely theſe things can never break in upon that ſolemn appointment.

Beſides, 'tis a groſs impeachment of the power and juſtice, as well as of the wiſdom of Providence, in his diſpoſition of things; as if he could not find out ways to do right to injured orphans, or to detect the injuſtice and oppreſſion of violent and unreaſonable men, but the ſoul of the departed mother muſt be kept out of Heaven to do it herſelf. Horrid abſurdity! and inconſiſtent with all the notions that true religion has inſpired us with, relating to a future ſtate, and to the gulph that is fixed between this and that.

The ſoul can no more be kept out from, or delayed its entrance into heaven, (if its portion ſhould be appointed for happineſs) by any concern for the affairs of this world, than it can be diſquieted after it has entered thoſe bleſſed realms of peace; nor can it be diſturbed or brought back from thence upon any account whatſoever.

The very thoughts of it are ſo mean, ſo low-rated and baſe, that 'tis unworthy of our reaſon, but eſpecially of our Chriſtian reaſoning powers, to entertain them. I take this abſurdity indeed to be much of the cauſe of that juſt ridicule, which the wiſer part of mankind have put upon moſt of the ſtories which are told among us about witchcraft and apparitions; for they are actually told with ſuch evident inconſiſtencies, that they cannot go down with rational people. Who can believe impoſſibilities? Who can make a ſerious thing of a piece of ridiculous nonſenſe? That a ſoul diſmiſſed from life, and going directly into heaven, ſhall

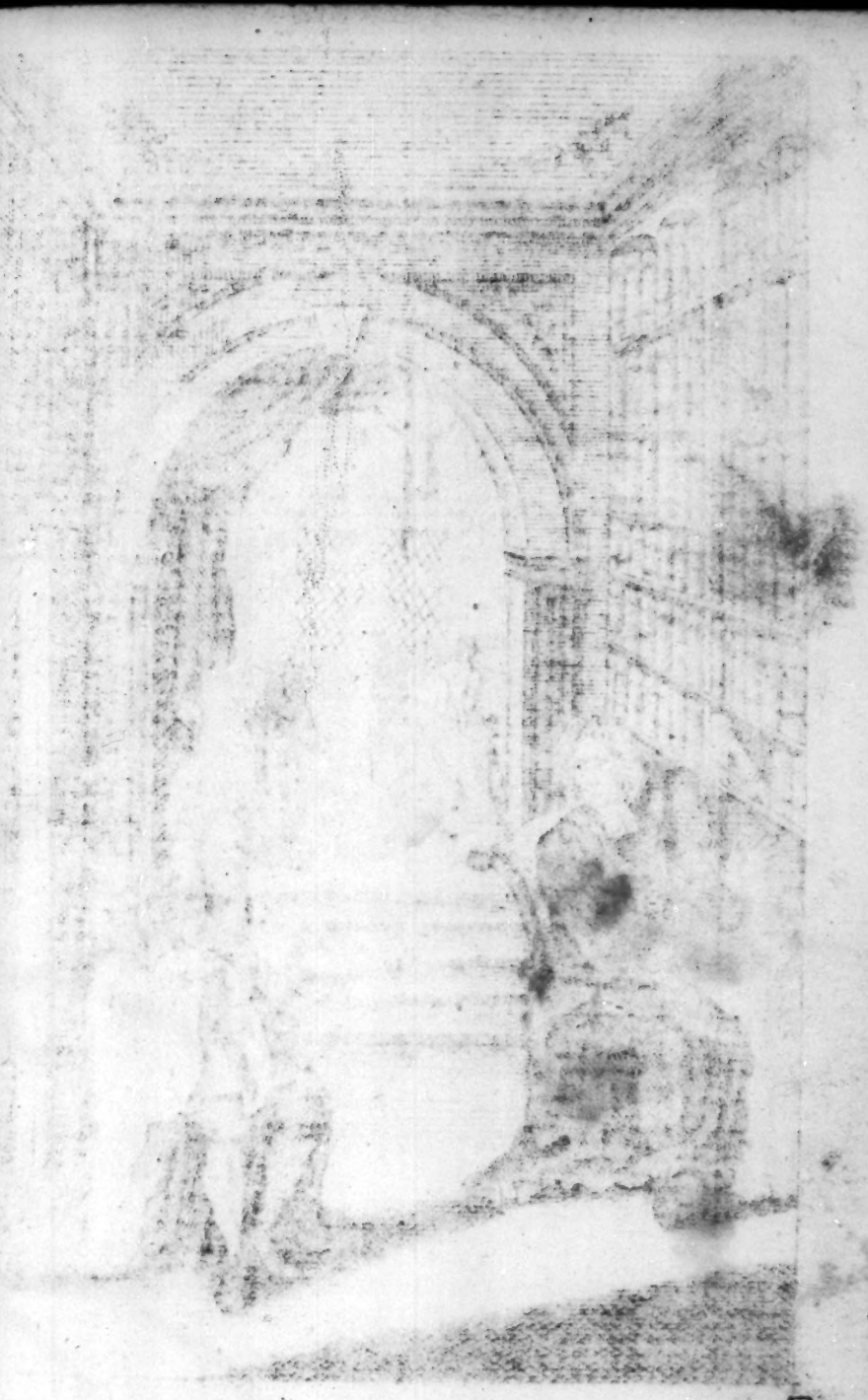
ſhall be called back by the cry of the children after her, with 'Hold! ſtay, mother! come back, and tell 'us where the writings are for your jointure, or we 'ſhall be undone.' And the poor mother, uncaſed, unembodied, muſt come back, diſmiſs the angels that were carrying her into Abraham's boſom, and bid them come for her another time; and here ſhe muſt hover about, we know not how many years, to do right to theſe children. Sure the ſame power that could thus interrupt her paſſage into heaven, might have prevented her ſeparation from the body, and ſhe might, with as much eaſe, and with leſs injuſtice to herſelf, have been kept out of the grave, as been kept out of heaven.

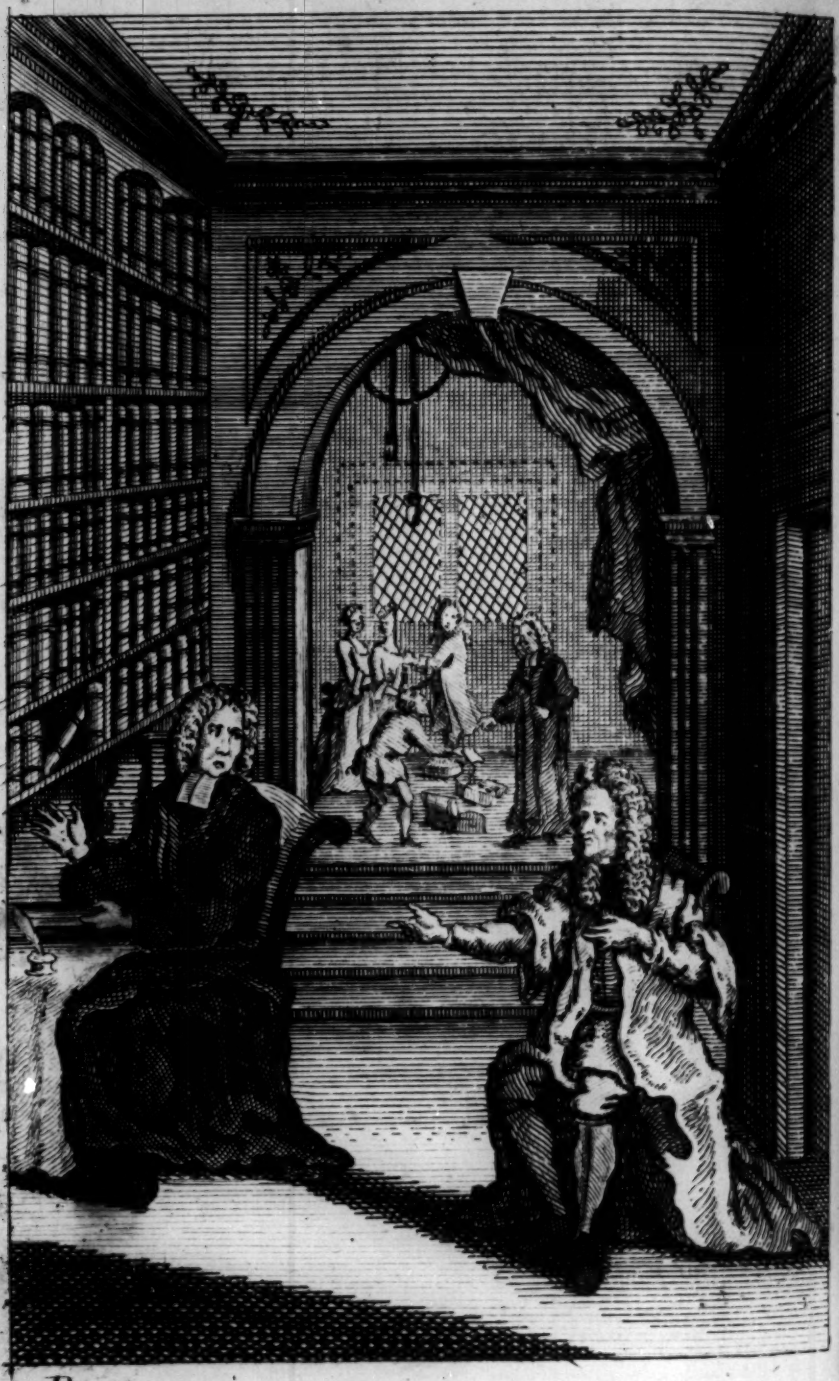
But I am ſick of the very repetition; the deluſion is ſo groſs, I ſay, it is not to be wondered at that we are ſhocked by it in our belief of the thing called apparition in general. The ridiculous part diſcredits the real; and it being ſo ſurfeiting to our reaſon to hear the firſt part, we throw off our patience, and will hear nothing at all of it.

It is true, we ſhould not do thus: the reality of the thing, abſtracted from theſe diſtracted and enthuſiaſtic notions, is not leſſened: 'tis our buſineſs then to reject the fooliſh part, which indeed has almoſt ſmother'd and buried the reſt in its duſt and rubbiſh, and let us judge rightly of things as they are.

There is no want of examples, where (Providence permitting) apparition has made diſcoveries of villainous and diſhoneſt deſigns and actions; detected violence and murder, done right to injured and oppreſſed widows, and fatherleſs children; and this without ſuch a monſtrous and inconſiſtent addition, as that of bringing back the ſoul from its entrance into heaven, or diſturbing its reſt and peace in a future ſtate: things too groſs to be ſo much as named among Chriſtians, whoſe faith in things future is too well eſtabliſhed

to





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to be capable of receiving any impreſſions from ſuch deluſions.

I have an example in ſtory, very particular to this caſe; and which my author aſſures me the truth of, tho' it never yet made its appearance in print: The ſtory is told of the late Reverend Dr. Scott, a man whoſe learning and piety were eminent, and whoſe judgment was known to be ſo good, as not to be eaſily impoſed upon.

The Doctor, as I have the ſtory related, was ſitting alone by the fire, either in his ſtudy or his parlour, in Broad-ſtreet, where he lived; and reading a book, his door being ſhut faſt and locked, he was well aſſured there was no body in the room but himſelf, when accidentally raiſing his head a little, he was exceedingly ſurprized to ſee ſitting in an elbow-chair, at the other ſide of the fire-place, an ancient grave gentleman in a black velvet gown, a long wig, and looking with a pleaſing countenance towards him (the Doctor) as if going to ſpeak.

N. B. Another perſon, relating this ſtory, ſays, the ancient gentleman appeared ſtanding, and having juſt opened the door of the Doctor's ſtudy, he was come in; and ſaluting the Doctor, ſpoke firſt to him: but the difference is trifling.

The relations agree in this part, that the Doctor was greatly ſurprized at the ſight of him; and, indeed, the ſeeing him as ſitting in a chair, was the moſt likely to be ſurpriſing; becauſe the Doctor, knowing the door to have been locked, and then ſeeing a man ſitting in the chair, he muſt immediately and at firſt ſight conclude him to be a ſpirit, or apparition, or devil, call it what you will; whereas, ſeeing him come in at the door, he might at firſt ſight ſuppoſe him to be really a gentleman come to ſpeak with him, and might think he had omitted faſtening the door, as he intended to have done.

But be it which of the two it will, the Doctor appeared in great diſorder at the ſight, as he acknowledged to thoſe to whom he told the ſtory, and from whom I received this account.

The ſpectre, it ſeems, began; for the Doctor had not courage at firſt, as he ſaid, to ſpeak to it; I ſay, the ſpectre, or apparition ſpoke firſt, and deſired the Doctor not to be frighted, or ſurprized, for that he would do him no hurt; but that he came to him upon a matter of great importance to an injured family, which was in great danger of being ruined; and that though he (the Doctor) was a ſtranger to the family, yet knowing him to be a man of integrity, he had pitched upon him to do an act of very great charity, as well as juſtice; and that he could depend upon him for a punctual performance.

The Doctor was not at firſt compoſed enough to receive the introduction of the buſineſs with a due attention; but ſeemed rather inclined to get out of the room from him if he could, and once or twice made ſome attempts to knock for ſome of the family to come up; at which the apparition appeared ſomewhat diſpleaſed.

But it ſeems he need not; for, as the Doctor ſaid, he had no power to go out of the room if he had been next the door, or to knock for help, if any had been at hand.

But here the apparition, ſeeing the Doctor ſtill in confuſion, deſired him again to compoſe himſelf, for he would not do him the leaſt injury, or offer any thing to make him uneaſy; but deſired that he would give him leave to deliver the buſineſs he came about; which, when he had heard, he ſaid, perhaps he would ſee leſs cauſe to be ſurprized, or apprehenſive, than he did now.

By this time, and by the calm way of diſcourſe above-mentioned, the Doctor had recovered himſelf ſo much, though

though not with any kind of compoſure, as to be able to ſpeak.

In the name of God, ſays the Doctor, what art thou?

I deſire you would not be frighted, ſays the apparition to him again; I am a ſtranger to you, and if I tell you my name, you do not know it; but you may do the buſineſs without inquiring.

The Doctor continued ſtill diſcompoſed and uneaſy, and ſaid nothing for ſome time.

The apparition ſpoke again to him not to be ſurprized, and received only for anſwer the old ignorant queſtion,

In the name of God, what art thou?

Upon this, the ſpectre ſeemed diſpleaſed, as if the Doctor had not treated him with ſufficient reſpect; and expoſtulated a little with him, telling him, he could have terrified him into a compliance, but that he choſe to come calmly and quietly to him; and uſed ſome other diſcourſes, ſo civil and obliging, that by this time he began to be a little more familiar, and at length the Doctor aſked,

What is it you would have with me?

At this the apparition, as if gratified with the queſtion, began his ſtory thus:

I once lived in the county of ———.

[I do not exactly remember the county he named; but it was in ſome of the weſtern counties of England.]

where I left a very good eſtate, which my grandſon enjoys at this time. But he is ſued for the poſſeſſion by my two nephews, the ſons of my younger brother.

[*Note.* Here he gave him his own name, the name of his younger brother, and the names of his two nephews; but I am not allowed to publiſh.

the names in this relation, nor might it be proper, for many reaſons.]

Here the Doctor interrupted, and aſked him how long the grandſon had been in poſſeſſion of the eſtate; which he told him was ——— years, intimating that he had been ſo long dead.

Then he went on, and told him, that his nephews would be too hard for his grandſon in the ſuit, and would *out* him of the manſion-houſe and eſtate; ſo that he would be in danger of being entirely ruined, and his family reduced.

Still the Doctor could not ſee into the matter, or what he could do to help or remedy the evil that threatened the family; and therefore aſked him ſome queſtions: for now they began to be a little better acquainted than at firſt.

Says the Doctor, And what am I able to do in it, if the law be againſt him?

Why, ſays the ſpectre, it is not that the nephews have any right; but the grand deed of ſettlement, being the conveyance of the inheritance, is loſt; and for want of that deed, they will not be able to make out their title to the eſtate.

Well, ſays the Doctor, and ſtill what can I do in the caſe?

Why, ſays the ſpectre, if you will go down to my grandſon's houſe, and take ſuch perſons with you as you can truſt, I will give you ſuch inſtructions as that you ſhall find out the deed or ſettlement, which lies concealed in a place where I put it with my own hands, and where you ſhall direct my grandſon to take it out in your preſence.

But why then do you not direct your grandſon himſelf to do this? ſays the Doctor.

Aſk me not about that, ſays the apparition; there are divers reaſons, which you may know hereafter. I can depend upon your honeſty in it, in the mean time;

and

and I will ſo diſpoſe matters, that you ſhall have your expences paid you, and be handſomely allowed for your trouble.

After this diſcourſe, and ſeveral other expoſtulations, (for the Doctor was not eaſily prevailed upon to go, 'till the ſpectre ſeemed to look angrily, and even to threaten him for refuſing) he did at laſt promiſe him to go.

Having obtained this promiſe of him, he told him, he might let his grandſon know, that he had formerly converſed with his grandfather, (but not to ſay how lately, or in what manner) and aſk to ſee the houſe; and that in ſuch an upper room, or loft, he ſhould find a great deal of old lumber, old coffers, old cheſts, and ſuch things as were out of faſhion now, thrown by, and piled up upon one another, to make room for more modiſh furniture, cabinets, cheſts of drawers, and the like.

That in ſuch a particular corner, there was a certain old cheſt, with an old broken lock upon it, and a key in it, which could neither be turned in the lock, or pulled out of it.

Note, Here he gave him a particular deſcription of the cheſt, and of the outſide, the lock and the cover, and alſo of the inſide, and of a private place in the cheſt, which no man could come at, or find out, unleſs the whole cheſt was pulled in pieces.

In that cheſt, ſays he, and in that place, lies the grand deed, or charter of the eſtate, which conveys the inheritance, and without which the family will be ruined, and turned out of doors.

After this diſcourſe, and the Doctor promiſing to go down into the country to diſpatch this important commiſſion; the apparition, putting on a very pleaſant and ſmiling aſpect, thanked him, and diſappeared.

After ſome days, and within the time limited by

the propoſal of the ſpectre, the Doctor went down accordingly into ——ſhire; and finding the gentleman's houſe very readily, by the direction, knock'd at the door, and aſked if he was at home; and after being told he was, and the ſervants telling their maſter it was a clergyman, the gentleman came to the door, and very courteouſly invited him in.

After the Doctor had been there ſome time, he obſerved that the gentleman received him with unexpected civility, though a ſtranger, and without buſineſs. They entered into many friendly diſcourſes, and the Doctor pretended to have heard much of the family (as indeed he had) and of his grandfather; from whom, Sir, ſays he, I perceive the eſtate more immediately deſcends to yourſelf.

Ay, ſays the gentleman, and ſhook his head, my father died young, and my grandfather has left things ſo confuſed, that, for want of one principal writing, which is not yet come to hand, I have met with a great deal of trouble from a couple of couſins, my grandfather's brother's children, who have put me to a great charge about it.——Upon this, the Doctor began to be a little inquiſitive.

I hope, Sir, ſays the Doctor, you have got over all this.

No, truly, ſays the Gentleman, if I may be ſo free as to ſpeak my mind, I think we ſhall never get quite over it, unleſs we can find the old deed; which, however, I hope we ſhall find; for I intend to make a general ſearch after it.

I wiſh with all my heart you may find it, Sir, ſays the Doctor.

I don't doubt but I ſhall, adds the Gentleman; for I had a dream concerning it laſt night.

A dream about the writing! ſays the Doctor, then I hope it was that you ſhould find it.

Why, ſays the Gentleman, I'll tell you—I dream'd that

that a ſtrange gentleman came to me, whom I had never ſeen in my life, and helped me to look for it. I don't know but you may be the man.

I ſhould be very glad to be the man, I aſſure you, ſays the Doctor.

Nay, ſays the Gentleman, if you ſhould think proper, I am certain you may be the man to help me to look for it.

Ay, Sir, ſays the Doctor, I may help you to look it, indeed; and I will do it with all my heart; but I would much rather be the man that ſhould help you to find it. Pray when do you intend to make a ſearch?

I had appointed to do it to-morrow, ſays the Gentleman.

But, ſays the Doctor, in what manner do you intend to ſearch?

Why, ſays the Gentleman, it is the opinion of us all, that my grandfather was ſo very much concerned about preſerving this writing, and had ſo great a jealouſy that ſome body about him would rob him of it, if they could, that he has hid it in ſome very ſecret place; but I am reſolved I'll find it, if I am obliged to pull half the houſe down.

Truly, ſays the Doctor, he may have hid it in ſuch a manner, as to oblige you to pull the houſe down before you find it, and perhaps not even then; for I have known ſuch things utterly loſt, notwithſtanding all the care imaginable uſed to preſerve them.

If it was made of any thing the fire could not deſtroy, ſays the Gentleman, I would burn the houſe down but I'd find it.

I ſuppoſe you have ſearched all the old gentleman's cheſts, and trunks, and coffers over and over; ſays the Doctor.

Ay, ſays the Gentleman, and turned them all inſide out; and there they lie all on a heap up in a great loft or garret, with nothing in them; nay, we knock'd three

three or four of them in pieces to ſearch for private drawers, and then I burnt them for anger, tho' they were fine cypreſs cheſts, that coſt a deal of money when they were in faſhion.

I am ſorry you burnt them, ſays the Doctor.

Nay, ſays the Gentleman, I did not burn a ſcrap of them 'till they were all ſplit to pieces; and it was not poſſible any thing ſhould be there,

[This made the Doctor a little eaſy; for he began to be ſurprized, when he told him he had ſplit ſome of them, and burnt them.]

Well, Sir, ſays the Doctor, if I can do you any ſervice in your ſearch, I'll come and ſee you again to-morrow, and attend upon you in your ſearch, with my good wiſhes.

Nay, ſays the Gentleman, I don't deſign to part with you; but ſince you are ſo kind as to offer me your help, you ſhall ſtay all night with me, and be at the firſt of it.

The Doctor had now gained his point ſo far as to make himſelf acquainted and deſirable in the houſe, and to have a kind of intimacy; ſo that though he made as if he would go, he did not want much intreaty to make him ſtay; ſo he conſented to lie in the houſe all night.

A little before night, the Gentleman aſked him to take a walk in his park, but he put it off with a jeſt; I had rather, Sir, ſaid he ſmiling, you would let me ſee this fine old manſion-houſe, that is to be demoliſhed to-morrow; methinks I'd fain ſee the houſe once, before you pull it down.

With all my heart, ſays the Gentleman. So he took him immediately up ſtairs, ſhewed him all the beſt apartments, and all his fine furniture and pictures; and coming to the head of the great ſtair-caſe where they came up, offered to go down again.

But,

But, Sir, ſays the Doctor, ſhall we not go a little higher?

There's nothing above, ſays the Gentleman, but garrets and old lofts, full of rubbiſh, and a place to go out into the turret, and the clock-houſe.

But, Sir, I ſhould be glad to ſee it all, now we are about it, ſays the Doctor. I ſhould like to ſee the old lofty towers and turrets, the magnificence of our anceſtors, tho' they are out of faſhion now; pray let us ſee all, now we are about it.

Why, it will tire you, ſays the Gentleman.

No, no, ſays the Doctor, if it don't tire you, who have ſeen it ſo often, it won't tire me, I aſſure you: pray let us go up. So away goes the Gentleman, and the Doctor after him.

After they had rambled over the wild part of an old-built great houſe, which I need not deſcribe, he paſſed by a great room, the door of which was open, and in it a great deal of old lumber. Pray what place is this? ſays the Doctor, looking in at the door, but not offering to go in.

O! that's the room, ſays the Gentleman ſoftly, (becauſe there was a ſervant attending them) that's the room I told you of, where all the old rubbiſh lies, the cheſts, the coffers, and the trunks; look you there, ſee how they are piled up upon one another, almoſt to the cieling.

With this the Doctor goes in, and looks about him; for this ſeemed to be the place he was directed to, and which he wanted to ſee: He had not been in the room two minutes, before he found every thing juſt as the ſpectre at London had deſcribed, went directly to the pile he had been told of, and fixed his eye upon the very cheſt, with the old ruſty lock upon it, and the key in it, which would neither turn round, nor come out.

Upon

Upon my word, Sir, ſays the Doctor, you have taken pains enough, if you have rummaged all theſe drawers, and cheſts, and coffers, and every thing that may have been in them.

Indeed, Sir, ſays the Gentleman, I have emptied every one of them myſelf, and looked over all the old muſty writings, one by one, with ſome help indeed, but they every one paſſed through my own hands, and under my own eyes.

Well, Sir, ſays the Doctor, I ſee you have been in earneſt, and I find the thing is of great conſequence to you. I have a ſtrange fancy come into my head this very moment; will you gratify my curioſity with only opening and emptying one ſmall cheſt or coffer that I have caſt my eye upon? There may be nothing in it; for you are ſatisfied, I believe, that I was never here before; but I have a ſtrange notion that there are ſome private places in it which you have not found; perhaps there may be nothing in them, when they are found.

The Gentleman looks on the cheſt ſmiling; I remember opening it very well; and turning to his ſervant, Will, ſays he, don't you remember that cheſt? Yes, Sir, ſays Will, very well, I remember you were ſo weary you ſat down upon the cheſt when every thing was out of it; you clapt down the lid and ſat down, and ſent me down to my Lady to bring you a dram of citron; you ſaid you were ſo tired you was ready to faint.

Well, Sir, 'tis only a fancy of mine, and perhaps there may be nothing in it.

'Tis no matter for that, ſays the Gentleman, you ſhall ſee it turned bottom upwards again before your face, and ſo you ſhall all the reſt, if you do but ſpeak the word.

Well, Sir, ſays the Doctor, if you will oblige me only with that one, I'll trouble you no farther.

Upon

Upon this, the Gentleman immediately cauſed the coffer to be dragged out and opened; for it could not be locked, the key would neither lock it nor unlock it: When the papers were all out, the Doctor turning his face another way, as if he would look among the papers, but taking little or no notice of the cheſt, ſtooped down, and as if ſupporting himſelf with his cane, chops it into the cheſt, but ſnatched it out again haſtily, as if it had been a miſtake; and turning to the cheſt, he claps the lid of it down, and ſits down upon it, as if he was weary too.

However, he takes an opportunity to ſpeak ſoftly to the Gentleman, to ſend away his man a moment; for I would ſpeak a word or two with you, Sir, ſays he, out of his hearing; and then recollecting himſelf, Sir, ſays he aloud, can you not ſend for a hammer and a chiſel?

Yes, Sir, ſays the Gentleman. Go, Will, ſays he to his man, fetch a hammer and chiſel.

As ſoon as Will was gone, Now, Sir, ſays the Doctor, let me ſay a bold word to you; I have found your writing, I have found your grand deed of ſettlement; I would lay you an hundred guineas I have it in this coffer.

The Gentleman takes up the lid again, handles the cheſt, looks over every part of it, but could ſee nothing, and ſeemed confounded and amazed! What d'ye mean? ſays he to the Doctor, you have no unuſual art, I hope, no conjuring in hand; here's nothing but an empty coffer.

Not I, upon my word, ſays the Doctor, I am no magician, or cunning-man, I abhor it; but I tell you again, the writing is in this coffer.

The Gentleman knocks and calls, as if he was frighted, for his man with the hammer and chiſel but the Doctor ſat compoſed again upon the lid of the coffer.

At

At length the man brings the hammer and chiſel, and the Doctor goes to work with the cheſt, knocks upon the flat of the bottom: Hark! ſays he, don't you hear it, Sir, ſays he, don't you hear it plainly?

Hear what, ſays the Gentleman. I don't underſtand you indeed.

Why, the cheſt has a double bottom, Sir, a falſe bottom, ſays the Doctor: do you not hear it ſound hollow?

In a word, they immediately ſplit the inner bottom open, and there lay the parchment ſpread abroad flat on the whole breadth of the bottom of the trunk, as a quire of paper is laid on the flat of a drawer.

It is impoſſible for me to deſcribe the joy and ſurprize of the Gentleman, and ſoon after of the whole family; for the gentleman ſent for his lady, and two of his daughters, up into the garret among all the rubbiſh, to ſee not only the writing, but the place where it was found, and the manner how.

Now, to make a few remarks upon this paſſage, which I am obliged to ſay is reported to me for truth, and I firmly believe to be ſo: Certain it is, that finding this writing was of the utmoſt importance to the family; and though I am not indeed inclined to publiſh names to the ſtory, or to examine into the particulars, by diſcourſing with the perſons, for ſome may yet be living, yet I ſay the eſtabliſhment of not a family only, but a generation of families, might depend upon this writing, and that no doubt made the ancient gentleman lay it up ſo ſafe.

But why then might not providence permit, nay even direct one of thoſe intelligent ſpirits, or angels, mentioned above, to give this notice, and in this manner, where the main and only deed or charter for the inheritance was to be found, as well as it has upon many like occaſions, or in caſes alike in their importance, made ſtrange and unaccountable diſcoveries of things

things hid for many ages; and this without apparition, but by a manifeſt concurrence of cauſes and accidents next to miracles.

I cannot think but that Providence, whoſe concern for the good and ſafety of his creatures is ſo univerſal, and who, it muſt be acknowledged, is not unconcerned even in the minuteſt circumſtances, may think meet to bring ſuch a thing as this to light, upon which the good and welfare of a whole family did ſo much depend; and even to appear in an extraordinary manner in it, without any impeachment of its wiſdom or its power; and if the ſame Providence that thought fit to ſave this family from ſo much injuſtice as at that time threatened it, thought fit to do it by the agency of a ſpirit coming in apparition to a third perſon, ſo as to bring it about in the ordinary method, what have we to do to diſpute about the manner? or what juſt objection lies againſt it?

But to return to the affair of the writing found in the cheſt, and which, according to the notion that ſome men have of theſe things, the ſoul of the above ancient gentleman came in apparition to diſcover; our queſtion is, firſt, How did he come to know, in his determined ſtate, his ſtate of ſoul-exiſtence, be that where it would? I ſay, How did he come to know, that the writing was not diſcovered, and that his grandſon was in danger of coming to an injury about it? How did he know that the law-ſuit was commenced, the thing proſecuted ſo far, and the damage like to be ſuffered ſo very much?

He might know where it was, if not found; becauſe he hid it there, becauſe he laid it up with ſo much care; but he could not know what circumſtances had been attending the caſe ſince that time, what proceedings had been at law, and how things ſtood with the family; if he could, then the text quoted before out

of Job cannot be true, "that the ſon riſeth and fall-"eth, and the father knoweth it not."

It is to be obſerved that this apparition, which came to Doctor Scott, did not alledge that he could not reſt till this matter was diſcovered; he ſeemed concerned that the family would be uneaſy, and that they were ſo; and were in great danger of loſing the eſtate; but did not once pretend, that he could not reſt in peace; or, as the other, that he could not go to heaven 'till it was diſcovered.

CHAP. XIII.

Of ſham apparitions, and apparitions which have been the effect either of fraud or fear.

BY ſham apparitions, I am to be underſtood ſuch as have been put upon people by the fraud and craft of ſubtle knaves, in order to bring about their wicked deſigns, or ſuch as fear and weak apprehenſions have preſented to, and impoſed upon the imagination.—— In ſhort,

Firſt, Apparitions with which people are cheated by others.

Secondly, Apparitions with which they cheat themſelves.

Firſt, Apparitions formed by the knavery of others, to cheat, abuſe, and impoſe upon the credulity of the people. Such was the fable of Jupiter deſcending in a golden ſhower, and falling into the lap of Danae, whom he had a mind to debauch. And, indeed, whoſe virtue could we think would in thoſe days, (not to ſay a word of our more modeſt and ſanctified ladies) reſiſt a ſhower

ſhower of gold, falling into their lap? with a god in the middle of it too: But that by the way.

The like apparition, that immortal raviſher of virgins, called Jupiter, made, when he ſtole the lady Europa in the ſhape of a milk-white bull, inviting the lady to get up upon his back, and immediately jumps into the ſea with her, and ſwims over the Helleſpont; from whence the other ſide, where ſhe landed, is called Europe to this day. Indeed, when ladies come to ride upon bulls, what can they expect?

Such was the horrid cheat put upon the poor, virtuous, but bigoted Roman lady, perſuading her that the god ——— deſired to enjoy her, which ſhe in blind devotion ſubmitted to with raptures of divine joy and elevation; cauſed her bed to be laid in the ſacriſty of the temple, decked it with flowers and perfumes, and cauſed the debauched prieſt to be dreſſed up in robes of ſtate, and offering rich odours all the night; when at length, inſtead of the god, inſtead of the apparition which ſhe expected, ſhe was betrayed, and violated by the traitor that lay in wait for her in the temple.

Such again was the apparition of Apollo, which Lucian ſpeaks of, that was ſeen ſuſpended in the air, and carried or moved about from place to place in the temple of Apollo at Hierapolis.

Lucian. de Dea Syria.

Such was the ſordid impoſture of Mahomet, who having brought up a tame pigeon to come to his ear, where he always fed her with peaſe or tares, ſo that ſhe conſtantly came thither at his call; by this ſtratagem, I ſay, Mahomet perſuaded his followers, that it was an apparition of the angel Gabriel, ſent from God to whiſper divine oracles into his ſoul, and that he received the heavenly inſpirations by theſe means. Such was the voice which pronounced him to be the prophet of the Moſt High God, which voice ſounding in the air, no perſon appearing to ſpeak, was con-

cluded to be the voice of an angel, appearing to him; whereas it was ſpoken, by his own direction, by a poor fellow, whom he had placed on purpoſe at the bottom of a well; and when he found this impoſture to take with the people, he ſent a detachment of his followers to fill up the well with ſtones, pretending he did that, becauſe it ſhould no more be profaned by any man or cattle drinking of its holy waters, from whence the voice of an angel had been heard; but was really done to bury the poor wretch at the bottom, that he might not betray the ſecret, and diſcover the contrived deluſion.

Such likewiſe was the ſtory of the Aſs, that carried him up into Paradiſe, and that not only to one, but through ſeven or eight paradiſes or heavens, where he ſaw two and thirty thouſand viſions: And ſuch were all the apparitions which that ridiculous impoſtor feigned he had ſeen, and uſed upon every occaſion, till his blinded followers believed him to be an apparition himſelf.

Such was the image of St. George, rightly called miraculous, which the Greeks to this day play horrible pranks with at the iſle of Scyros in the Archipelago, and which they put upon the people as an apparition indeed; exerciſing particular ſeverities upon people in ſeveral caſes: But as it is managed by the prieſts, ſo it is more eſpecially very furious upon all thoſe that neglect to fulfil the vows made to the ſaid St. George, or, in general, to all thoſe who do not pay their debts to the clergy.

Monſieur Tournefort, in his voyage into the Levant, gives a diverting account of the conduct of this devil of Scyros; how they worry the ignorant people to death with it, and impoſe upon them by it in the moſt groſs and abſurd manner poſſible.

As there are not greater impoſtors in the world than the Greeks, and eſpecially the Greek clergy; ſo there

are

are not a more ignorant people, or a people more eaſily impoſed upon in the world, than the Greek laity; and eſpecially thoſe whom the Greek clergy have to do with: Hence it is, that the moſt abſurd reaſonings go down with them, and indeed they may be truly ſaid to be believers in the literal ſenſe, for they take in all things by the lump, and without reaſoning at all upon them: if not, it would be impoſſible to poſſeſs them, as the prieſts do, with a belief that the image of St. George moves the prieſt, and not that the prieſt moves the image, though he carries it about upon his ſhoulders.

Yet this is the fact: The image of St. George is no more than a picture, and that of very coarſe painting, repreſenting St. George upon a log of wood: it is placed over the great altar of the cathedral at Scyros, which is dedicated to that Saint: When the church is full of people, the image is ſeen to move of itſelf. This they call, and, were the fact true, it might well be called the apparition of St. George; but be the fact true or not, it is believed to be ſo, and that is as well, to all intents and purpoſes of an apparition, as if the apparition were invigorated.

But, to ſpeak it in their own words, the image is ſeen to move of itſelf, and to ſhew itſelf in apparition to all the people; for notwithſtanding its bulk and weight, it will tranſport itſelf through the air into the midſt of the aſſembly; there it hovers about, as if it were viewing every face, and examining every heart; if it finds any one that has failed to perform any vow to him (the Saint) the image immediately fixes itſelf on the ſhoulders of the delinquent, ſingles him out, and he is not only expoſed to the whole aſſembly, but the image plies him with furious and continued buffetings, 'till he becomes penitent, and promiſes again, in the face of the aſſembly, to pay what he owes to the church.

But this is not all: for when the aſſembly has been thus purged by the juſtice of this ghoſt in an image, it is then taken up, and placed upon the ſhoulders of a blind monk, who carries it out of the church into the town; the monk being blind, and not knowing whither he goes, is guided by the occult impreſſion of the image, who guides him as a rider guides a blind horſe; and thus he carries him directly to the houſe of ſuch as are delinquent in the caſe of debt to the altar of St. George.

Nor is it enough that the Debtor, ſeeing the apparition or image coming to him, flies from it, and eſcapes from houſe to houſe; for the image cauſes the monk to follow him by the foot, as a hound does a hare; ſo that, in a word, there is no eſcaping Saint George, no flying from him, the monk is ſteady in his purſuit, aſcends, deſcends, paſſes, repaſſes, enters all places, 'till the poor wretch, who may be truly ſaid to be hunted down, or hounded down, as they expreſs it in the North, is obliged to pay the utmoſt farthing.

This ſtory fully confirmed my thoughts in a remark which I made from the beginning of this work, that really church apparitions are the moſt frightful, moſt teizing, and terrible in their way, of all the real devils that walk about in the world.

But what occaſion have we thus to wander among the ancients, and hunt among the Greek ſchiſmaticks for artificial apparitions, and for eccleſiaſtic deluſions of this kind? The Roman church, that true catholic eſtabliſhment, built upon the ſolid rock of St. Peter himſelf, how full is it of glorious frauds of this kind? and how has the whole ſcheme of Papal tyranny been ſupported among the people in this very manner, ever ſince the great defection of the Roman Hierarchy, from its true primitive purity, and original holy inſtitution?

But

But I do not propoſe to make this work a collection of church apparitions, whether Popiſh or Proteſtant; any more than I ſhall enter upon a recital of the Univerſalia of ſtate apparitions; 'tis well for this age, both in church and ſtate, that my doctrine on the reſt of ſouls is eſtabliſhed; for certainly, if the ſouls of the departed could be diſturbed either in heaven or hell, by the mad things, the ſimple things, the good things, or the wicked things tranſacted by their poſterity in theſe days, there muſt be as great an uneaſineſs in thoſe eternal manſions, on account of the preſent age, as ever there was ſince hiſtory gives us any account of things.

Never did any generation make ſuch fools of their fathers, and ſuch wiſe men of themſelves, and both ſo unaccountable; ſurely it muſt be, that the dead cannot come to the quick, and that they know nothing of us, or the whole world would be one apparition, and we ſhould, as Sir W—— B—— ſaid above, have all come up again that was under ground, the dead world would be too many for the living world, and we ſhould meet ten apparitions in every ſtreet for one living creature.

But, to come to the caſe in hand, the firſt Chriſtian apparition I meet with deſerves our particular attention: firſt, indeed, becauſe of the importance of the occaſion, namely, for the confirmation of the faith of all true Catholics in that great diſputed, yet unſettled point, viz. Whether ever St. Peter was at Rome or no? A point ſo eſſential, and which the Heretics take ſo much pains to make doubtful, that if we Catholics do not eſtabliſh it beyond all the cavils of our enemies, we do nothing; and for this we bring the miraculous apparition of Jeſus Chriſt to St. Peter juſt without the city, and which carried Peter back again into the city; ſo that he came out of Rome, and returned to Rome,

Chriſt

Chriſt himſelf being witneſs to, ſure it can never be diſputed any more.

This being of ſo great importance to the Catholic church, it is meet I ſhould bring you good authority for the relation; and therefore, thinking myſelf not a ſufficient evidence, being perhaps ſuſpected of hereſy, I ſhall give it you out of the labours of an ancient Father of the Roman church, and you ſhall have the ſtory from his own mouth, and in his own words, as follows: It is the famous Doctor Smith, a Popiſh preacher in Queen Mary's days, who boaſted that he had overcome both Biſhop Ridley and Biſhop Latimer, in a diſpute againſt them, about St. Peter's having been at Rome.

The Doctor's buſineſs was to take upon him to run down the poor oppreſſed confeſſors, Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, and make them odious to the people; and being appointed to preach a ſermon upon this ſubject at Whittington's College in London (the ſame, or near it) that is now called St. Martin Vintry,) he begins thus:

'My Maſters, you are in great error concerning the 'bleſſed Sacrament, and all your Truſt has been in 'Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer; as for Latimer, he 'ſaid, in open diſputation at Oxford, that he had no 'learning in the matter, but out of Cranmer's book. 'Before this, I diſputed with Latimer twenty years 'ago, and then he had no learning: as for Cranmer, 'he ſaid that his learning came from Ridley; and as 'for Ridley, I diſputed with him myſelf at Oxford the 'other day, and I proved my argument thus: "Ille "cui Chriſtus obviavit Romæ fuit Romæ; ac Chriſtus "obviavit Petro Romæ: ergo Petrus fuit Romæ.— 'That is, He whom Chriſt met at Rome was at Rome; "but Chriſt met Peter at Rome; Ergo, Peter was at "Rome."

'By

'By this argument I prove two things, and ſingular 'myſteries of our faith.

'Firſt, That Peter was at Rome, againſt thoſe who 'clatter that Peter never was at Rome.

'Secondly, That if Peter met Chriſt bodily, as Ab-'dias reporteth, and which I am ſure is true, or elſe 'ſuch an ancient and holy Father would never have 'written it; then conſequently, he may as well be in 'the bleſſed ſacrament, as he was met bodily. —— To 'this Ridley ſtood like a block, and feeling himſelf 'convinced, anſwered nothing. Then ſaid I, "cur "non reſpondes Hæretice, Hæreticorum Hæreticiſſi-"me?" Did I not handle him well?

'Then he denied the Minor, which I proved thus: 'Chriſt met Peter going out of Rome, and ſaid, 'Good-morrow, Peter! whither goeſt thou? Peter an-'ſwered, Good-morrow, good man, whither goeſt 'thou? Then ſaid Chriſt, I go to Rome to ſuffer.— 'What! ſaith Peter, I trow, unleſs I take my marks 'amiſs, ye be Jeſus Chriſt: Good Lord, how do ye? 'I am glad I have met you here. Then ſaid Jeſus 'Chriſt to Peter, Go back and ſuffer, or elſe I muſt; 'et pro te et pro me.

'When Ridley had heard this my proof, and Ab-'dias's authority, a Doctor ancient and irrefragable, 'he anſwered never a word; and thus I confuted 'Ridley in the audience of a thouſand; and yet ye 'ſay, that Jeſus Chriſt was never bodily on earth ſince 'his aſcenſion.'

Here then is an apparition of good fame, and of extraordinary authority; and if any objection can lie againſt it, 'tis only whether it be true or not; but I am not to anſwer for that: 'tis certainly true, that the learned Doctor preached this excellent ſermon, and that's enough for me.

But having thus given you an apparition of ſuch great authority, namely of Jeſus Chriſt himſelf, I ſhall quote

quote you a few others of a more modern kind, to confirm you in this principle, namely, that apparitions did not ceaſe in the church: Tho' miracles are ſaid to ceaſe, and propheſies ceaſe, tho' oracles are dumb, and the dead do not return; yet that apparition is not wanting, and the artifices of the fathers remain; namely, that they can ſhow you wonders in viſion every day for the confirmation of that great Catholick verity.

I might deſcend here to the famous apparition of Loudon, commonly called the Devil of Loudon; and the yet more famous apparition of Jetzer at Bern in Switzerland. Theſe are indeed orthodox deluſions, and both carried on with the utmoſt aſſurance, I had almoſt ſaid villainy, by the prieſts: but I am not come ſo far down yet on our way to modern roguery.

One of our Popes, I think, inſiſted, that he had an apparition of the devil come to him; whereas St. Francis, and St. Ignatius, each in their turn, put the bite of apparition upon the world, in ſo many particular caſes, that if they had not, as we may ſay, left off in time, as the world took them for mad men and fools, they would have taken them for what they really were, viz. knaves and cheats, and have uſed them accordingly; and indeed it was once within an ace, with St. Francis, of his being whipt through the ſtreets of Naples for an impoſtor; and he had but one way to get off, which was, to add ſome things to his conduct ſo extremely ſilly and ridiculous, that he was taken for an ideot, and let to run looſe in the ſtreets with a croud of boys at his heels, following him and ſhouting at him, and throwing dirt and rotten eggs upon him. This he turned into a ſpecies of martyrdom, valued himſelf upon it, and would not ſuffer the filth to be ſcraped off from him; becauſe he looked on it as the ornament and crown of his ſufferings for preaching the goſpel.

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It was doubtful, for ſome time, whether this holy enthuſiaſt had more apparitions of the Bleſſed Virgin, or of the devil, following him. It is true, ſome of our Heretics affirm, that he had no apparitions at all, either of the Virgin, or of the devil; but that it was all a deviliſh cheat, which he had the effrontery to put upon the world.

But this, they tell us, is too uncharitable; becauſe it is ſuppoſing the wretch himſelf (who, it is allowed, was a very weak and ſilly, though an impudent fellow) was able to impoſe upon all the world at that time, who univerſally believed that he had ſeen ſome apparitions, which elevated his mind to ſo great a degree of enthuſiaſm as that he acted by.

But then, if we muſt allow he was viſited with apparitions, it muſt be of the devil, not the Bleſſed Virgin; becauſe we have no ſcripture authority to ſupport the notion that ſhe ever did, or can appear at all, either to him or any body elſe; and that all the pretended apparitions of the Virgin Mary, of what kind ſoever, which the Legends are full of, are the mere impoſtures of the prieſts, as really and openly as if they had been ſeen to be performed. Such was her ſpeaking to St. Bernard, when he came up the nave of the great church at Milan, at four ſteps, twenty yards at a ſtep; at the firſt ſtep he ſaid, O Felix! at the ſecond ſtep, O Pia! at the third ſtep, O Sancta! and at the fourth ſtep, Maria! to which the image anſwered, Salve Bernarde. The marks of the four ſteps, Dr. Burnet, in his letters, tells us are to be ſeen in the church ſtill, covered with little plates of braſs, having the words ſeverally cut upon them; and yet in ſpite of the relick we cannot for our lives believe, that the ſilent image ſpoke to him, any more than that he ſtept twenty yards at a ſtride.

Upon the whole, we are at a point with St. Francis, and if any apparition did haunt him, it was that

of

of the devil; and they tell us this was ſo frequent, that at laſt he prayed to the Virgin, that the devil might not be allowed to appear to him but upon extraordinary occaſions; and that, whenever he did, he ſhould have the better of the devil, if he contended with him: after which, the devil never appeared to him at all in his own ſhape, as it ſeems he uſed to do, but always under ſome diſguiſe, or in other perſons ſhapes, tempting him in thoſe apparitions, as he found occaſion; but that he was always too hard for him, and drove him away. Who had the victory at laſt, hiſtory is ſilent about; but ſome are apt to doubt that the devil had the better of him then, for that we do not read much of his triumph over the devil, *in articulo mortis*.

Saint Ignatius, the patron of the Jeſuits, pretended to make St. Francis, who was before him, his patron, and to mimick him in all his moſt ridiculous extravagancies; and theſe of apparitions among the reſt; and his life indeed is full of hiſtories of apparitions, either of one Saint or other, or of the devil, or of the Virgin, upon all occaſions, and ſome of them the moſt trifling and frivolous in the world.

St. Francis, being very melancholy, earneſtly deſired to hear ſome muſic, being told that muſic would exhilerate the ſoul; and immediately an apparition of angels ſurrounded him, making a concert of moſt harmonious muſic, admirably adapted for his conſolation, and continuing ſome time.

St. Ignatius had the like apparitions of angels playing ſweet leſſons of heavenly muſic to him, when he was writing his book of Conſtitutions; likewiſe after his death, a concert of angels made moſt excellent muſic at his grave, and ſeveral ſtars were ſeen placed upon his ſepulchre.

Note, The firſt ſtars that were ever ſeen in appation upon earth till this time; nor indeed did

I ever

I ever hear any account, that the ſtars walked before.

Some apparitions have been formed by the policy, or rather the mere face of the prieſts, to prove their abſurd doctrines. Surius, a zealous writer for invocation of ſaints, ſays, that whatever Hereticks may prate, (he ſhould have ſaid, whatever the ſcripture may prate) it is abundantly proved, that the departed ſaints know our concerns on earth, and hear our petitions; and ſo he determines the queſtion in controverſy, viz. invocation of ſaints.

Surius Not. ad Bonavent. in Vit. St. Franciſci.

He does not indeed offer any thing to prove the fact, but ſeveral miraculous apparitions of the Bleſſed Virgin to the devout prieſts praying to her, one of which may be as true as the other.

To prove the poſſibility of a perſon being in two places at once, we are aſſured of the following apparition of St. Ignatius.

Leonard Keſel, a Jeſuit of Cologne, paſſionately deſired to ſee this extraordinary perſon, of whom he had heard ſuch wonderful things related, and whoſe fame ſpread far and wide for a moſt wonderful man: Keſel, an honeſt well-meaning man, knowing very well the beſt way to ſee a man was to be brought to the place where he was, and having no notion of his being a worker of impoſſibilities, though he thought him a ſtrange perſon too; yet, I ſay, not dreaming of miracles, he writes to Ignatius what a deſire he had to ſee him, and begs his leave (for Keſel being a prieſt of his order, he could not ſtir without licence) I ſay, he begs his leave to come to Rome to receive his bleſſing.

Ignatius forbids him; poſitively aſſuring him, that if ſuch an interview was neceſſary, God would provide a way for it, without giving him the trouble of ſo long a journey.

Keſel did not underſtand the meaning of the anſwer, and was extremely diſſatisfy'd to be ſo far under the diſpleaſure of his ſuperior, as to be denied coming to ſee him, which he ſo paſſionately deſired: however, he was obliged to ſubmit, and wait the event.

Upon a day, ſays the ſtory, when he leaſt thought of it, behold Ignatius comes up into his cell, or chamber, and after having talked with him a very conſiderable time, ſuddenly diſappeared, leaving the Jeſuit exceedingly comforted with ſuch a prodigious wonderful viſit.

St. Francis did theſe things frequently, it ſeems; and would ſometimes ride through the air in a fiery chariot; which I look upon to be as true as that St. Dunſtan, when he was a boy, flew down from the top of Glaſtenbury Tor, or Tower, a place well known in Somerſetſhire.

The converſion of St. Ignatius, they tell us, was brought to paſs by an apparition of St. Peter to him, who came and touched the wounds received in battle, and healed them immediately; and yet it ſeems as if St. Peter was but a lame doctor, for that St. Ignatius halted, and that his leg was crooked as long as he lived, cannot be denied; whereas, when St Peter healed the impotent man at Jeruſalem, the text expreſsly ſays, he made him "every whit whole." Acts iii. 7, 8.

St. Francis is ſaid to have done innumerable cures for ſick and diſeaſed perſons, by appearing to them after his death, and it would fill a volume to give a hiſtory of them; but it ſeems to be needleſs, all true Catholics acknowledge it.

Paſcal, Ignatius's chamber-fellow and companion, being reduced to great neceſſities after the death of his colleague, implores the aſſiſtance of Ignatius in the church of St. Laurence, or ſome other church at Rome; immediately he heard a melodious ſound, and ſaw Ignatius

natius appearing to him, attended by a numerous and beautiful train of the ſervants of God; but what relief the apparition gave him in his extreme neceſſity, is not related.

But I may venture to cloſe the diſcourſe on impoſed apparitions with that memorable ſtory of Jetzer, a Dominican in the monaſtery or houſe of Dominicans at Bern, in Switzerland: The forgery is manifeſt, and likewiſe the reaſon of it; it was an impoſition upon the Franciſcans, and contrived to carry on the contention which was between the two ſocieties to a complete victory.

The Franciſcans inſiſt upon the Bleſſed Virgin's being immaculate, and born without original ſin, ſanctified from the womb: and therefore they canonize bleſſed St. Ann, who was the Virgin's mother, and make her a triumphant Saint, almoſt as glorious as her daughter, and have a ſervice for her, called, The Prerogatives of St. Ann, Mother of the Mother of God: wherein they declare, that ſhe conceived the Bleſſed Virgin without the knowledge of a man, and that it was an apparition of two angels to her, which ſhe relates to her huſband Joachim. There is an apparition too for the confirmation of the Franciſcans.—— (That's by the way.)

The Dominicans, on the other hand, deny that the Virgin is immaculate; they allow, that ſhe is conceived in ſin, but that ſhe continued under the Culpa, or Defilement, but three days; and they bring in an apparition of the Bleſſed Virgin to the friar Jetzer, lamenting to him, that they ſhould go about to make her equal to her ſon in holineſs, and confeſſing, in the words of the text, that ſhe was "ſhapen in iniquity." Pſal. li. 5.

So here is one miracle to confute another, and perhaps both alike authentic.

But the ſtory of Jetzer is full of miracles, all contrived

trived by the Prior, and three of the Fathers: Firſt, the apparition of a ſoul in purgatory comes to Jetzer with a box near his mouth, ſo contrived, that when he breathed upon it, it appeared to be all fire coming out of his mouth; he had alſo three dogs hanging upon him, and gnawing him as his tormentors.

In this poſture he comes to the poor friar Jetzer in the dark, and when he was in bed, telling him his deplorable condition; but that he might be taken out of purgatory by his means, and by his mortifications; and this ſtory he backs with the moſt horrible groans, as if in the utmoſt miſery by his ſufferings.

Note, You are to underſtand, that this friar Jetzer was a fellow pick'd out as a proper tool for theſe impoſtures, being very ſilly, and very devout; and had they not over-acted the thing, the deſign might have been carried to great lengths.

In conſequence of the firſt apparition, they made the poor Friar undergo very ſevere diſcipline, whipping and mortifications; after which the apparition came and thanked him, and told him he was delivered out of purgatory by his means; ſo that part ended, to the infinite ſatisfaction of the poor macerated Friar.

The next was the apparition of the ſame perſon, but in the habit of a Nun, repreſenting St. Barbara, and all in glory; telling him, that the Bleſſed Virgin was ſo delighted with his zeal and devotion, that ſhe would viſit him the next day in perſon, and give him her benediction for conſolation in his ſufferings and mortifications; at which the fool (the Friar I mean) was raviſhed with joy, and prepared himſelf and the whole convent to receive her.

At the appointed time, the expected deluſion appeared, even the Bleſſed Virgin, cloathed with the utmoſt magnificence, dreſſed up with jewels, as ſhe uſed to be on occaſion of the moſt ſolemn feſtivals; attended

tended by angels, which were ſeen to be flying about her, as her pages.

Note, Theſe were the little carved angels, which were placed in the church upon extraordinary days, and now placed as machines about the apparition, and lifted up in the air with pullies faſtened in the room above.

In this equipage, the Lady Queen of Heaven, Mother of God, was brought in apparition to her poor mortified and humble ſervant; ſhe careſſed him with high expreſſions of affection to him, extolling the merit of his charity, in ſuffering ſuch ſeverities for the meer love of delivering a poor tormented ſoul out of purgatory; owned to him, that ſhe was conceived in original ſin; and told him, that Pope Julius, who then held the chair, ſhould put a final end to all thoſe diſputes, and ſhould aboliſh the feaſt of her conception. After much more to the ſame purpoſe, ſhe promiſed him a miſſion to go to the Holy Father in her name, to aſſure him of the truth of the viſion, and that it was her pleaſure it ſhould be ſo; and in confirmation of it all, ſhe gave him three drops of blood, which ſhe told him were the tears Chriſt ſhed, when he wept over Jeruſalem: with abundance of ſuch like.

Here was a true ſham apparition now, formed to eſtabliſh a particular ſect or ſociety; and a particular profeſſion, concerning the immaculate conception; here could the impatient friars have ſet bounds to their revenge, they would have had a complete victory over the Franciſcans. Nay, had St. Francis himſelf come up in apparition on the other ſide, it would not have balanced the cheat; for all the world began to give credit to the apparition.

But the Prieſts knew no bounds; nothing would ſerve them but new apparitions to the Friar, and new mortifications to the Franciſcans; 'till, in ſhort, Jetzer himſelf as fooliſh and ſimple as he was, ſaw through

it, detected the cheat, and eſcaping out of the monaſtery, diſcovered it all to the magiſtrates, having twice eſcaped being poiſoned by them; ſo the whole fraud ended at the gallows, or rather at the ſtake, for the four Friars were condemned to be burnt, and were executed accordingly.

The hiſtory of the diſcovery is not to my purpoſe, it may be ſeen in many authors, as alſo the trial, ſentence, and execution of the criminals at Bern, May 31, 1509, where they were all burnt together. But this part is effectually to my purpoſe, viz. that there has been, and I doubt not ſtill is, a great deal of ſham apparition impoſed upon the world by the deluſions of others; and as it lies chiefly among the clergy, where muſt we look for it, but where it is likely to be found?

Nor are the Pagan clergy free from the ſame vile practices, namely, to forge apparitions to confirm their deluſions; and the different hiſtories of every country are full of accounts of it; but would be too many to repeat here.

The poſſeſſions and exorciſms in the diſmal ſtory of the Devils of Loudon, are full of apparitions and viſions, by which the wretched fraud was carried on, and by which ſo much villainy was practiſed, as is almoſt without example; a ſtory which has already filled a book, and is extant in many languages; a fraud not out-done by the Brachmans and Prieſts of the Pagans in China, or in Japan.

I might next entertain you with ſham apparitions, put in practice by the devil himſelf, in thoſe countries where he has made himſelf to be worſhipped as a God, and where he ſupports all the devil-worſhip by apparition; ſhowing himſelf now one way, now another, as he finds it for his purpoſe; appearing one day in fire and flame, and at another time in ſtorm and tempeſt; and ſometimes aſſume the human and familiar ſhape; but

but in whatever form the appearance is made, the chief thing aimed at, is to keep up the dread of his perſon in the minds of his deluded worſhippers, and to preſerve a reverence to his inſtitutions, whatever they are.

If we believe our writers of travels, and obſervers of things, the devil not only aſſumes the human ſhape, but inſinuates himſelf in the real perſon of a devil to the women, and ſo poſſeſſes them (to ſay no more of it) as to commit horrid nameleſs wickedneſſes with them, ſuch as are not to be ſuggeſted without horror. In other places, the apparition of the devil is the fund of all their religious worſhip, and he has altars erected, and ſacrifices; and, what is worſe, human ſacrifices offered to him.

In theſe horrid performances, he appears in terrible ſhapes, and the poor natives are ſo frighted at him, that even the fear alone excites the homage which they pay to him, and ſecures to him an entire ſovereignty: for fear may, for ought I know, be the characteriſtic of a Pagan worſhip, as love is that of a Chriſtian.

The great temple of Montezuma at Mexico was little elſe but a horrible butchery of human carcaſes, the blood of which lay ſprinkled or daſh'd againſt the walls, 'till it lay there hardened and congealed, if report may be believed, above a foot thick, and that they ſacrificed at leaſt twenty thouſand people a year, in that one pagode or temple.

The Indians confeſſed, that they had frequent apparitions among them of the ſpirits, which they called by ſeveral names; and that the great ſpirit, which is the devil, alſo appeared to them upon their great feſtivals, in bright and extraordinary apparition, to approve and accept of their worſhip and homage, and no doubt of their ſacrifices too.

In Cochin China, we are told, the devil goes ſtill farther;

farther; for he not only ſhews himſelf in apparition, but he utters lying oracles, even himſelf in proper perſon, and alſo whiſpers ſuch anſwers to the prieſts, as ſerve to keep up a decorum in their worſhip, and a ſecret reverence to his perſon. And Father Borri ſays, the devil walks about there ſo frequently, and ſo familiarly in human ſhapes, that they are not at all diſturbed at him.

At other times, as the ſame author affirms, they aſſociate themſelves with particular perſons, upon various occaſions, and eſpecially with the women, as above; ſo that, in ſhort, in ſome cities which are very populous, it would be ſomething hard to diſtinguiſh between the real people and the apparitions. How far, if it were examined into, it would not be the like among us, I'll not pretend to ſay.

Who knows, in our throngs of divided Chriſtians, whether he meets with a ſaint or an apparition; whether he talks with a counſellor or a devil? and the art of diſcerning would indeed be well worth having; it would indeed be worth buying, if money could purchaſe it. The devil's diſguiſes are numberleſs, and apparition is one of the beſt of them, becauſe he can ſoon change ſhapes, and change poſtures, which in other caſes he may find leſs advantageous to his intereſt. Nor is it eaſy for mankind to come to the certainty, even when he ſees an apparition, whether it be a good or an evil appearance; and the beſt way of finding it out, except that of judging by the errand it comes on, and which I have mentioned already, is to aſk it the queſtion directly; if it equivocates and ſhuffles, conclude it to be the devil; for he is a ſharper and a diſſembler from the beginning: but if it be a good ſpirit, it will anſwer you directly and honeſtly, and tell you at once the buſineſs it comes about; and this is what I always did mean, where I have ſaid, Speak to it.

If

If you find it is a good ſpirit, hearken to it; if the devil, deſy it; but, whether it be good or evil, fear it not; for both are under the ſpecial direction and authority of him that made the world, and ever will govern it; in whoſe hands you are, and happy it is you are ſo: For, as good is above evil, ſo is God above the devil; tell him ſo, and bid him defiance; and if you can but do this with a good heart, he is ſure to be gone; depend upon it, he never can ſtand you, *probatum eſt.*

But I muſt now leave off this account of religious cheats, for it would be endleſs to relate them; I ſhall therefore ſpeak of apparitions of another nature, leſs ſerious, and leſs tireſome to hear of.

CHAP. XII.

Of imaginary apparitions, the apparitions of fancy, vapours, waking dreams, delirious heads, and the hippo.

AS the devil is not ſo black as he is painted, ſo neither does he appear in ſo many ſhapes as we make for him; we dreſs him up in more ſuits of clothes, and more maſquerade habits, than ever he wore; and I queſtion much, was the devil to view himſelf in the many different repreſentations we give of him, whether he would know himſelf by many of them.

It would, I doubt, require more ſkill than I am maſter of, to bring you all to a right method of thinking upon this ſubject; however, I ſhall venture upon it by way of eſſay, that you may form ſuch images of this old enemy in your mind, that you may not be cheated

cheated about him; that you may know him when you ſee him, and may not call him out of his name, or beſtow his right worſhipful titles upon any other.

It is obſervable, that though moſt people, in all parts of the world, allow that there is ſuch a thing as a devil, an evil ſpirit, an arch-enemy of mankind; yet they are all pretty near one another in their ſeveral notions of him; for even thoſe ſavages that worſhip him, acknowledge they do ſo, only that he may not hurt them; yet they differ exceedingly in the ideas of his perſon, and that almoſt every where; and accordingly it follows, that they muſt differ in their repreſentations and pictures of him.

Some paint him one way, ſome another; and yet I obſerve ſo little good-will they have for him any where, that they all picture him as ugly, as monſtrous, and as frightful as they can.

I have heard of ſome Pagans, who worſhip a black cloud for the devil, becauſe it often ſpeaks in noiſes, and breathes out fire. I cannot ſay but worſhipping the Sun for a God, and the thunder and lightning for a devil, ſeems to me to have more ſenſe in it, than many of the other branches of idolatry in the world; the one being the moſt natural reſemblance of the greateſt good, and the other of the greateſt evil in the world.

Some, I am told, reſemble or repreſent the devil by a vaſt great globe of wood, carved or cut all over into mouths, and deſcribed in a thouſand different diſtortions, gaping, grinning, voracious figures; all intimating a greedy, unquenchable thirſt, or appetite, to devour and deſtroy; rolling itſelf continually about, ſo that ſome of its thouſands of mouths being undermoſt, are always gaping and biting, and taking in ſomething, but ever unſatisfy'd, the reſt of them gaping ſtill for more.

If this hideous repreſentation is not juſt as to its form,

form, I think verily it is juſt to its nature, and is very emblematic: the thoughts it gives birth to in our fancy, may not be ſo remote as are formed by thoſe ſimple, comic, and yet would-be frightful draughts we draw of him; with a cock's bill, aſs's ears, goat's horns, glaring eyes, bat's wings, cloven foot, and dragon's tail; not one of which, except the laſt, having either antiquity or authority for them, that ever I could learn.

It is true, he is deſcribed in the Apocalypſe as a great red dragon, and in another place as a beaſt, but neither of them give us any true idea of his real form.

No, if we do not know his figure, how ſhall we know him in apparition? for if we know nothing of his real ſhape, how ſhall we judge of him in his diſguiſe? how ſhall we ſingle him out upon occaſion? Suppoſe we were to look for him at a maſquerade; for my part, I cannot deny but I might miſtake him, and pitch upon a Prieſt, or a Turk, a Tinker, or a Tarpaulin, and ſay, this is the Devil, or that is the Devil, as ſoon as the real Hydra-pater himſelf, and let him paſs perhaps for a no-body worth taking notice of.

As then, I ſay, we have ſuch unguided notions of him, and know ſo little of him in any of his uncouth figures and diſguiſes, 'tis not ſo much to be wondered at, that we ſhould miſtake every ugly, miſ-ſhapen, monſtrous thing, and call it by his venerable name.

I hope my reader will grant, that many an hideous form has been taken for the devil, owing more to the terror of imagination in weak minds, than to any real cauſe for ſuch apparition; as will appear more particularly in the following ſtory, and ſhould ſerve as a caution to ſuperſtitious minds, to judge well of apparitions, before they aſſert deluſions as facts.

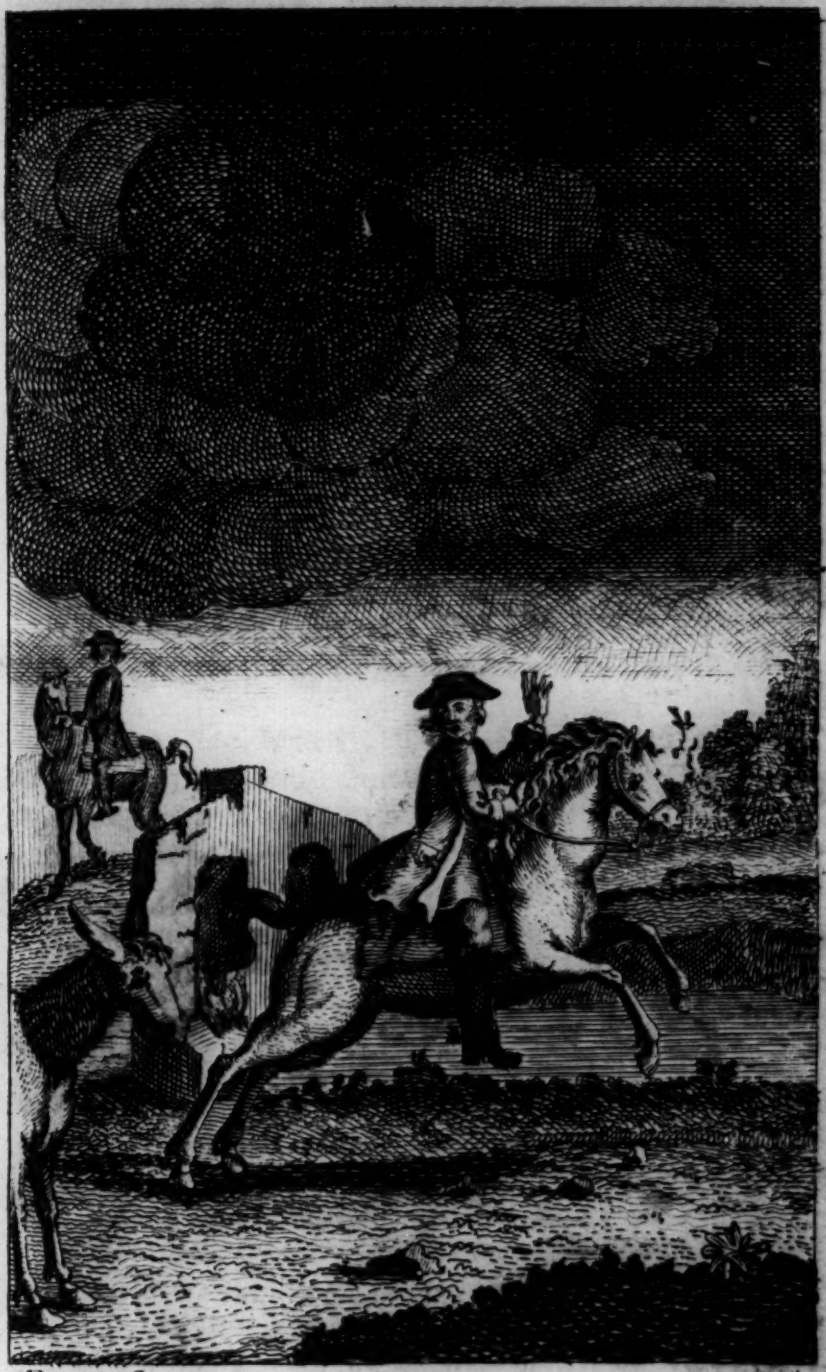
A ſober

A ſober grave gentleman, who muſt not wear a name in our ſtory, becauſe it was rather a diſtemper in his mind than a real deficiency of brains, had by a long diſuſe of the ſprightly part of his ſenſe, which he really had no want of at other times, ſuffered himſelf to ſink a little too low in his ſpirits, and let the Hypochondria emit too ſtrongly in vapour and fumes up into his head. This had its fits and its intervals; ſometimes he was clear-ſighted, and clear-headed, but at other times he ſaw ſtars at noon-day, and devils at night: in a word, the world was an apparition to his imagination, when the flatus prevailed, and the ſpleen boiled up; of all which he could give no account, nor could he aſſiſt the operation of phyſic by any of his own powers towards a cure.

It happened, that he was abroad at a friend's houſe later than ordinary one night; but being moon-light, and having a ſervant with him, he ſeemed to be eaſy, and was obſerved to be chearful and even merry, with a great deal of good-humour, more than had been obſerved in him for ſome time before.

He knew his way perfectly well, for it was within three miles of the town where he lived, and he was very well mounted; but though the moon was up, an accident, which a little diſordered him, was, that it was not only cloudy, but a very thick, black cloud came ſuddenly (that is to ſay, without his notice, ſo it was ſudden to him) and ſpread over his head, which made it very dark; and, to add to the diſorder, it began to rain violently.

Upon this, being very well mounted, as I before obſerved, he reſolved to ride for it, having not above two miles to the town; ſo clapping ſpurs to his horſe, he galloped away. His man, whoſe name was Gervais, not being ſo well mounted, was a conſiderable way behind. The darkneſs and the rain together put him a little out of humour; but as that was a little unex-



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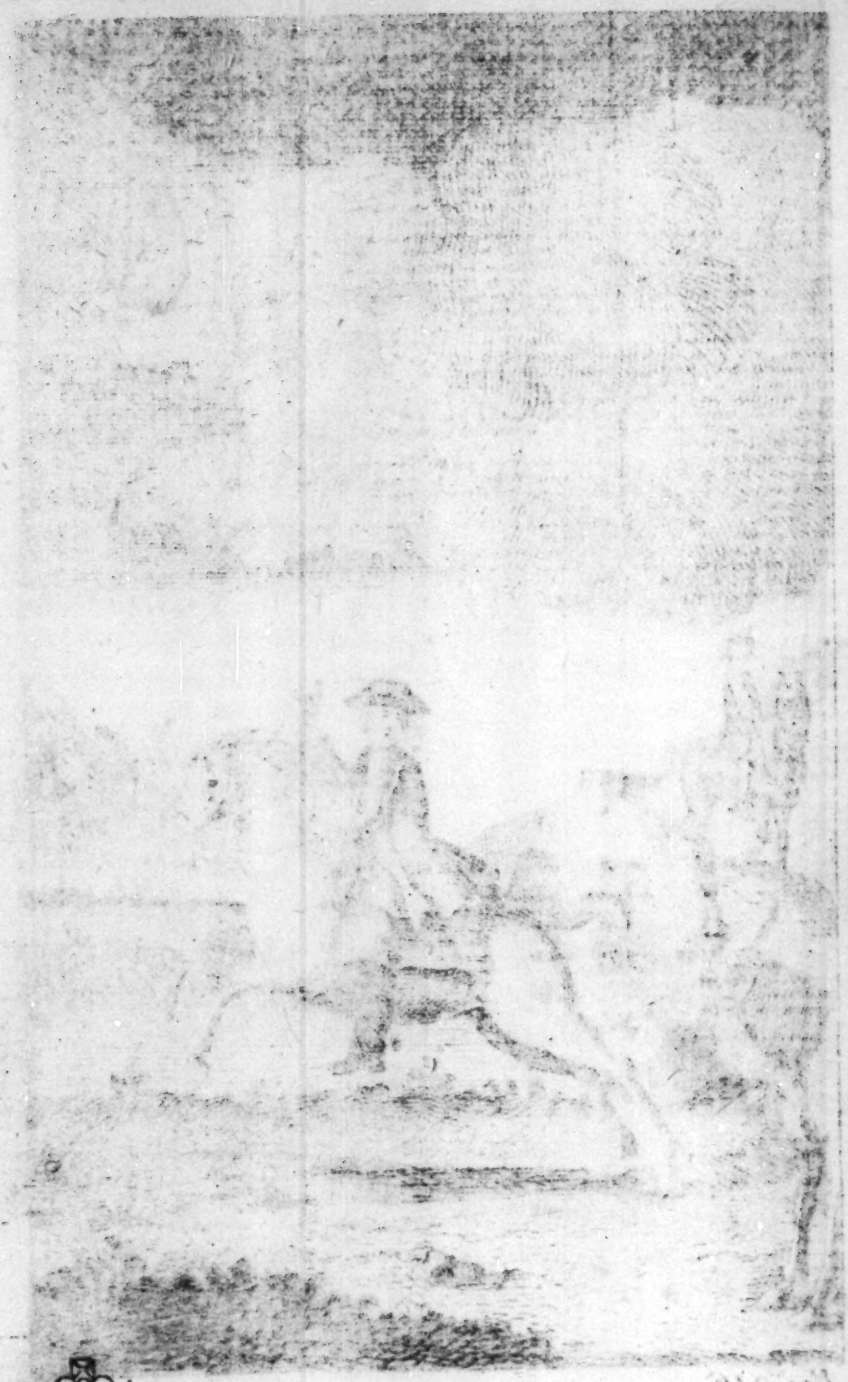

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unexpected, perhaps it made him ride the harder, rather than abated his pace.

In the way there was a ſmall river, but there was a good bridge over it, well walled on both ſides; ſo that there was no danger there, more than any where elſe; but the gentleman kept on his ſpeed to go over the bridge, when being rather more than half over, his horſe ſtopped on a ſudden, and refuſed as we call it, bearing off to the right hand; he ſaw nothing at firſt, and was not much diſcompoſed at it, but ſpurred his horſe to go forward; the horſe went two or three ſteps, then ſtopped again, ſnorted, and ſtared, and then offered to turn ſhort back; then the gentleman looking forward to ſee what was the matter, and if he could obſerve what the horſe was ſcared at, ſaw two broad ſtaring eyes, which, as he ſaid, looked him full in the face.

Then he was heartily frighted indeed; but by this time he heard his man *Gervais* coming up. When *Gervais* came near, the firſt thing he heard his maſter ſay, was —— *Bleſs me, it is the Devil!* at which *Gervais*, a low-ſpirited fellow, was as much frighted as his maſter. However his maſter, a little encouraged to hear his man ſo near him, preſs'd his horſe once more, and called aloud to *Gervais* to come; but he, as I ſaid, being frighted too, made no haſte; at length with much ado his maſter, ſpurring his horſe again, got over the bridge, and paſſed by the creature with broad eyes, which (the light a little increaſing) he affirmed poſitively, when he was paſſed, was a great black Bear, and conſequently muſt be the *Devil*.

Tho' *Gervais* was near enough, yet fearing his maſter would ſet him to go before, he kept as far off as he could: When his maſter called he anſwered indeed, but did not come on, at leaſt did not make much haſte; but ſeeing his maſter was gone paſt, and that he himſelf was then obliged to follow, he went on ſoftly, and

when he came to the bridge, he ſaw what his maſters horſe ſnorted at, and refuſed to go on; of which you ſhall hear more preſently.

His maſter's horſe being got paſt the difficulty, needed no ſpurs, but (as frighted horſes will) flew away like the wind; and the rain continuing, his maſter, who on many accounts was willing to be at home, let him go; ſo that he was at home and got into the houſe, long before his man *Gervais* could get up with him.

The maſter, as ſoon as he came into the light, ſwooned away, and the fright had ſuch an effect upon him, that when with much difficulty they had brought him to himſelf, he continued very ill; and when his lady and a ſiſter he had in the houſe with him, as much over-run with the *Hippo* as himſelf, came to enquire what had happened to him, he told them a formal ſtory, that at ſuch a bridge he met the *Devil*; that he placed himſelf juſt at the coming off from the bridge, on his left hand, at the corner of the wall; that he ſtood and ſtared in his face, and that he could diſtinctly perceive it was the *Devil* in the ſhape of a *Bear:* He gave other deſcriptions, ſo punctual and particular, that there was no room to doubt but it was an apparition, and that it was in the ſhape of a great bear.

GERVAIS came home ſoon after, and going into the ſtable directly, as was his buſineſs, to take care of his maſter's horſe as well as his own, there he told the ſtory his way, among the other ſervants, and eſpecially two or three grooms or ſervants belonging to gentlemen that were neighbours; and he tells them, that his maſter was in great danger of being thrown over the wall of the bridge, for that his horſe was frighted at an aſs which ſtood at the corner of the wall; and it was my fault indeed, ſays *Gervais*, for it was a young horſe, and I had never told my maſter; but it was a trick he had got that he could not abide an aſs, and would by no means come near one if he could help it.

And

And are you ſure it was an aſs, *Gervais?* ſay the other ſervants, ſtaring at one another as if they were frighted: Are you ſure of it? Yes, ſays *Gervais*, for as ſoon as my maſter got by it, I rode up to it and threſhed it with my ſtick, and it fell a braying, which you know, ſays Gervais, is a baſe ugly noiſe, and ſo I came away and left it.

Why Gervais, ſay they, your maſter believes it was the Devil, as really as if he had ſpoken to it.

I am ſorry my maſter ſhould be ſo frighted, ſays Gervis; but I am very ſure it was nothing but an aſs. But the ſtory had gotten vent, and the firſt part of it flew all over the town, that Mr ——— had ſeen the Devil, and was almoſt frighted to death.

Then came his man Gervais's tale, and made it appear that Mr. ——'s ſtrange and wonderful apparition was dwindled into an aſs, and that the Devil he had ſeen in the ſhape of a bear was no more than a poor Boricco, as the Italians call him; this made his maſter be laughed at ſufficiently.

However, poor Jarvis or Gervais was fain to turn out, and loſt his place for it; and the wife Mr. ——— to this day inſiſts upon it, that it was the Devil, and he knew him by his broad eyes; though it is known that a bear has very little eyes: But it is impoſſible to perſuade any vapouriſh body, that they have not ſeen the Devil, if they have but ſeen ſomething, and that they are very ſure they are not ſure what it is.

CHAP. XIV.

A Continuation of the Account of imaginary Apparitions, with ſeveral Stories illuſtrating the ſame, for the Entertainment of the Reader.

AS many of my readers may be terrified with the thoughts of apparitions, I would have them well conſider before they pronounce imaginary appearances for real ones; tricks have been played in all ages, either to terrify weak minds, or to anſwer ſome ſiniſter end. In this chapter, I propoſe to ſhew my readers the fallacy of the one, and the intention of the other by two or three inſtances, that are ſufficiently atteſted in hiſtory.

I remember a deluſion, the memory of which I believe remains for a truth to this day. Not far off of the town of Darking in Surry, the people or ſome of them entertained a notion, from the following paſſage, that a ghoſt walked in ſuch a place; that ſhe (for it was an ancient lady lately dead) was ſeen hovering about the manſion houſe which was left uninhabited for ſome time, that ſhe would be up and down in the houſe very often in the day-time, making a rumbling and a clattering noiſe; and in the night-time ſhe walked in the neighbouring fields with a candle in her hand, and that though the wind blew ever ſo hard, it would not blow the candle out; that ſometimes ſhe would appear in the open field, ſometimes up in the trees, and particularly there was a little heath near Darking called the Cottman Dean, where it was ſaid ſhe was frequently ſeen.

There was a boarding ſchool of boys in that town, where there was in particular ſome roguiſh London boys who

who contrived all this walking from the beginning to the end; firſt, they got a ſmall rope, and tying one end of it to an old chair which ſtood in an upper room of the houſe, (for they had found means to get in and out of the houſe at pleaſure) they brought the other end of the rope down on the out-ſide of the houſe in a private place where it could not eaſily be ſeen, and by this they pulled the old chair up, and then let it fall down again, and made a great noiſe in the houſe, ſo as it might be eaſily heard by the neighbours; then other boys of the ſame gang took care to call out to the old women in the next houſes, that now they might hear the old lady a playing her pranks; and accordingly they would all aſſemble in the Court-yard, where they could plainly hear it, but not one would venture to go up ſtairs. If any offered to go up a little way, then all was quiet again: but as ſoon as ever they retired, the rumbling would begin again. This was for the day.

In the night, one of theſe unlucky boys had gotten a dark lanthorn, which was a thing the country people did not underſtand, and with this he walked all about the orchard, and two or three cloſes near the houſe, ſometimes ſhewing the light on this ſide, and then his comrades calling all the old women about them to ſee it, on a ſudden the light would go out, the boy cloſing up the lanthorn; and then he would run ſwiftly croſs the whole field, and ſhew his light again on the other ſide. Now he would be up in a tree, then in the road, then upon the middle of the heath; ſo that the country people made no more queſtion, but that the old lady walked with a candle in her hand, and that they ſaw the light of it; and in a word, it paſſed for an apparition, as certainly as we on the other hand knew what knavery had agitated it all.

It muſt be confeſſed that a dark lanthorn, joined with an enthuſiaſtick head, might prevail to make ſuch a ſham take, with weak and bigotted people, and they

were mighty willing to ſay beforehand that they were ſure ſomething walked.

When they heard the chair tumble about in the chamber, though pulled by a ſtring and nobody near it, no nor in the whole houſe, the people who came together in the court yard, fancied often they ſaw heads of people moving up and down the room where the noiſe was, and one ſaid poſitively ſhe ſaw a white head dreſs.

But to realize the deluſion, one cried out, there's the ſpirit, there's the ghoſt, juſt at ſuch a place of the window; and affirmed it ſtood cloſe to the glaſs, and deſcribed it; another, as Moon-blind as herſelf, ſays, ay, ſo it does, and points peremptorily to the place, declaring that ſhe ſees it plainly; and thus they run away with it altogether, that the ghoſt walks and the houſe is haunted, and for a long time it is believed no other; when here was nothing but the mean contrivance of a few boys.

The following ſtory is an artifice of another nature, and the reader will eaſily perceive the drift of the intent.

A perſon who kept a lodging houſe near the ſprings, at Aix-la-Chapelle, having loſt his wife, committed the management of his family to his daughter, a ſprightly well made handſome girl, about twenty.

There were at that time in the houſe two ladies and their waiting woman, two Dutch officers, and a Dominican friar.

It happened that as the young woman of the houſe was aſleep one night in her bed, ſhe was awakened by ſomething that attempted to draw the cloaths off the bed; ſhe was at firſt frighted, but thinking, upon recollection, that it might be the houſe dog, ſhe called him by his name: The cloaths however, were ſtill pulled from her, and ſhe ſtill imagining it was by the dog, took up a bruſh that lay in her reach, and attempted to ſtrike him. At that moment ſhe ſaw a flaſh

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of ſudden light that filled the whole room; upon which ſhe ſhrieked out, at the ſame time covering her face with the ſheet: When ſhe again ventured to look out, all was dark and ſilent, and the cloaths were no longer drawn from her.

In the morning when ſhe related this ſtory, every one treated it as a dream, and the girl herſelf at laſt took it for granted, that it was no more than illuſion.

The night following ſhe was again awakened by ſomething that jogged her, and ſhe thought ſhe felt a hand in the bed; upon endeavouring to repreſs it, another flaſh of lightening threw her into a fit of terror; ſhe ſhut her eyes and croſſed herſelf: When ſhe ventured to open her eyes again, the light was vaniſhed, but in a ſhort time ſhe felt what ſhe ſuppoſed to be a hand again in the bed; ſhe again endeavoured to repreſs it; but looking towards the foot of the bed, ſhe ſaw a large luminous croſs, on which was written diſtinctly, as with light, the words *be ſilent*. She was now ſo terrified, that ſhe had not power to break the injunction, but ſhe ſhrunk down into the bed, and covered herſelf all over with the cloaths.

In this ſituation ſhe lay a conſiderable time, and being no longer moleſted, ſhe ventured once more to peep out when, to her unſpeakable aſtoniſhment, ſhe ſaw a phantaſm ſtanding by the ſide of her bed, almoſt as high as the ceiling, a kind of glory encircled its head, and the whole was in the form of a crucifix, except that it ſeemed to have ſeveral hands, one of which again approached the bed.

Suppoſing the phænomenon to be ſome cæleſtial viſion, ſhe exerted all her fortitude, and leaping out of bed, threw herſelf upon her knees before it; but ſhe inſtantly found herſelf aſſaulted in a manner which convinced her ſhe was miſtaken; ſhe had not ſtrength to diſengage herſelf from ſomething that embraced her,

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and therefore ſcreamed out as loud as ſhe could to alarm the houſe, and bring ſomebody to her aſſiſtance.

Her ſhrieks awakened the ladies who lay in an adjacent chamber, and they ſent their woman to ſee what was the matter. The woman, upon opening the room ſaw a luminous phantaſm, which greatly terrified her, and heard in a deep threatening tone the words *at thy peril be gone.*

The woman inſtantly ſcreemed out, and withdrew; the ladies roſe in the utmoſt conſternation and terror, but nobody came to their aſſiſtance; the old man, the father of the girl, was aſleep in a remote part of the houſe; the friar alſo reſted in a room at the end of a long gallery in another ſtory; and the two Dutch officers were abſent on a viſit at a neighbouring village.

No other violence, however, was offered to the girl that night. As ſoon as the morning dawned ſhe got up, ran down to her father, and told all that had happened; the two ladies were not long abſent, they did not ſay much, but diſcharged their arrears, and quitted the houſe. The friar aſked the girl ſeveral queſtions, and declared that he had heard other inſtances of the like nature, but ſaid the girl would do well to obey the commands of the viſion, and that no harm would come of it. He ſaid he would remain to ſee the iſſue, and in the mean time he ordered proper prayers and maſſes to be ſaid at a neighbouring convent of his order, to which he moſt devoutly joined his own.

The girl was comforted with this ſpiritual aſſiſtance, but, notwithſtanding, took one of the maids to be her bedfellow the next night.

In the dead of the night the flaming croſs was again viſible, but no attempt was made on either of the women. They were, however, greatly terrified, and the ſervant ſaid ſhe would rather leave her place than lie in the room again.

The friar the next morning took the merit of the ſpirit's peaceable behaviour to himſelf. The prayers

prayers and maſſes were renewed, and application was made to the convents of Liege for auxiliary aſſiſtance. The good friar in the mean time, was by no means idle at home; he performed his devotions with great ardour, and towards evening he beſtowed a plentiful libation of holy water on the chamber and the bed.

The girl not being able to perſuade the ſervant to ſleep with her again in the haunted room, and being encouraged by the friar to abide the iſſue, having alſo great confidence herſelf in the prayers, maſſes, and ſprinklings that had been uſed on the occaſion, ſhe ventured once more to ſleep in the ſame room by herſelf.

In the night, after hearing ſome ſlight noiſes, ſhe ſaw the room all in a blaze, and a great number of ſmall luminous croſſes, with ſcrips of writing here and there very legible, among which the precept to be ſilent, was moſt conſpicuous.

In the middle of the room ſhe ſaw ſomething of a human appearance, which ſeemed covered only with a linen garment, like a ſhirt; it appeared to diffuſe a radiance round it, and at length, by a ſlow and ſilent pace, approached the bed: When it came up to the bed-ſide, it drew the curtain more open, and lifting up the bed-cloaths was about to come in. The girl, now more terrified than ever, ſcreamed out with all her power; as every body in the houſe was upon the watch, ſhe was heard by them all, but the father only had courage to go to her aſſiſtance, and his bravery was probably owing to a conſiderable quantity of reliques, which he had procured from the convent, and which he brought in his hand.

When he came, however, nothing was to be ſeen but ſome of the little croſſes and inſcriptions, ſeveral of which were now luminous only in part.

Being himſelf greatly terrified at theſe appearances, he ran to the friar's apartment, and with ſome difficulty prevailed upon him to go with him to the haunted room,

room, the friar at firſt excuſed himſelf upon account of the young woman's being there in bed. As ſoon as he entered and ſaw the croſſes, he proſtrated himſelf on the ground, and uttered many prayers and incantations, to which the honeſt landlord heartily ſaid Amen.

The poor girl, in the mean time, lay in a kind of trance, and her father, when the prayers were over, ran down ſtairs for ſome wine, a cordial being neceſſary to recover her; the friar, at the ſame time, ordered him to light and bring with him a conſecrated taper, for hitherto they had had no light but that of the viſion, which was ſtill ſtrong enough to diſcover every thing in the room.

In a ſhort time the old man entered with a taper in his hand, and in a moment all the luminous appearances vaniſhed. The girl, ſoon after, recovered, and gave a very ſenſible account of all that had happened, and the landlord and the friar ſpent the reſt of the night together.

The friar, however, to ſhew the power of the dæmon and the holy virtue of the taper, removed it ſeveral times from the chamber before the day broke, and the croſſes and inſcriptions were again viſible, and remained ſo till the taper was brought back, and then vaniſhed as at firſt.

When the ſun aroſe, the friar took his leave to go to Mattins, and did not return till noon. In the mean time the two Dutch officers came home, and ſoon learnt what had happened, though the landlord took all the pains he could to conceal it. The reports they heard were confirmed by the pale and terrified appearance of the girl; their curioſity was greatly excited, and they aſked her innumerable queſtions.

Her anſwers, inſtead of extinguiſhing, increaſed it: They aſſured the landlord that they would not leave his houſe, but, on the contrary, would afford him all the aſſiſtance in their power.

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As they were young gentlemen, of a military profeſſion, and Proteſtants, they were at once bold and incredulous. They pretended, however, to adopt the opinion of the landlord, that the appearances were ſupernatural, but it happened that upon going into the room they found the remainder of the taper, on the virtues of which the landlord had largely expatiated, and immediately perceived that it was only a common candle of a large ſize, which he had brought by miſtake in his fright.

This diſcovery convinced them that there was a fraud, and that appearances that vaniſhed at the approach of unconſecrated light were produced by mere human artifice.

They therefore conſulted together, and at length agreed that the maſſes ſhould be continued, that the the landlord ſhould ſay not one word of the candle, or the ſuſpicions it had produced: that his daughter, the next night, ſhould ſleep in the apartment which had been quitted by the ladies, and that one of the officers ſhould lie in the girl's bed, while the other, with the landlord ſhould wait in the kitchen to ſee the iſſue.

This plan was accordingly, with great ſecrecy, carried into execution.

For two hours after the officer had been in bed, all was ſilent and quiet, and he began to ſuſpect that the girl had been fanciful, or that their ſecret had tranſpired; when all on a ſudden he heard the latch of the door gently raiſed, and perceived ſomething approach the bed and attempt to take up the cloaths; he reſiſted with ſufficient ſtrength to fruſtrate the attempt, and immediately the room appeared to be all in a flame; he ſaw many croſſes and inſcriptions injoining ſilence, and a paſſive acquieſcence in whatever ſhould happen; he ſaw alſo in the middle of the room ſomething of a human appearance, very tall and very luminous. The officer was at firſt ſtruck with terror, and the viſion made

made a ſecond approach to the bed ſide, but the gentleman recovering his fortitude the firſt moment of reflection, dexterouſly threw a ſlip knot which he had faſtened to one of the bed-poſts, over the phantom's neck; he inſtantly drew it cloſe, which brought him to the ground, and then threw himſelf upon him; the fall and the ſtruggle made ſo much noiſe that the other officer and the landlord ran up with lights and weapons, and the goblin was found to be no than the good friar, who having conceived ſomething more than a ſpiritual affection for his landlord's pretty daughter, had played this infernal farce to gratify his paſſion.

Being now ſecured and detected beyond hope of ſubterfuge or eſcape, he made a full confeſſion of his guilt, and begged earneſtly for mercy.

It appeared that this fellow, who was near ſix feet high, had made himſelf appear ſtill higher, by putting upon his head a kind of tiara of imboſſed paper, and had alſo thruſt a ſtick through the ſleeves of his habit, which formed an appearance of a croſs, and ſtill left his hands at liberty; and that he had rendered himſelf and his apparatus viſible in the dark by phoſphorus.

The landlord contented himſelf with giving his reverence a good drubbing, and then turning him out of doors, with a ſtrict injunction to quit the territory of Liege for ever, upon pain of being much more ſeverely treated.

As I am now treating upon imaginary apparitions, my readers are deſired to attend to the following particulars which are gravely reported in Dr. Plot's Natural Hiſtory of Oxfordſhire, and may ſerve as a warning to be upon their guard againſt any future impoſtures of the like kind.

Soon after the murder of King Charles I. a commiſſion was appointed to ſurvey the King's houſe at Woodſtock, with the manor, park, woods, and other demeſnes

meſnes to that manor belonging, and one Collins, under a feigned name, hired himſelf as ſecretary to the commiſſioners, who, upon the 13th of October 1649, met, and took up their reſidence in the king's own rooms; his majeſty's bed-chamber they made their kitchen, the council-hall their pantry, and the preſence-chamber was the place where they ſat for the diſpatch of buſineſs. His majeſty's dining room they made their wood-yard, and ſtored it with the wood of the famous royal oak from the high park, which, that nothing might be left with the name of king about it, they had dug up by the roots, and ſplit and bundled up into faggots for their firing. Things being thus prepared, they ſat on the 16th of the ſame month for the diſpatch of buſineſs, and in the midſt of their firſt debate, there entered a large black dog, as they thought, which made a dreadful howling, overturned two or three of their chairs, and then crept under a bed and vaniſhed; this gave them the greater ſurprize as the doors were kept conſtantly locked, ſo that no real dog could get in or out; the next day their ſurpriſe was increaſed, when ſitting at dinner in a lower room, they heard plainly the noiſe of perſons walking over their heads, though they well knew the doors were all locked, and there could be nobody there; preſently after they heard alſo all the wood of the King's oak brought by parcels from the dining room, and thrown with great violence into the chamber; as alſo all the chairs, ſtools, tables, and other furniture, forcibly hurled about the room; their own papers of the minutes of their tranſactions torn, and the ink glaſs broken. When all this noiſe had ſome time ceaſed, Giles Sharp, their ſecretary, propoſed to enter firſt into theſe rooms, and in preſence of the commiſſioners, of whom he received the key, he opened the doors, and found the wood ſpread about the room, the chairs toſſed about and broken, the papers torn, the ink-glaſs broken (as has been ſaid) but not

the leaſt tract of any human creature, nor the leaſt reaſon to ſuſpect one, as the doors were all faſt, and the keys in the cuſtody of the commiſſioners. It was therefore unanimouſly agreed, that the power who did this miſchief, muſt have entered the room at the key-hole. The night following, Sharp, the ſecretary, with two of the commiſſioners ſervants, as they were in bed in the ſame room, whi.h room was contiguous to that where the commiſſioners lay, had their bed's feet lifted up ſo much higher than their heads, that they expected to have their necks broken, and then they were let fall at once with ſo much violence as ſhook the whole houſe, and more than ever terrified the commiſſioners. On the night of the 19th, as all were in bed in the ſame room for greater ſafety, and lights burning by them, the candles in an inſtant went out with a ſulphurous ſmell, and that moment many trenchers of wood were hurled about the room, which next morning were found to be the ſame their honours had eaten on the day before, which were all removed from the pantry, though not a lock was found opened in the whole houſe. The next night they ſtill fared worſe, the candles went out as before, the curtains of their honours beds were rattled to and fro with great violence, their honours received many cruel blows and bruiſes by eight great pewter diſhes, and a number of wooden trenchers being thrown on their beds, which being heaved off, was heard rolling about the room, though in the morning none of theſe were to be ſeen. This night likewiſe they were alarmed with the tumbling down of oaken billets about their beds, and other frightful noiſes, but all was clear in the morning, as if no ſuch things had happened. The next night the keeper of the king's houſe and his dog lay in the commiſſioners room, and then they had no diſturbance. But on the night of the 22d, though the dog lay in the room as before, yet the candles went out, a number of brickbats

brickbats fell from the chimney into the room, the dog howled piteouſly, their bed cloaths were all ſtript off, and their terror increaſed. On the 24th they thought all the wood of the king's oak was violently thrown down by their bedſides, they counted 64 billets that fell, and ſome hit and ſhook the beds in which they lay; but in the morning none were found there, nor had the door been opened where the billet wood was kept. The next night the candles were put out, the curtains rattled, and a dreadful crack like thunder was heard, and one of the ſervants running to ſee if his maſter was not killed, found three dozen of trenchers laid ſmoothly under the quilt by him, but all this was nothing to what ſucceeded afterwards; the 29th, about midnight, the candles went out, ſomething walked majeſtically through the room, and opened and ſhut windows; great ſtones were thrown violently into the room, ſome of which fell on the beds, others on the floor; and about a quarter after one, a noiſe was heard as of forty cannon diſcharged together, and again repeated at about eight minutes diſtance. This alarmed and raiſed all the neighbourhood, who coming into their honours room, gathered up the great ſtones, fourſcore in number, and laid them in the corner of a field, where, in Dr. Plot's time, who reported this ſtory, they were to be ſeen. This noiſe like the diſcharge of cannon, was heard through all the country for ſixteen miles round. During theſe noiſes, which were heard in both rooms together, the commiſſioners and their ſervants gave one another over for loſt, and cried out for help; and Giles Sharp, ſnatching up a ſword, had well nigh killed one of their honours, miſtaking him for the ſpirit, as he came in his ſhirt from his own room to theirs. While they were together, the noiſe was continued, and part of the tiling of the houſe was ſtripped off, and all the windows of an upper room were taken away with it. On the 30th at midnight,

ſomething walked into the chamber treading like a bear, it walked many times about, then threw the warming pan violently on the floor; at the ſame time a large quantity of broken glaſs, accompanied with great ſtones and horſes bones came pouring into the room with uncommon force; theſe were all found in the morning to the aſtoniſhment and terror of the commiſſioners, who were yet determined to go on with their buſineſs. But on the firſt of November the moſt dreadful ſcene of all enſued; candles in every part of the room were lighted up, and a great fire made; at midnight, the candles all yet burning, a noiſe like the burſt of a cannon, was heard in the room, and the burning billets were toſſed about by it even into their honours beds, who called Giles and his companions to their relief, otherwiſe the houſe had been burned to the ground; about an hour after, the candles went out as uſual, the crack of as many cannon was heard, and many pailfuls of green ſtinking water were thrown upon their honours beds; great ſtones were alſo thrown in as before, the bed curtains and bedſteads torn and broken, the windows ſhattered, and the whole neighbourhood alarmed with the moſt dreadful noiſes; nay, the very rabbit ſtealers that were abroad that night in the warren were ſo terrified, that they fled for fear, and left their ferrets behind them. One of their honours this night ſpoke, and, in the name of God, aſked what it was, and why it diſturbed them ſo? No anſwer was given to this, but the noiſe ceaſed for a while, when the ſpirit came again, and, as they all agreed, brought with it ſeven devils worſe than itſelf. One of the ſervants now lighted a large candle, and ſet it in the door-way, between the two chambers, to ſee what paſſed, and as he watched it, he plainly ſaw a hoof ſtriking the candle and candleſtick into the middle of the room, and afterwards making three ſcrapes over the ſnuff, ſcraped it out. Upon this the ſame perſon was

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ſo bold as to draw a ſword, but he had ſcarce got it out when he felt another inviſible hand had hold of it too, and pulled with him for it, and at length prevailing, ſtruck him ſo violently on the head with the pummel, that he fell down for dead with the blow. At this inſtant was heard another burſt like the diſcharge of the broadſide of a ſhip of war, and at about a minute or two's diſtance each, no leſs than 19 more ſuch, theſe ſhook the houſe ſo violently, that they expected every moment it would fall upon their heads. The neighbours on this, as has been ſaid, being all alarmed, flocked to the houſe in great numbers, and all joined in prayer and pſalm-ſinging, during which the noiſe ſtill continued in the other rooms, and the diſcharge of cannons was heard as from without, though no viſible agent was ſeen to diſcharge them. But what was the moſt alarming of all, and put an end to their proceedings effectually, happened the next day as they were all at dinner, when, a paper in which they had ſigned a mutual agreement to reſerve a part of the premiſes out of the general ſurvey, and afterwards to ſhare it equally amongſt them, (which paper they had hid for the preſent, under the earth in a pot in one corner of the room, and in which an orange-tree grew) was conſumed in a wonderful manner, by the earth's taking fire with which the pot was filled, and burning violently with a blue fume, and an intollerable ſtench, ſo that they were all driven out of the houſe, to which they could never be again prevailed upon to return.

This wonderful contrivance was all the invention of the memorable Joſeph Collins, of Oxford, otherwiſe called Funny Joe, who having hired himſelf for ſecretary, under the name of Giles Sharp, by knowing the private traps belonging to the houſe, and the help of *pulvis fulminans*, and other chemical preparations, and letting his fellow ſervants into the ſcheme, carried on the deceit, without diſcovery to the very laſt, inſomuch

that the late Dr. Plot, in his Natural Hiſtory, relates the whole for fact, and concludes in this grave manner, 'That though tricks have been often played in affairs 'of this kind, many of the things above related are 'not reconcileable with juggling; ſuch as, the loud 'noiſes beyond the power of man to make, without 'ſuch inſtruments as were not there; the tearing and 'breaking the beds; the throwing about the fire; the 'hoof treading out the candle; and the ſtriving for the 'ſword, and the blow the man received from the pum-'mel of it.'

CHAP. XVIII.

Of apparitions that appear to their friends to diſcover where they had hid moneys in their life time; the notion of it exploded.

THE notion of ſpirits appearing to diſcover where money has been buried to direct people to dig for it, has ſo univerſally prevailed with womankind, I might ſay and even with mankind too, that it is impoſſible to beat it out of their heads; and if they ſhould ſee any thing which they call an apparition, they would to this day follow it, in hope to hear it give a ſtamp on the ground, as with its foot, and then vaniſh; and did it really do ſo, they would not fail to dig to the centre (if they were able) in hopes of finding a pot of money hid there, or ſome old urn with aſhes and Roman medals; in ſhort, or ſome conſiderable treaſure.

A country gentleman had an old built houſe, which was the remains of an old demoliſhed monaſtery or religious houſe, and he reſolved to have it pulled down, but thought the charge too much to beſtow; ſo he bethought

thought himſelf of a ſtratagem, which was to give it out that the houſe was haunted, and this he did ſo artificially, that it began to be currently believed; for he made a fellow dreſs himſelf up in white, and paſs ſwiftly croſs the inner court of the houſe, juſt at a time when he had appointed others to be at the window to ſee it.

They gave notice to the houſe that there was an apparition; then the maſter and miſtreſs and all the family were called up to the window, where, though it was ſo dark that they could not diſtinguiſh what he was, yet they plainly ſaw the thing in white go croſs the yard, and in at a door of the old building; ſoon after it was in they perceived a flaſh of fire in the houſe, which was contrived that the fellow ſhould make with ſome brimſtone and other materials on purpoſe, ſo that it ſhould leave a ſtench of ſulphur behind it, but not be juſt the ſmell of gunpowder.

As he expected, it began to work, ſome fanciful people having notice of it, and being deſirous to ſee the ſame apparition, had the occaſion offered them, and ſaw it in its uſual manner of ſhewing itſelf; its frequent walking was ordinary, at one part of the houſe where the ſpirit had an opportunity to ſlip out at a door into another yard, and ſo into the dwelling houſe; and when it went off that way it gave a great ſtamp with its foot, and immediately it was gone.

Upon this it was preſently ſaid there was money hid, and the gentleman gave it out that he would dig there for it, and mighty eager people were to have it done; however the gentleman ſeemed to cool in the matter: ſtill the apparition was ſeen to come and go, walk to and again, almoſt every night, and generally it vaniſhed in a flaſh of fire as above, which in a word was very extraordinary.

At length ſome of the towns-people in the village adjoining, finding the gentleman began to ſlight or neg-

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lect it, gave out that if Eſquire —— would give them leave, they would dig, for that certainly money was hid there; nay if he would conſent they ſhould have it, if they found it, they would dig for it and find it too, though they pulled the whole houſe down.

The gentleman replied, that was not fair for them to pull his houſe down and have all they found too, that was too hard; but he would conſent to this, that provided they would carry away all the rubbiſh, and all the materials which they dug down, and pile up the bricks and timber in the yard near the houſe, and would be content with half they found, he would give them leave to dig.

Well, they conſented, and to work they went; the ſpirit or apparition which appeared at firſt ſeemed to point out the place, and the firſt thing they took down was a great ſtack of chimnies, and a heavy piece of work it was; but the gentleman willing to encourage them, ſecretly hid ſeven and twenty pieces of old gold in a hole in the chimney, which had no entrance into it but by one paſſage, which he bricked up.

When they came to this money they were perfectly deluded, and out of their wits; the gentleman happened to be near, but not juſt upon the ſpot when it was found, and he being called, very frankly gave it them all; but upon condition they ſhould not expect the like, if they found any more.

In a word, this bite made the country fellows work like horſes, and more came into the knot; but that which encouraged them farther was, they did really find ſeveral things of value in pulling down the houſe, which perhaps had lain hid from the time of demoliſhing it as a religious houſe; and ſome money was found too; but continual expectation and hope of finding more ſo animated the fellows, that in ſhort they pulled the whole houſe down; nay, I may ſay they pulled it up by the roots, for they dug up the very foundations, which was

what

what the gentleman desired, and would have given a great deal of money to have had done.

Nor did they leave the house in a heap of rubbish; but, according to his agreement with them, they carried the materials away, and set up the timber and old bricks in an adjacent yard as he directed them, and in good order too.

So violent was the persuasion, that (upon this fancied apparition walking in the house) money was hid there, that nothing could stop the eagerness of the country people in working; as if the souls of the old nuns or friars, or whatever they were who had hid any treasure there, supposing any was hid, could not be at rest, as was said in other cases, or could be any way concerned for the finding it so many years afterward, being almost two hundred years.

If they could suppose any thing so weak, where must they suppose those departed souls or ghosts could have been, during all that time? and why did they not appear before? what had all the ages between done to be so much less in their favour, that they did not come to discover this money to them.

There is not a thing in nature so generally received, which has so little foundation, either in reason or religion, either in nature or common sense; it seems not only absurd, but ridiculous; there is no religious reason in it, but it is inconsistent with itself; what seems only wonderful and unaccountable in it is, that such gross things should make such impressions, and that it should be impossible to beat it out of the heads of the possessed people.

If you should offer to tell them that no hidden money was ever thus discovered, they would laugh at it as the greatest jest imaginable, and tell you, there were five hundred examples to the contrary; and yet in all my search after those things, and after evidence of fact, I cannot arrive at one example, where an apparition directed

directed to the finding money hid in the ground or earth, or any other place, or that any authentic voucher has been brought to prove it. I know there have been many, perhaps thouſands, of ſuch ſtories told, and the particulars are handed down with them; but I ſay I never met with any authentic proof of the fact, ſuch as that the ſtory might be told after them for truth, and that a man might ſay without bluſhing that he believed it. And let us but enter a little into the uſual manner in which thoſe tales are related, there ſeems to be ſomething ſo weak and ſilly in the telling, as if it was only calculated for children and chimney-corners: for example; the apparition is called a ghoſt, 'tis dreſſed up (to ſuit the weakneſs of the imagination) in a ſhroud, as if it came juſt out of the coffin and the church-yard, and as if the habit of the dead was aſſumed, to poſſeſs the people with the fancy of its being really the dead body of the perſon, and yet allow it at the ſame time to be a ſpirit.

Well, when it comes, and (be it what you will) forms itſelf in apparition, all in white, and in a ſhroud; what is next? it ſays nothing to you, but goes away before you; and perhaps ſpeaks and bids you go or come along with it, or perhaps without ſpeaking at all, leading and beckoning the parties they have appeared to, to follow them, and then ſtamping with the foot, it diſappears at once.

This ſtamp with the foot is reckoned to be a direction to you to dig juſt there, in order to find ſome extraordinary treaſure; and he would be reckoned very ſtupid and ſordidly dull that ſhould neglect the direction, and not dig there; and many a vain and fruitleſs pit has been dug on ſuch occaſions to no purpoſe at all.

But that I may not declare my infidelity in theſe things in an unreaſonable manner, and diſbelieve without any juſt reaſon; let me give you a long ſtory, which ſeems to be left upon record, of a pedlar in the town of ——

in

in Suffolk, a ſtory believed as certainly as the goſpel; and which it would be thought very abſurd for any one to queſtion the truth of.

There was a pedlar, ſays the ſtory, who uſed to travel about the country with his pack, but kept a chamber or warehouſe in the market town for the depoſiting and laying up ſome goods which he had there, and which were too many at a time to carry them all about with him.

It happened that this man having been abroad late, and coming home with his pack, ſat himſelf down upon a ſtile, reſting his pack at the ſame time for his eaſe: while he ſat here, there came up to him a ghoſt, in the appearance of a woman dreſſed as above; ſhe came up to him with a ſmiling countenance, and when ſhe diſcovered herſelf ſhe ſtepped backward, and holding up a fine white hand, beckoned to him with a finger to follow her.

The pedlar, frighted as he was, immediately followed the apparition; (what he did in the mean time with his pack, that is a gap in the ſtory, which tradition has not ſupplied;) the apparition leads him in this manner, going backward and beckoning with her hand over two or three fields, till it came to a particular place, where there laid a great ſtone, and there giving a ſtamp with its foot, it vaniſhed.

The man takes the hint, marks the ſtone, goes home to carry his pack, as we ought to ſuppoſe, and comes out the next night with a ſpade and a pick-axe, and goes to work to dig a great pit in the earth.

He had not dug far it ſeems, (though the ſtory does not ſay expreſly how far) but he found a large cheſt; I ſay large, for it could not be a ſmall one, by what you ſhall hear preſently.

He doubled his diligence when he came to the cheſt, and with great labour at length got it out of the place; and we may ſuppoſe was not long before he found means

to

to ſplit it open, in order to ſee the contents; for he found it very heavy when he laboured to get it out.

In a word he found the cheſt full of ſilver, that is to ſay, full of money; then keeping his own counſel, he took care to depoſit it ſo, that by little and little he got the money all ſafe home, and after that carried the cheſt home alſo.

What the ſum was that he found here, the ſtory is not particular in; but it ſeems the bulk was ſuch, that the pedlar thought fit to leave off his travelling about the country as a pedlar, takes a houſe in the town, furniſhes himſelf a ſhop, and becomes a ſettled inhabitant and ſhop keeper. During his appearing in this figure, it happened that the pariſh church being exceeding old and out of repair, the pariſhioners, (whether by order of the dioceſan upon a viſitation, or by the voluntary act and deed of themſelves the pariſhioners, I know not,) reſolved to repair the church.

In order to furniſh the needful ſums for this good work, they call a veſtry, and propoſe a ſubſcription of the inhabitants, for ſupporting the expence; the miniſter and church-wardens go about from houſe to houſe to ſee what the charitable pariſhioners would contribute, and among the reſt they at length came to the pedlars houſe, and he being told their buſineſs, deſires them to walk in.

After ſome diſcourſe, and perhaps treating his neighbours, he aſks for their roll or ſubſcription paper, in order to ſubſcribe; looking over the roll he ſees Sir Thomas ——— five pounds, another gentleman five pounds, another ten pounds, another forty ſhillings, and ſo on: Come, ſays he, give a poor pedlar the pen and ink; will your gentry ſubſcribe no more than that? he then takes the pen, and ſubſcribes five and twenty pounds.

Sometime after this, having occaſion to make a hatch to his ſhop-door, as in the country is very frequent, it happened,

happened, that ſending for a workman to make this hatch, and looking about among his old lumber, he found nothing ſo proper as the old cheſt that the money was found in, and accordingly a hatch was made of it.

A while after this, as the pedlar was ſitting in his ſhop, he obſerved an ancient gentleman who lived in the town, and who had the reputation of a ſcholar, and particularly of a great antiquarian, ſtand poring very earneſtly, with his ſpectacles on, upon his new hatch: This brought the pedlar to the door, who after waiting a good while to ſee what it was the old gentleman had diſcovered, at laſt aſked him what it was he found upon his new hatch that was worth ſo much of his notice.

Truly neighbour, ſays the gentleman, what I obſerve is very remarkable, though I cannot tell the meaning of it; and I ſuppoſe it is in a character that you cannot eaſily read, as well as a language that you do not probably underſtand.

The pedlar deſired he would read it to him.

Why, ſays the gentleman, you do not underſtand it, when I have read it.

But Sir, ſays the Pedlar, can you not tell the meaning of it in Engliſh?

Why, ſays the old gentleman, it is the old Saxon Engliſh in the ancient Gothic character, and it may be read thus,

Where this once ſtood
Stands another twice as good.

Hum! ſays the pedlar, that is old ſtuff indeed: what can that ſignify?

Nay, ſays the old gentleman, that I don't know, for who can tell where this ſtood?

Ay, who indeed? ſays the pedlar: and if they did, what can it mean.

They had a little more chat of that kind; but in ſhort, the pedlar got rid of his old gentleman as ſoon as he could, and began to ruminate upon the thing; where this ſtood! Why I know well enough, ſays he to himſelf, where this ſtood; I muſt go and ſee, it may be there is ſome more of the ſame.

But then he argued, why this is ſo many years ago (ſix or ſeven at leaſt, it ſeems) and if it was a ghoſt or ſpirit that ſhewed me the way to it, I warrant ſhe has ſhewed ſomebody elſe the way to the reſt: Indeed I did not deſerve it, that I did not look farther when I was at it, to be ſure it is gone by this time.

Thus he argued himſelf almoſt out of the thing again, till at length he told his wife of it, who it ſeems had been in the ſecret before.

Why, you are mad, ſays ſhe, why don't you go immediately to the place?

Nay, ſays he, I don't know whether I can find it again or no, now.

What, ſays his wife, muſt the devil come to ſhew it you again? ſure you an't ſo dull, but you may find it again?

Well, the man went however; indeed his wife drove him out almoſt, go, try, ſays ſhe, you can but come without it.

He goes, and found the place in general, but could not diſtinguiſh the particular ſpot, which was levelled partly by himſelf when he filled up the hole again, and partly grown up with graſs and weeds; ſo he comes back again, and tells his wife, he could not punctually find the place, ſo as to be particular enough to go to work.

Well, ſays his wife, go in the night; I warrant you the good devil that ſhewed you the firſt will put you in ſome way to find the reſt, if there is any more.

At length prevailed upon by his wife's importunity away he went, and I think they ſay his wife went with him;

him; being come to the place, the apparition appeared to them again, and ſhewed them, in the ſame manner as before, the very ſpot; and then vaniſhed.

In ſhort, the man went to work, and digging a little deeper than he had done before, he found another cheſt or coffer, bounded about with iron, not ſo big as the other, but richer; for as the firſt was full of ſilver, ſo this was full of gold.

They carried it home with joy enough, as you may ſuppoſe, and opening it, found (as above) a very great treaſure. Fame has not handed down the ſum; but ſomething may be gueſſed at by the latter part of the ſtory, which is told thus.

It ſeems that all this while the repair of the church (mentioned above) went on but ſlowly; according to the old ſaying, it was church-work; and a veſtry being called upon, the pedlar, who was preſent among the reſt of his neighbours, took occaſion to complain, that he thought that buſineſs was not honeſtly managed, that it was indeed like church-work, carried on heavily.

Some of the gentlemen took him up a little, and told him, he took too much upon him; that it was none of his affair; that he was not in truſt for the work; that they to whom it was committed knew their buſineſs, and that he ſhould let it alone, and mind his ſhop.

He anſwered, it was true, that he was not truſted with it, if he had, it ſhould have been finiſhed before now; and that he had a right to complain, becauſe he paid to it as well as other people; adding, that if they did not diſpatch, he would complain to the biſhop, and obtain another viſitation.

This alarmed the people intruſted, ſo they gave him good words, and told him, the truth was, the pariſh ſtock was almoſt gone, and that they had not money to go on, till the gentlemen would come into a ſecond collection.

Say you ſo? ſays the pedlar; there may be ſome reaſon in that; you cannot go on indeed without money; but pray how much do you want?

They told him it would coſt near two hnndred pounds more to finiſh it, and do but indifferently neither; for the roof wanted to be taken off, and they feared the timber was rotten, and would require ſo much addition, they were afraid to look into it.

In a word, he bid the church-wardens call a veſtry upon that particular affair, and he would put them in a way to finiſh it.

A veſtry was called; the pedlar told them, that ſeeing they were poor, and could not raiſe money to go on with it, they ſhould leave it to him, and he would finiſh it for them.

Accordingly he took the work upon himſelf, laid out near a thouſand pounds, and almoſt new built the church; in memory of which, on the glaſs-windows, there ſtand the figures of the pedlar and his pack, and (as the people fancy) there is alſo the apparation beckoning to him, to come to the place where he dug up the money.

Thus far the ſtory. How tradition came to hand it down to us in this manner, and ſo turn it into a fable, I have nothing to do with; but the real and more probable part of the tale is recorded thus.

That there was a Pether, ſo the old Engliſh calls him, that is a pedlar, who having long uſed to travel up and down the country with his horſe and his wife and himſelf, all three loaded with their goods, and going from houſe to houſe for many years, was grown rich by his induſtry: and that being too old to continue the laborious part, he took a lodging, firſt in the town, and ſold his goods in a chamber, and in the markets only, but afterward took a houſe and a ſhop in the market place, and drove a great trade.

That

That growing thus to be very rich, he contributed, upon their firſt coming about for a ſubſcription, twenty five pounds towards the repair of the church; and after that, finding they wanted money to finiſh it, took the work wholly into his own hand, and finiſhed the church at his own charge; and that the pariſh in gratitude to his memory, cauſed the figure of the pedlar to be painted upon the glaſs, where the pedlar and his pack is repreſented in one place travelling about the country, by which he got his living.

In another place, there are workmen digging the foundation of the church, and the pedlar giving them directions what to do, and how to proceed, and in another, the church is built up a great way, and almoſt to the roof, and the pedlar ſtill directing.

In another place, an angel is painted ſtanding by the pedlar, and pointing with a rod or ſtaff in his hand, to a place where the pedlar ſets two workmen to dig.

Now from the pedlar's being grown ſo unexpectly rich, common fame it ſeems raiſed a report, that he had found a cheſt of money in the ground, and after that another. It ſeems alſo, there is an original for the two verſes too, which is thus: when the pedlar had firſt contributed twenty five pounds towards building the church, and yet the pariſhioners told him, they could not go on for want of money; he told them they ſhould not be diſcouraged, he had given them one bag of money, and, ſays he, "where that ſtood, ſtands another twice as good." I will do it myſelf.

Hence they thought the pedlar muſt certainly have found ſome money, that had been hid in the ground, and that the devil had diſcovered it to him; and ſo came the whole ſtory to grow up by little and little into the form as I have told it; and now to confirm it farther, they tell us the angel, which perhaps might be but indifferently painted on the glaſs, or on the wall of the church, is taken for the ghoſt that diſcovered the

two cheſts of money to the pedlar, and is ſhewing where to dig for it.

Thus the ſtory of an apparition is handed on to poſterity, and now it is as currently believed in the country, almoſt as the goſpel; and any man would be thought impertiment, that ſhould pretend to contradict it, or to ſay that it is not true in every particular.

If all the ſtories of apparitions leading people to dig for money, were as well-traced as this, I believe they might be found as plainly fictitious. Invention has been mighty fruitful upon this particular kind of notion, that when money is hidden, ſome ſpirit or apparition will diſcover it; as if the ſouls of thoſe that hid the money were diſturbed, till it was found out and made uſe of.

How abſurd the very ſuggeſtion itſelf is, I can hardly think worth while to ſpeak of again; but there are other difficulties in it alſo, if an apparition knows of and diſcovers this money.

1. Why not diſcover it ſooner? Why let it lie in the ground, ſometimes two or three hundred years before it has been diſcovered? and then an apparition comes, from none knows where, to bring it to light.

2. Why is the diſcovery made to a ſtranger, and not to ſome of the line or race of theſe to whom the money did at firſt belong? One would ſuppoſe the apparition came, or was ſent, or directed to come, to do juſtice, and to give the money loſt to the right owner; whereas theſe diſcoveries are often pretended to be made to ſtrangers, who have no claim or any right to it, or any relation to thoſe who laid it there; and this indeed is unaccountable, and makes the reſt of the ſtory improbable to be true.

3. If ghoſts, or apparitions, and ſpirits, or call them what you will, are thus officious, and buſy to diſcover money hid in the earth, ſo as to run up and down to ſtrangers, who are no way related to it, or to the race or families

families who were firſt concerned in it; why then do they not diſcover all the money that is thus depoſited in the dark? and which no doubt is yet in great quantities, lodged out of the reach of mortal ſight, and of which we find freqent diſcoveries made; as particularly a great parcel of antique gold, found lately in the digging up the old foundation of a houſe in Oxfordſhire. A great parcel of Roman gold coin and medals found this very year, in digging up an old vault in France, and which muſt have lain there a thouſand years at leaſt, and no kind apparition came to diſcover it in ſo long time.

Many ſuch examples are daily ſhewn us of money found under-ground, without the help of the devil, or of any apparition, ſpirit or ghoſt, to diſcover it, and which had lain, ever ſince the time of the Romans, concealed and unknown.

From all which reaſons I muſt conclude, that departed ſpirits know nothing of theſe things, that it is not in their power to diſcover their old hoards of money, or to come hither to ſhew us how we may come at it; but that in ſhort, all the old womens ſtories, which we have told us upon that ſubject, are indeed nothing more than merely fabulous.

I cannot quit this part of my ſubject without obſerving that, indeed, if we give up all the ſtories of ghoſts and apparitions, and ſpirits walking, to diſcover money that is hid, we ſhall loſe to the age half the good old tales which ſerve to make up winter-evening converſation, and ſhall deprive the doctrine of ſouls departed coming back hither to talk with us about ſuch things, of its principal ſupport; for this indeed is one of the principal errands ſuch apparitions come about.

It is without doubt, that fancy and imagination form a world of apparitions in the minds of men and women; and ſome folks are as thoroughly poſſeſſed with the reality of having ſeen the devil, as if they converſed face

face to face with him; when in ſhort the matter is no more than a vapour of the brain, forming itſelf in ſuch and ſuch figure to the eye-ſight of the mind, as well as of the head, which if once examined with a calm retroſpection, would appear, as it really is, nothing but fancy.

So hypochondriack vapours repreſent
Ships, armies, battles, in the firmament:
Till ſteddy ſight the exhalation *ſolves*,
And all to its firſt matter *cloud* diſſolves.

It is without doubt that the imagination forms a great many of theſe viſions in the heads of the people that relate them again to us; and they as firmly believe them to be real apparitions, as I believe them to be nothing but vapour and cloud. On the other hand it cannot be denied, but that there is a ſtrange forwardneſs among our people to propagate, nay, to raiſe and invent ſuch ſtories of apparitions and viſions; to furniſh them out with popular circumſtances, and to ſpread them as realities, merely and on purpoſe to form a plauſible relation; and perhaps ſome, according to cuſtom, fall into that error, of telling the tale over ſo often, till they believe it to be truth.

But all this fiction and fable, of which the world is ſo full, does not at all leſſen the ſolid part which I advanced in the firſt ſetting out of this work, and ſtill inſiſt upon, viz. the reality of apparition in general; for the fruitfulneſs of other mens imagination in coining of falſhood, does not at all leſſen the validity of a truth which a falſe tale is made to mimick and counterfeit.

We have had a number of tales impoſed upon the world about apparitions, ſhewing themſelves to abundance of people, before, at, and after the late maſſacre in Ireland, Anno 1641, and it would fill up a volume of itſelf to give an account of them; nor is it poſſible to diſtinguiſh between thoſe of them that are real, and thoſe

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that were imaginary, eſpecially at this diſtance of time; but if I may believe the report of thoſe that were upon the ſpot, and of others who received the accounts from the moſt judicious and moſt conſiderate part of them the fears and apprehenſions of the people, eſpcially in Dublin, where they expected the murderers would break in upon them every day, filled them with dream and phantaſm, viſion and apparition, when indeed there was nothing in it but their own dreadful apprehenſions.

Nor could they be ſo much blamed as in other caſes, for here were people eſcaped from the murderers, even out of their very hands; ſome that had ſeen their wives, children, fathers, mothers, huſbands, neighbours butchered before their faces; and no wonder if theſe had the images of death before their eyes, after they arrived; no wonder if they had apparitions and viſions of the like miſchiefs every hour.

No wonder if they ſaw clouds of Iriſh armies in the air, heard ſhrieks of dying murdered women and children, and that they vouched theſe things with the utmoſt ſolemnity. Now it is true in the common notions of humanity, one could not but pity thoſe poor people, and give allowance to their fears, and to the fright and horrors that were upon their minds; yet it does not at all follow that we, who are not under the ſame impreſſions, muſt come into the deluſion with them, or give up our underſtanding and our reaſon to their imagined viſions.

We ought to judge of things by the common rules of underſtanding, and after having made allowances for the terrors and fright which the poor people might be in then, we ſhould conſider the rational part; for where the apparition is real, the rational part is always apparent as well as the viſionary part: for example,

Thoſe apparitions which came from a good hand, and for the good of the innocent people, whoſe dangers were ſo imminent, would certainly have come in ſome ſpace of time

time before the danger, either ſo as to give opportunity of eſcape, or at leaſt preparatory warnings that the people might have time to look up to heaven, to ſave them from the butchering enemy who would not ſpare them; and ſuch apparations as theſe I ſhould be inclined to give the moſt heed to; but of theſe we read very few.

On the other hand, to what purpoſe could apparations ſhew themſelves afterward? and from whom did they come? If the ſouls of the murdered proteſtants could appear and cry for revenge, why did they not all appear, as well as one woman at Bandon-bridge? Why did they not haunt the murderers in a moſt frightful manner, and terrify them night and day, till they brought their own guilt to be the worſt of apparitions to them, as in the inſtance before quoted of the criminal arraigned at the bar, in a former part of this work.

Why did not the terror of blood lie upon them, like a conſtant devil harraſſing their ſouls, and terrifying them till they were made their own executioners? We ſaw none of theſe things happen either to them, or to the murderers, actors and directors of the Pariſian maſſacre. Charles IX. king of France, by whoſe direction it was all managed, died as compoſed, without any repentance for it, as if he had never been concerned in it; calmly giving directions for the adminiſtration of the affairs of the government after him, and told his mother how to act with the Hugonots, till his brother the king of Poland ſhould arrive.

In Ireland the prieſts and zealots, nay the very women, boaſted of the number they had killed; ſhewed the ſkeins or daggers with which they cut the throats of the proteſtants; one ſo many, and another ſo many; their ſoldiers fought as fearleſs after it as before, nor did any apparition haunt them, that ever I met with any account of.

On the other hand, for the devil's diſturbing them, I ſee no reaſon in it; the devil was not at all diſpleaſed with the fact; what ſhould he diſturb them for? he would

would on the contrary, rather appear to aſſiſt them, encourage them, harden them in it, take all remorſe from them, and reproach them with cowardice if they ſhewed the leaſt inclination to pity.

As to apparitions after it was over, I do not ſee room to think them ſo much as rational; there was not the leaſt occaſion of them, or uſe for them; the miſchief was done; what could the inviſible world have to ſay to any body about it after it was done? We do not read of any apparitions, voices, noiſes, ſigns, or wonders at Jeruſalem after the temple was deſtroyed, though above a million of people are ſaid (by Joſephus) to have periſhed there. There were ſigns and horrible noiſes, apparitions and voices before it, in ſeveral places, but none after it; the miſerable dead lay quiet in their heaps, graves they could not be called, and gave neither their friends or enemies any diſturbance.

To conclude: All apparitions that people impoſe upon themſelves are more by many than ever really appeared. But this no ways impeaches the main propoſition, viz. That there are really and truly apparitions of various kinds; and that ſpirits or angels (call them what we will) inhabitants of the inviſible and empty ſpaces, do viſit us here upon many occaſions, either for good or evil, as he who made them is pleaſed to direct.

The general end and deſign of providence in ſuffering theſe things with the uſe and application to ourſelves, which we are directed to make of them in common prudence; how far they are, or are not mercifully reſtrained from hurting us, and even from terrifying and affrighting us, if our reaſon could be our governor in ſuch caſes, with a great number of examples in ſtory of the effect of ſuch apparitions as have been allowed to viſit mankind, whether peaceably or otherwiſe; would take up a great deal more room: But as I have run my length in the preſent relation, the reader muſt be content to draw conſequences for himſelf from what

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is ſaid to guide his judgment in the variety of ſuch caſes as may happen: his only way, in my opinion, is to keep an even pace between apprehenſion and contempt; neither to fear or deſire them; but reſolve to act with the calmneſs and courage of a chriſtian, in whatever may be his caſe.

But above all, I would beg my reading merry friends, of the thoughtleſs kind, not to be ſo much ſurprized at the apparitions of their own brain; not to ſtart and be frighted when they firſt make devils by day-light, and then ſee them in the dark; and as they may be aſſured they will hardly ever ſee any thing worſe than themſelves, ſo let them reſolve not to be ſcared at ſhadows, or amuſed with vapours; miſtaking the devil for an aſs; tell us of the ſaucer eyes of a pink-eyed bear; or fancy they ſee a hearſe with headleſs horſes; or take the night-cart for a fiery chariot; which one would think they might diſtinguiſh by their noſes, unleſs they will own that their fear gave them a worſe ſmell than that of the devil.

FINIS.

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